

# SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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A March Day,  
Place de la Constitution.

## MODERN ATHENS

By George Horton

### FIRST PAPER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CORWIN KNAPP LINSON

FEW people, save Greeks, know that modern Athens is in reality two cities, each differing from the other in climate, in traditions, and, to a great extent, in character of population. Winter Athens, roughly speaking, is the resort of tourists, diplomats, and climate-seekers. It is a European city where one eats course dinners at the Angleterre Hotel, attends service at the English Church, dances the barn dance at Madame Schliemann's, and plays charades in the library of the Ameri-

can School. In winter Athens one talks English or bad French. Even your Greek friends persist in greeting you with a "bon zoor, moshiau," when you meet them in the street, and you go to the Opera House to hear the "Chimes of Normandy" sung by a company from Paris. The climate of the European period is delightfully cool, with frequent rains. The genuine Greeks, who have no fires in their houses, and no heating apparatus other than portable braziers, will tell you that it is bitter

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cold, although the thermometer may deny that the freezing-point has been reached. This state of affairs lasts from about the 1st of October till the 1st of May. Then all is changed. The diplomats and the climate-seekers hie them away, and the tourists cease to come. And now the Greeks swarm in from Egypt, from Turkey, and from Roumania, and fill the hotels. They drink resin wine and mastic at a penny the glass; they eat pilaff, stuffed courges, and fish with garlic-sauce, by candle-light in the squares; they attend the open-air theatres to hear the divine Paraskevopoulou in the "Medea," or the wonderful Pantopoulos in some island comedy, and everybody talks Greek. Your Greek friends, when they meet you in the streets, salute you with "*κάλ' ἡμέρα, κύριε*" (Good-day, sir). So, you see, if you have not lingered on into the summer you know little of the real modern Athens. This, too, is the Athens of classic dust and of purple sunsets. And how suddenly the transformation from winter to summer takes place! You are walking about jauntily with no overcoat, despite the fact that the Greeks are bundled up and that they tell you, shivering, "It's very cold." You wait and wait for the advent of winter and then, all at once, the natives are abroad in light clothing and they cry out, gayly, "Spring has come!" And lo! the almond-trees have shaken out their scented kerchiefs and the anemones are blooming by the roadside.

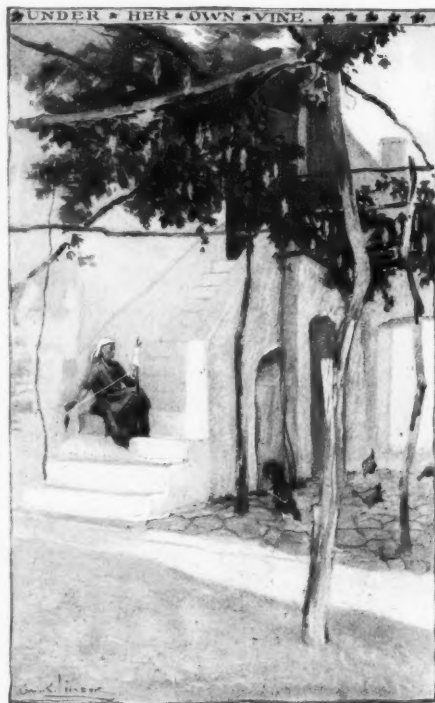
Let us suppose that we are approaching

the harbor of the Piræus, on a visit to summer Athens. We stand upon the prow of our ship that is purring through the sky-blue waters of the Mediterranean, and strain eager eyes for the first view of the famous city. Presently there is a shout of

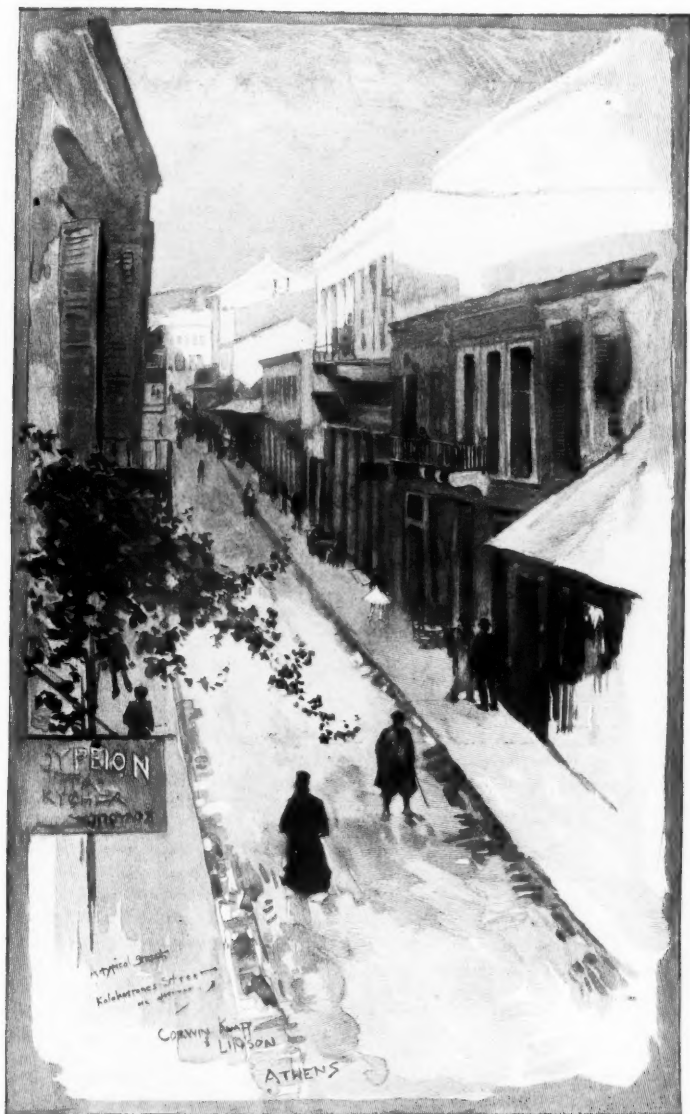
"There it is! there it is!" and we gaze in the direction indicated by a dozen extended arms, but we see nothing. "Where? Where?" we ask eagerly, for a dream that has haunted us since childhood is now about to be realized.

"Do you see that great column of dust yonder?" someone kindly explains. "That is where Athens is."

A sea-scape, softly, deeply blue, a landscape misty gray, piled thick with purple mountains, and there, seemingly at the foot of the hither hills a great white pillar of



dust. They tell us that the ancient searoaders, faring home from the northern coast of Africa or from beyond the pillars of Heracles, beheld from afar the spear-tip of the great statue of Athena Promachos and knew their toils were over. The latter-day Greek, returning to his native land from New York, London, or Buenos Ayres, feels that he is indeed home again when he sees that prehistoric cloud of floating marble. We know where to look now, and soon the Acropolis, the most famous hill in the world, and its twin, Lycabettus, practically ignored by ancient writers, take vague shape and grow more and more distinct. And there is the Parthenon, seen now for the first time and yet so familiar in contour and position that the busy



A Typical Street—Kolonotronos Street, Late Afternoon.

years slip from us like a dream and we imagine ourselves back in the school-room delving in the old Smith's history. I had not been three days in Athens when I met two jolly Catholic priests from Pittsburg, dining in the garden of the European restaurant.

"Have you been up on the Acropolis yet?" I asked them—the standard question that one always puts to a new-comer in the Greek capital.

"No," replied one of them. "We have decided not to go up. What's the use? It



Near an Old Mosque.

looks just as it does in the pictures." My clerical friend could not have better described the impression made on one by a first view of the Acropolis from afar. The chief element in that impression is the feeling of familiarity. No vision on all the globe has been made such common property of civilized man as the temple of Athena, once the crowning glory of a thousand years of culture, now their fitting monument.

Half an hour before we cast anchor in the harbor of the Piræus, boats with white and reddish brown sails come dancing toward us over the waves, and others swarm along more slowly, propelled by eager oars. Some of the rowers stand erect,

facing their prows, bending and straightening with a rhythmic swing. Those first alongside catch the ship with long hooks and scramble aboard. You are surrounded in a trice by coatless, perspiring Greeks, who pluck you by either sleeve demanding, "Varka?" "Bark?" "Do you want a boat, Mr.?" There is no possible escape, and there is garlic to right of you, garlic to left of you. The only alternative is to select one of the number immediately and turn over to him your portable baggage.

There is a noisy little railroad running from the Piræus to Athens, but it is usually about as cheap to traverse the distance by carriage, as a number of Athenian cabmen are sure to be waiting on the wharf.

They have brought fares down, or say they have, which amounts to the same thing, and are willing to let you ride up with them for two or three drachmas. You will remember that ride through the Attic plain. The sun is white hot, the dust penetrating, impalpable, sneeze-producing. The dark green of the vineyards is sifted



A Siesta at Noonday.



with flour-like dust, and the trees by the roadside, trimmed to resemble feather dusters, seem to have been recently used and then stuck back in the ground without shaking. Once, at least, en route, the carriage stops at a wayside inn, a low adobe building whose front door is shaded by a climbing grape-vine. From a near-by well, with round stone mouth and long sweep, the host brings water to the thirsty animals, and then he appears at the carriage-door with a tray containing two or three glasses of light, yellow wine, as many portions of a watery-looking fluid, and a pile of Turkish delight in little cubes. You must select something and put a few pennies on the tray. It is thus you pay for the horses' water. If you are an entire stranger in the land it will be safer to choose the loukoumi (Turkish delight) and a glass of water. Loukoumi is a palatable sweet like our gum-drops, and you will enjoy it. If, on the other hand, you are anxious to become a genuine Athenian as soon as possible, you will do well to select one of the stronger drinks. No one is a genuine Athenian who cannot drink without a grimace both retsinato wine and masticha. The former is the vin ordinaire of the city. It is wholesome and perhaps classic, but it tastes to the novice like those brands of cough medicine whose chief ingredient is tar. Masticha is the appetizer, the cocktail of Greece. The uneducated palate pronounces it paregoric.

Our most useful impressions of a place, for descriptive purposes, are gained during the first few days of our stay in it. After that the mental film loses its sensitiveness, and we are less able to discriminate between new sights and those that have been familiar to us all our lives. The person who rides into Athens for the first time on a summer's day is fairly over-

whelmed with the brightness of it. It is a city of the sun, a city fairly blinding to eyes accustomed to the dull skies of London or New York. The sky is extraordinarily clear and as vividly transparent as



the windows in a photographic studio. The square houses, of stone and stucco, are nearly all kalsomined to a dazzling whiteness. In the case of the few exceptions, the whitewash has been tinted a delicate pink, cream-color, or blue, and they are all roofed, from the King's palace down to the meanest hovel, with red tiles. White and red—the colors of fire and heat.

They have a proverb in Athens that "only fools and foreigners walk out in the middle of the day." Certainly the average American needs to live a long time in



Spiro Loues, Winner of the Marathon Road Race in the Olympic Games, 1896.

Greece or the Orient before he becomes willing to adapt himself to the requirements of the climate. If you bustle out at noon-day you will wonder why your green cotton umbrella does not protect your eyes from the glare. It is because the sidewalk is covered with glittering particles of marble, ground infinitely fine, and the street is alive with the same sort of dust. Your eyes will be apt to suffer more than the top of your head, and the only relief you can get from them is to hold the sunshade down near the walk and look into it.

And how still it is—white light and silence! The shopkeepers have let curtains fall in their open doors and are dozing on chairs or on counters. The street-cars have stopped running and the cabmen have driven into the shade and are nodding upon their boxes. Even the bootblacks, as enterprising and as precocious as their confrères in America at proper business hours, have made pillows and cushions of their kits, and are wrapped in sleep that a king might envy. Everybody, except the bus-

ting foreigner, respects the noon-day nap in Athens. An Athenian would no more waken a bootblack enjoying his siesta than he would hit him with a club. The two acts would be equal in cruelty. The proper way to enjoy the siesta is to darken your room and go regularly to bed. There will not be a sound to disturb you, not the rattle of a wheel, nor the barking of a dog, nor a voice in the streets. If there is a tree near the window anywhere, you will probably hear the drowsy, monotonous rasping of a cicada. As you stir lazily upon the sheet of pure linen, always finding a cool spot, as your senses become lulled to a forgetfulness of everything save bliss and comfort, as the cares and responsibilities of life tiptoe from the room, leaving you dead to all consciousness save that of utter peace, you begin to know what Nirvana is.

The Athenians are not so lazy as they would appear to be from their habit of the noon-day rest. The old-fashioned Greek gentleman, for instance, rises very early in summer, often at four o'clock, in the glorious time of the day. He goes to market and sends home the provisions for the twelve o'clock breakfast and the late dinner, with minute directions to the cook; he takes a cigarette and a cup of black Turkish coffee on the sidewalk in front of his favorite café, and he then devotes himself to business and politics until noon-time. After breakfast he sleeps till four, when he



A Water-seller on the Street.

usually takes a sweetmeat at home or at a pastry shop and then he is ready for work again until dinner-time.

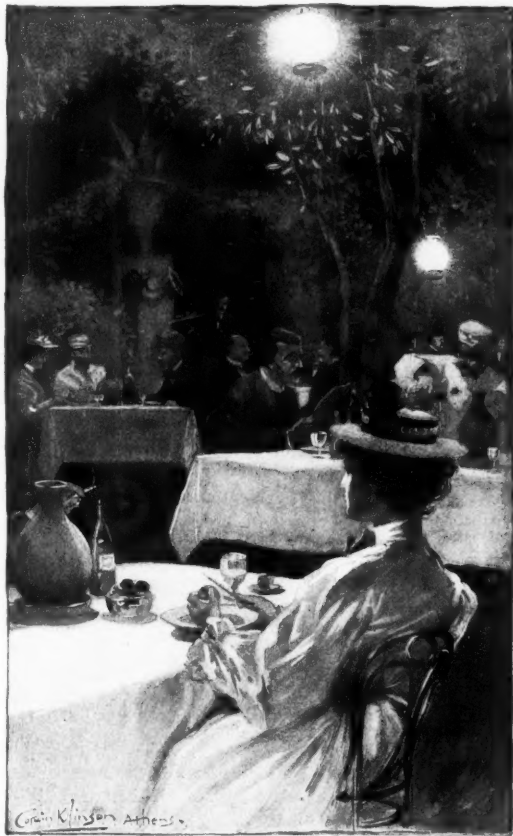
The Athenians dine late the year round, and, whenever the weather will permit, in the open air. As the heated season advances, the dinner hour is set later and later, until in August half-past nine or ten becomes the common thing. Fancy going to the theatre after that! Yet the open-air performances are liberally patronized and they do not begin, of course, till after dinner. The legend "curtain rises promptly at nine" is a snare and a delusion, as many a foreigner has found to his extreme annoyance.

The out-of-door dining and the sky-roofed theatres are so typically Greek that they serve as a link between modern and classical times. The old Greek, as everybody knows, was an out-door man, his house serving as little more than a sleeping-place and store-room. The Athenian of to-day dines in a garden, on his terrace or in a park. If he is too poor to possess any of these accessories, he sets his table upon the sidewalk. Many of the cheap restaurants appropriate the walks for dining-rooms. One is often compelled, when taking an evening stroll, to dodge in and out among dozens of tables covered with reasonably clean linen and lighted by means of candles whose flames are protected from the wind by means of glass globes.

The more pretentious restaurants and some of the hotels have their own gardens, where the patrons eat under the trees, in the searching glare of electricity. How sweetly cool it is in one of these gardens, how truly Bohemian, how far removed from the stress, struggle, and nervousness of the great Anglo-Saxon idea! The

food is excellent, cheap, and varied, the waiters most attentive.

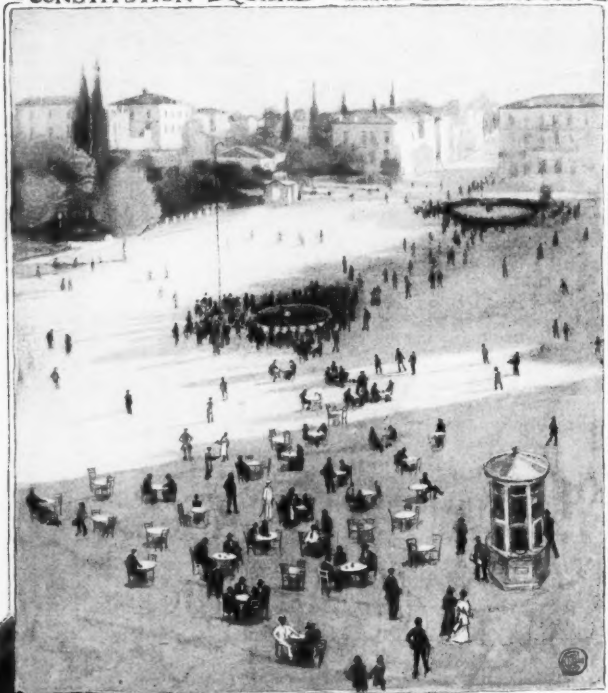
I suppose that one can eat and drink as cheaply and as well in Athens as in any city of the world. The cooking is in sev-



At the "Asty" Restaurant - a Typical Outdoor Restaurant Scene in Athens at Night.

eral styles and the food is of extraordinary variety and quality. The distinctively native dishes include innumerable stuffed things, fish prepared in various ways, soup or chowder with egg and lemon, and boiled greens, eaten with olive-oil and lemon-juice. Among the Turkish dishes are the ever-present pilafi, and a choice of heavy, soggy sweetmeats, whose chief ingredients are almonds, spices, and syrup. These latter go by such fearful names as galaktobouriko,

- CONSTITUTION SQUARE -- LATE AFTERNOON. -



cadæfi, baklava. They are indigestible and fattening, but they are not a serious menace to the ordinary traveller, who cannot call for them.

As for the city's food-supply, it draws upon the unrivalled gardens of the Attic plain, the early largess of the Mediterranean isles, and the orchards on the mountain-slopes of Thessaly. The sea feeds the city with an almost countless variety of fish, while woodcock, pigeons, quail, partridges, are so plentiful that they cease

to be a luxury. There are no muskmelons on earth like those raised by the King of Greece at Tatoi, and the Turkish pashas used to come to Athens each season to eat the basilika figs. You can dine at Athens at prices varying from a drachma up. The drachma is a depreciated paper franc, of fluctuating value—usually worth about twelve cents.

But I have said so much about early rising, sleeping in the heat of the day and dining late at night, that the reader no doubt wonders why Athens should be considered a summer-resort by the real Greeks. He would not wonder had he ever passed the heated season in Alexandria or Cairo. As for the northern Greeks, they no doubt come to the Metropolis of their race for the sake of the companionship. Besides, as a learned professor once said to me, there are the "elements of coolness in the Athens climate." In the professor's case,

the "elements" consisted of a shade-tree and a refreshing drink. The difference in the matter of comfort between sun and shade is very striking. One always feels a pleasing chill in stepping from the former into the latter. The very heat, too, is made an agent of producing its opposite. Most of the drinking-water consumed by the Athenians is cooled by means of evaporation, which, in that dry climate, takes place very rapidly. The porous jugs of brown earthen-ware which you find upon the restaurant tables or upon the balcony of your sleeping-room are sure to be full of deliciously cool water. It suffices only that they be set in the shade. Skill in the selection of these jugs is one of the little details which enter into Oriental life and make it truly typical. They are tested by tapping with the knuckles and by critical examinations as to color, degree of hardness, etc. If they are too porous they leak, if not porous enough they do not perspire. It is easy to see that the selection of a good cooling jug is a matter of great importance in a family.

Perhaps the study of points analogous with this would give us a clearer idea of the every-day life and thought of ancient civilization. Certain it is that the sale of pottery is one of the very oldest of callings

and that the pottery merchant tied his vessel to the wharves even of Homeric towns, and spread out his wares upon the break-water—even as he does to-day. I believe that the best cooling jugs now come from the island of Ægina (pronounced—nearly—Egg-ina and accented upon the first syllable).

The water-supply of Athens should be fairly good, but as the conduits are open and the reservoir not very carefully guarded, it is subject to contamination. There is, therefore, a brisk sale for the water brought in barrels and large "stamnas" or jugs, from Kaisariane and Marousi. The barrels are placed at convenient street-corners and are cooled also by evaporation. They are wrapped in thick blankets of straw matting, which is frequently soaked by the vender. The contents retail at five *lepta*, or a cent, for one or two glasses, as the purchaser may desire. These barrels are a great institution, for the Greek is essentially a water-drinker. He takes an occasional glass of wine or *masticha*, it is true, but water is the beverage which he really relishes. The vice of drunkenness is reduced to a minimum. It is not sufficiently rife to be worth preaching against. The water-barrels are filled mainly at Kaisariane, a deserted monastery a few miles



At the Zappeion. 5 P.M.

out of the city, on the slope of Mount Hy-mettus. Spiridon Loues, the young shepherd who won the foot-race from Marathon, at the Olympian Games in 1896, is the chief distributor of the Marousi water. This idyllic little town lies off toward Pentelicon, on the road to Kephissia and Tatoi, the King's summer residence. If you start for Marousi on a bicycle or on foot a little before sunrise on a summer's morning, you are sure to meet Loues and two or three of his men jogging city-ward through the violet-gray dawn, with mule-carts laden with huge red jars of porous earth, for the Athenian kitchens. Loues was given the privilege of selling this water as a reward for his victory in the great foot-race. His fellow-townsmen regard him as a modern Pheidippides, and they have shown their appreciation of the honor which he has brought to Marousi.

But all this is apropos of the statement that there are "elements of coolness" in the Athenian climate. In the afternoon, as soon as the sun has sunk behind the houses and distant mountains, and the long shadows begin to creep across the town, the leisure classes stroll into Constitution Square, or onto the little plateau of the Zappeion, to show their fine feathers, to listen to the music of the military bands, and to converse. At these hours there is a liberal consumption of Turkish sweets and of French and Italian ices.

The greatest hospitality prevails, but reciprocal and endless treating is practically unknown. If you sit down at a table pre-empted by an acquaintance, you are his guest, and it is contrary to etiquette to offer him anything.

There are no fustanellas at these public

gatherings nor does one see the picturesque head-dress and jacket worn of old time by the women. Fashionable Greeks get their idea of dress from Paris. The

women patronize French modistes largely or bring their gowns from the French capital. They dress gayly, for the most part, as do most southern races, affecting such bright colors as red and yellow. In summer the numerous officers wear white from head to foot, relieved only by the gold tassels of their sword-handle, or the bits of color in their chevrons.

There are two principal squares in Athens, at either end of Stadion Street. Omonia or Concord Square is much loved by the common folk, the Place of the Constitution being the fashionable rendezvous.

The King's palace, a clumsy, ugly, barracks-like structure, belonging to the heirs of King Otho, looks down upon Constitution Square from a slight eminence, and the leading hotels of the town surround it

upon the other three sides. The building for several years occupied by the Crown Prince Constantine, as a residence, and as the chief bureau of the Olympian Games is also here. It has been recently converted into a brasserie, for Constantine has at last moved into his beautiful new house, back of the King's gardens—a more suitable home for his consort, the sister of William of Germany.

The view from the Zappeion, the building in which the permanent industrial exposition of Greece is housed, is the most entrancing in Athens. Sitting there at sundown sipping his black coffee, the modern Greek beholds enough of present beauty and departed glory to make him both very proud and very sad. Immediately before him is a garden of palms and flowers over-



A Major of the Greek Army.



# MARBLE WORKERS AT THE STADION.



This is right in front of the Stadium. The Acropolis in distance—also Stadion Bridge.

looked by marble statues of the two brothers who built the Zappeion and after whom it is named. A broad flight of marble steps leads down to a lower level, where are the remains of a Roman Gymnasium and a fair specimen of mosaic flooring. Farther away are the imposing pillars of the great temple of Zeus, not revered by scholars as an expression of the genuine Greek spirit, yet none the less the majestic ruins of the house of a dead god. Like tall chieftains, the columns are gathered there in lioness, mak-

ing their last stand against the onswarming years. One that has fallen recently, lies as straight as though it had received its death-wound and lain calmly down to die. These columns are fifty-five feet in height (about) and six and a half in diameter, and at their base enterprising Greeks have set out puny tables whereon coffee is served and the inevitable loukoumi. One is tempted to compare these puny merchants with the men who built the Olympion and to comment in this connection on the degeneracy of the

modern Greeks. But this is not fair. In the time of Persistratus, who founded the temple, and in the days of Hadrian, who finished it, there were doubtless individuals whose minds would have fitted very nicely into a coffee-cup. Men of dwindled souls have existed in all ages of the world. The modern Athenians do not build temples to Zeus, but they are trying to found schools and an untrammelled press, and they are giving more money, *per capita*, than any people in the world to public libraries, hospitals, reformatory institutions, etc. Very recently the munificence of George Aberoff, the new Herodes Atticus, caused the sound of hammer and chisel to be heard again in the Stadium after a lapse of nearly twenty centuries. This act of liberality attracted the attention of the civilized world, yet it was but one example of a long series of bequests and donations on the part of wealthy Greeks to the city of Athens, and to Greece in general.

If, as we sit there in the shadow of the Zappeion, we raise our eyes a little, looking through and beyond the columns of the Olympion, we behold the sea gleaming beyond the Attic plain and, farther away, Ægina floating in a purple haze. The abrupt wall of the Acropolis rises at our right, some distance away, and the slopes of Hymettus are within view at our left. It will pay us to keep our eyes fixed upon the slopes of Hymettus just as the sun is going down. During the few moments immediately following the disappearance of that luminary the sides of the mountain are bathed in a deep, soft, yet quite vivid violet hue. This is the most transporting, most poetic spectacle on earth—the far-famed transfiguration of Hymettus. The mountain is wrapped in the atmosphere of happy dreams; it appears unreal because it has become too beautiful for this latter-day world. It was a fitting apparition, perhaps, in that golden age when the love of beauty was man's religion, but it looks lonely and strange now. No painter can paint it, no words can tell it. The man

who has once lived within sight of Hymettus cherishes to his dying day the intention to return and live there again. The poet or the dreamer who has looked but once upon that violet glow is homesick for it ever after. It is the light of the soul's desire, the light of utter loveliness, of lost years, of unforgotten loves and songs unsung.

It is a glorious sight, too, to see the full moon rise from behind Hymettus, large as a votive shield. The mountain's familiar outline is sketched sharply against the sky as with one long sweep of a god's pencil

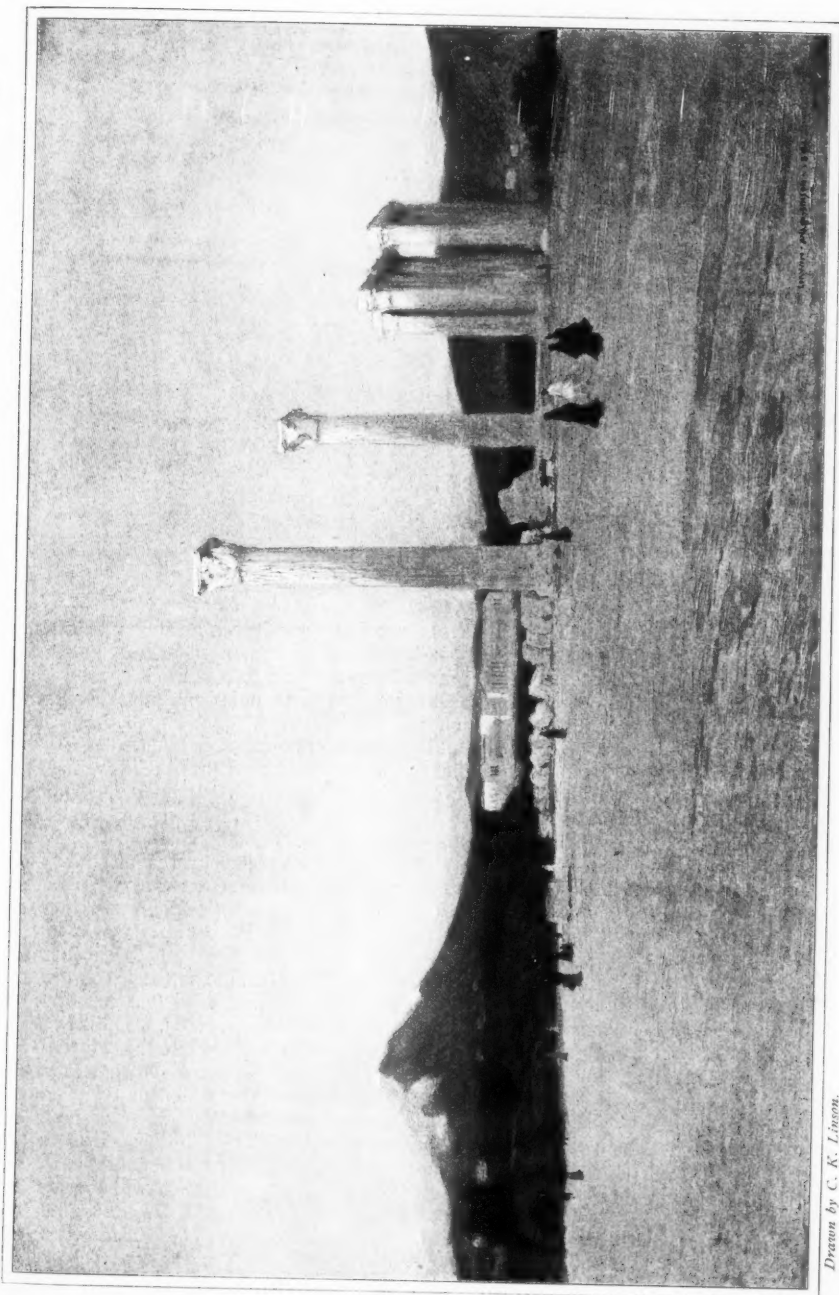
and the white houses of the beautiful city creep into the pale glow, street after street. It is no wonder the old Greeks worshipped the moon, for she is the most wonderful in Greece. Her splendor does not seem borrowed there, but has sway and character. And when that great orb is floating serenely above Hymettus, kissing tenderly the shafts of ancient temples, piercing the darkness between the pillars of the Parthe-

non, and rubbing the breath of night from the silvery mirror of the sea, one knows that he is indeed in Athens, the only eternal city. Even the driest professional archaeologist feels the presence of mighty ghosts when he walks by full moonlight among the ruins of the Acropolis.

The sojourner in summer Athens who understands the modern vernacular fairly well, will derive extraordinary pleasure from visiting the open-air theatres, for the Athenian of to-day, like the Greeks of twenty centuries ago, considers the sky a sufficient roof for his play-house. But the analogy does not extend much farther. The old Greek went to the theatre in the daytime, sat patiently for hours upon a bank of earth, a wooden slab, or, later, upon a marble seat. He listened to the plays of Phrynichos and Æschylus, of Aristophanes and Mænan-der, in the broiling sun, with the actual sea, the olive-groves and the distant islands for scenery and drop-curtain. The modern Athenian, as we have seen, goes to the theatre very late at night. He takes his place in an enclosure, roofed over by the sky, it is

AN ATHENIAN PHILOSOPHER





*Drawn by C. K. Linson.*

*A Sunset*



The Resort of the Lowly—Marionettes.

true, but furnished with modern footlights and painted scenery. The long dry season renders the open-air theatre quite practicable, and it is much more comfortable to sit at night under the cool sky than in a hot room. The worst menace to enjoyment is the immemorial flea, but the natives have become accustomed to him. They even bring numerous little dogs to the theatre with them, and these animals are running around continually among the legs of the spectators, dropping off whole colonies of fleas—and your flea is a most enthusiastic expansionist. But this matter of insects is

purely a question of acclimatization. After one has lived for some time in a tropic land he is lonely without them.

On one occasion, at least, I have seen the Greek prove true to his traditions. The ancient audience, when listening to a long contest between two or more of its great dramatists, must have been forgetful of heat and of cold. I doubt if a shower

would have driven it away just before the tremendous climax in the Agamemnon. Once it began to rain while I was attending an interpretation by Paraskevopoulou of the "Medea," done into modern Greek from a French play founded upon the ancient legend. It continued to rain, and not a soul moved. It poured, and not a seat was deserted. Finally the actress advanced to the footlights and asked, familiarly, in the vulgarest vernacular possible: "Βρέχει διὰ τὸ δὲν κόβετε λάσπι;" "It's raining; why don't you take French leave?" And a great shout went up: "Go on, go on, never mind the rain." The delicacy and force of this tribute is the better understood when one reflects that the stage in such theatres is covered. The performance was finished despite the rain.

Evangelia Paraskevopoulou is known in Greece as the "Athenian Sarah Bernhardt." She is a remarkable example of the power of genius to lift one up out of the slough of poverty and ignorance. Her origin was very humble, and she has never had the advantages of an education, yet she plays to crowded houses wherever enough Greeks can be got together to make up an audience—in Athens, Greece, Egypt or Roumania. The only other



Athenian tragic actress who has dared to dispute supremacy with her is Aikaterina Verone. Strangely enough neither of these women is beautiful. There has been considerable talk among wealthy Greeks of bringing Paraskevopoulou to America, and of starring her with an English-speaking company. She would play in Greek, as the elder Salvini did in Italian, the remainder of the company using English. She would be able to give a good account of herself.

A great comic actor who is seen every year in Athens is E. Pantopoulos. It would be hard to find a living Greek who has not heard of him, or a public idol anywhere whose fame is more thoroughly scattered among his own countrymen. Pantopoulos studies principally the costumes, character, and dialects of the queer old island farmers, whom he reproduces upon the mimic stage with absolute fidelity. He does not "act." Art is forgotten in his case, for it is swallowed up in nature. He actually becomes for the time being the character written down in the play. There is not a false tone, accent, or gesture, and his audience, many of whom are of rustic origin or who have at least lived in the country, enjoy to the utmost his ex-cruciating mimicry.

Nor must I forget in this connection to pay tribute to the abilities of N. Pezodromos, Paraskevopoulou's leading man, and to the sturdy merit of Kyrios Leskatsas, who draws good houses to Hamlet and Iago, produced in excellent translation. It may not be uninteresting to note that modern Greek is a very suitable dress for Shakespearian thought, and, when rightly handled, meets all the emergencies of translation. It is probable that the modern Greeks have a better idea of our master poet than any other foreign nation. They quote him with surprising frequency, and they roll off from memory such pompous periods as "*Μεγάλοι, παιτοδῆναμοι καὶ σεβαστοὶ αἰθέται*" (Most potent, grave and reverend seniors), in a manner which leaves no doubt that they have gotten a glimpse at the real "Bard of Avon."

But the chief attractions at the summer theatres are the genuinely Greek plays, and four or five of these seem to have taken a permanent hold upon public favor. The Athenians never tire of going to see "Maroula's Luck," "The Victory of

Leonidas," "Captain Yakomes," "The Shepherdess's Lover," "A Little of Everything."

Several of these comedies possess considerable literary merit, and are worthy of being translated into English. "Maroula's Luck," the most famous of them all, is the work of Demetrius Koromelas. The characters are all servants in a great house and Maroula, the laundress, is the heroine. She is in love with the dashing coachman and does not reciprocate the affections of the more worthy, but less showy, cook. Maroula's father, a quaint old farmer, appears on the scene bringing to Athens one of those antique gems which are sometimes picked up in the Greek vineyards. The coachman, thinking the stone of value, becomes attentive to Maroula, but jilts her when an unscrupulous lapidary pronounces it worthless. Finally it is discovered that the gem is worth a small fortune, and the coachman renews his suit, but is rejected by the pretty laundress, whose heart has at last yielded to the cook's patient devotion. The dialogue is bright and natural, and many musical lyrics are scattered through it.

The "Shepherdess's Lover" is an idyllic drama of considerable beauty. A wealthy shepherd has remained single because of an early disappointment in love. After many years he meets the object of his youthful affections and does not recognize her. She persuades her daughter to become his fiancée and he consents, because the girl reminds him of the mother, as he remembers her. But he confesses one day that his heart is still true to its early idol. He recognizes the mother at last from her voice, singing a song of their childhood, and all comes right. The rich suitor marries the mother and helps the daughter to wed the young shepherd for whom she had in reality been pining. The scene is laid in a mountain village and the details are essentially Greek, such as the dance of the shepherds, the roasting of the lambs, the preparation of the marriage-wreaths. The daughter, moreover, accepts the husband selected by her mother with a docility which would not be convincing to an American audience.

Admission to the theatres ranges from fifty lepta to two drachmas. The principal playhouses are the National Theatre, a fine

building recently completed, in which only original Greek works will be produced; the Theatre Syngros, the Polytheama, the Omonia, the Tsocha and the Athenaion. The three first named are "winter theatres," and the new National at least is a building of which the city may well be proud. It is under the patronage of the government, and it is said that the King contributed liberally toward its erection.

But not everybody in Athens is able to pay even so small a sum as fifty lepta (about six cents) for entertainment, and there are numerous small theatres where the admission is cheaper. There are also the travelling companies, usually consisting of singing or dancing families, who perform from cheap booths frequently erected by themselves, and who pass the hat or tambourine between the acts.

The pantomime is in high favor with Hoi polloi, a successful piece sometimes running for several consecutive weeks. Thus the humorous and complicated adventures of "The Two Sergeants" never fail to draw a paying house, and, since the war with Turkey, "The Battle of Veles-tino" has been in steady demand. This is a very noisy, patriotic spectacle, whose chief character is an actor made up to represent General Smolenski, the hero of the one battle in which the Greeks really scored. During the performance mimic shells burst upon the stage with a tremendous uproar, and the harmless pieces, flying among the audience, cause the wildest excitement. This pantomime, like all others, is acted to monotonous, drawling music. As originally produced, the Greek flag was unfurled in the finale and the national hymn was played, whereupon the entire audience rose and saluted; but this last feature was discontinued through official edict as an undignified use of the hymn and the flag.

This brief account of the Athenian stage would be quite incomplete without mention of the marionettes and the shadow-plays. In the case of the last named, moving silhouettes, thrown upon a screen, take the place of actors, and the lines are spoken by a hidden ventriloquist.

Our old friends Punch and Judy need no description. Suffice to say that the Evil One is held in wholesome respect in Athens and the lèse majesté of bringing him before the footlights is never attempted. His

lines are spoken by a Turk—devil enough for any Greek audience.

So at the regular theatre of marionettes, which is enclosed, and dignified by an admission fee (usually one cent), the villain is always a Turk. Comedy figures but little in the repertoire of the marionettes. They dance, topple, and jerk about in the stormy passions of princes, warriors, and great ladies, and squeak or growl interminable speeches in stilted Greek. And what an appreciative audience that is! When the Christian maiden is carried off by the naughty Turk, all the servant-girls present—Aspasia, Paraskeve, Maria, Anthoula—groan and sob, and the bootblacks and market-boys hurl curses at the Turk with open palms. When the villain at last meets his just deserts—and you may be sure that he is tremendously lambasted at the end—the joy of the audience is tumultuous.

The walls of Athens are liberally papered with theatrical announcements, and the foreigner who can read the language at all is agreeably surprised to see the names of plays that have long been stand-byes on the English stage, transliterated in giant characters side by side with those of our latest successes—"The Two Orphans" hobnobbing with "Charley's Aunt" or "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows."

If I were asked to name the most typical amusement of the modern Athenian, I should say that it is connected with that love of nature which is, after all, his birthmark. In the outskirts of the city are numerous gardens, where the people gather and sit till late at night, eating and drinking, singing and talking. Fêtes of various outlying churches and monasteries occur also with bewildering frequency and give rise to many an all night celebration, when lambs are roasted whole and the modern Pyrrhic is danced by stout palikaria.

Nor is that sweet goddess Flora forgotten in these Christian times. On the afternoon before the 1st of May, the city's population scatters into the fields to gather wild flowers, which they make into wreaths. Returning home before sunrise, they hang a garland over each door, and there it remains, if no accident occurs, until May comes round again. Those who have not gone into the country to make their own wreaths buy them of the boys who carry them about the town threaded upon poles.



## A DAY TOGETHER

By Mary Tappan Wright



HE short street was empty but for the colored waiters hurrying to the Commons hard by, and the hands of the big clocks on the four faces of the tower were verging toward seven, with more or less unanimity—some a little ahead, some behind—but all speaking with one self-respecting tongue when they announced their decisions to the public.

The nice drab houses in their ample squares of grassy garden were beginning to awake; the neat, well-trained maids were opening the front doors to shake out their dusters, and the window-shades were being drawn up to the same height in all the down-stairs rooms.

An old gentleman came out upon the porch of one of these houses and, looking up at the even expanse of gray overhead, called back over his shoulder to someone inside. "I do not think it will rain," he said; "there is a patch of blue sky now. Not there! Here; come out and look along my stick."

A little, lame old lady in bonnet and cape stepped carefully down from the doorway and bent her head to the angle indicated.

"Can't you see it?" he asked, impatiently.

"If I had a magnifying-glass, or the spectacles I use for fine print, I think I might make it out. Yes, there it is! But no; that is one of the glass balls on the telephone wire."

He made some half-articulate sound between derision and vexation, and went down three or four of the wooden steps of the terrace.

The old lady followed him, and as he stopped for another weather report she came to his side. "I am coming," she said.

He looked down at her, apparently incredulous. "Impossible!"

"Why so? I want to go; we can turn back if it rains."

"Hurrah!" He threw his stick up in the air, and missed it when it came down.

His wife dodged. "You old goose!" She laughed, and taking his arm they started off together, like children out for a holiday.

They were going to the country, with a few friends, to pick May-flowers: a picnic! The absurdity, the delight, and the incongruity of it were almost intoxicating. Even the early hour had its exhilaration; they had not been up at seven o'clock in twenty years, and to-day was their wedding-day; twice twenty years ago! It did not seem possible—and as they swung along together Mrs. Winter forgot her aching foot, and the old Professor, at every step, knocked off six months of his age.

"If we catch this seven-ten car we shall have plenty of time," he said; "it cannot take us more than three-quarters of an hour to get to the city, and the train does not start until half-past eight. You won't mind waiting?"

"Waiting?" She looked up at him with a tender sort of mockery. "No; I began to acquire the habit early in life—forty years ago!"

He laughed joyously. "I shall never forget how your mother looked that morning. I was going through the east transept—you remember? That church was all set crooked."

She nodded and her face wore an expression of radiant interest, as if she were listening to the tale for the first instead of the fortieth time.

"Well; just as I was trying to get down the little side aisle and creep unobserved into the vestry—I never felt so like a criminal before—your mother met me. 'Mr. Winter,' she said, 'have you remembered the ring?' It was too much; my blood ran cold! I turned without a word and fled back to the hotel as if pursued by all the furies; more than half a mile, wasn't it?"

She nodded again, her eyes still fixed upon his.

"Connor came pounding behind. I rushed up-stairs, turned out my valise on the floor, ransacked the bureau-drawers,

looked under the bed and Connor did everything I did, right after me, like an idiot—he got married too the next week, didn't he? At last he said, 'Winter, I can't see what you have done with that ring. I could swear I saw you put it in your pocket; you were standing on the exact spot in the carpet where you are now.' 'Why, so I did!' I think I must have yelled at him, for he jumped a yard. Then I tore down the stairs again and he behind, shouting all the way to the church. 'But look for it, you damn fool! Look for it!' I wouldn't have looked for that ring if the whole thing had depended upon it. When we passed the big church door in the nave, there were you and your father in the vestibule, waiting. What did you think?—Hello! There are Connor and Millicent now! I wonder how Rosamond takes to having a step-mother? How repulsively spruce Connor looks!"

"Humph!" said Mrs. Winter. "There is nothing repulsively spruce about you."

"No, nor will there ever be," said Winter, tossing his lion-like white mane with an air of satisfaction.

Mrs. Winter paid no heed to this; she had suddenly become absent-minded. They were opposite the station where they were to take the electric-cars. Winter stepped over the gutter and offered to help her; she did not seem to see. "Julian," she said, looking at him with a puzzled wrinkle in her forehead, "what have you done with the luncheon?"

Involuntarily he clapped his hand on his vest pocket. "My dear, my dear," he cried, "how did I come to forget it? To tell the truth, when you made up your mind to go I was so glad that I never thought of anything else." Every feature of his face showed his dismay.

"It makes no difference," said his wife, "I can turn back with you."

"But there is not time—you cannot go fast enough; here is the car coming out now. No; I will run home, get the basket, take the other route to the city, and walk across. You keep on, this way. The Connors will see you through."

She was manifestly unwilling, but he was so urgent, and his disappointment was so heartfelt, that she gave way and allowed him to put her on the car, hurrying off before she had entered the door in order

to explain the situation to the Connors, who, late themselves, came in breathless, laden with luncheon and shawls.

Connor was a little, delicate man, with light-brown hair untouched by age, and an air of refined, even shrinking timidity that was not wholly deceptive; but he cultivated a smooth, savage irony that made his acquaintance a source of constant uneasy apprehension and rendered even his friendship a precarious pleasure. His new young wife, however, loved the whole world, Connor included, and while she always dutifully quoted her husband's opinions of others she invariably modified them; sometimes with the delightful statement that she rather preferred a fool to a wise man. "They get so ill-natured when they know too much," she explained; and her innocence filled the souls of her husband's victims with holy joy.

Mrs. Winter was glad to see them both. She had always been fond of Connor—he saved her a great deal of trouble in that he said the things she would have liked to say herself but did not dare; she also had a theory in regard to the Connors and was glad of an opportunity to verify it. "Connor is afraid of Millicent," she often declared to her husband, "almost as much afraid of her as you are of me, Julian!"

Julian would sniff contemptuously; he had not yet brought himself to pardon Connor for marrying again, neither could he pardon Connor's wife for marrying Connor—who was a contemporary of his own.

"Winter will miss the train; I told him he would. He is always trying to shave things a little too close!" said Connor. "Why, he was late at his own wedding!" He gave her a rapid, birdlike glance of friendly malice. "Shall you go on without him? You had better; Millicent has luncheon enough for ten."

"No, I shall turn back."

"You are wise; if it were not that I do not like to disappoint my wife in a matter of this kind——"

Millicent looked across him to Mrs. Winter and smiled. "Isn't it dear of him? He hates so to go out that it is a pity he is ever asked—and yet—how angry he would be if he wasn't asked!"

"If Julian only could have heard her he would never dare deny that she does

it on purpose," thought Mrs. Winter, smiling at Connor in open recognition of his discomfiture.

"Ah, well!" he said, taking a brazen revenge. "There is a certain duty we younger members of the Faculty owe to society. It is time we took our places and allowed the veterans, like you and Winter, to retire."

This from Connor, who was three years older than Julian! And Millicent looking at him affectionately, as if she believed it! Mrs. Winter recovered herself with difficulty. She hoped that, in her amazement, she had not dropped her under jaw. After all, what difference did it make? Connor was the best friend they had—he should be any age he chose to select; at the same time, it would be as well to let him know that she was not deceived. "When your father and Julian were boys together—" she said to him, smiling benevolently.

"What?" cried Connor. Mrs. Connor rippled forth in jubilant disrespect, and her husband glared at them both, a tempered glare, seen through amused affection. In his turn he could not help being fond of Mrs. Winter, but secretly he deplored the influence she had acquired with Millicent. "She'll put her up to all sorts of things," he complained to Winter one day.

"We shall have to combine against them," Winter had answered, unsympathetically.

"Oh, you! Mrs. Winter got you under her thumb the first week you were married, and has kept you there ever since!"

"Couldn't be in a better place," returned Winter, and then went treacherously and divulged the whole to his tyrant.

The car, which had bolted and hitched its way though the country streets after the manner of its kind, had reached the city and now began to take intervals of rest with a frequency that at last led Connor to examine his watch; he then rose and interviewed the conductor.

"There's a block somewhere," said that individual, absently continuing the double shuffle he was practising on the platform.

Connor went to the front. "Look here," he said to the motorman, "we've got to catch that eight-thirty train at the Terminal."

"So have we," said the motorman, with stony composure.

"What a 'bottled up' sort of an expression you have, William!" said Mrs. Connor, when her husband returned to his seat.

"Where is Rosamond?" asked Mrs. Winter, suddenly.

"Oh, she and Mr. Mendenhall walked in. They started early and will meet us—why, there they are now. William! Look, there are Rosamond and Mr. Mendenhall—oh! Call them!"

Connor rushed to one end of the car, Mrs. Connor to the other.

"Hi! Mendenhall!" shouted Connor with the full strength of his lungs, but the young man and woman strode on unheeding and the car began to move.

"Look here! There are some friends of mine who want to get on. Stop!"

"Can't," said the motorman.

"Oh—oh—Rosamond!" shrieked Mrs. Connor; Rosamond turned her head. The young man with her made a languid gesture to the conductor, and the car moved on slowly until it reached the next white post.

"Hurry! Hurry!" screamed Mrs. Connor. But the two on the sidewalk never hastened their pace; both in neat bicycle dress, they entered the car, calm and cool, while Mr. and Mrs. Connor were out of breath and slightly dishevelled. The other passengers were much interested.

"I think you are going to miss it, papa," said Rosamond, looking up at Connor, who had given her his seat and was hanging by the strap in front of her.

"Well, so are you!" said Connor, who frequently found Rosamond irritating.

"What train'r ye tryin' for?" asked a sociable person next her.

Connor looked down at him from the infinite height of five feet two inches; Mendenhall was apparently stone deaf; and Rosamond's flower-like color never fluctuated; but Mrs. Connor blushed and opened her mouth weakly to reply when the sociable person continued.

"Because if it's the eight-thirty you'd stand a better chance of making it if ye'd get right out here an' take the first herdic ye saw. There's one now! Here, stop the car!" The conductor, who had drawn

near to assist in the negotiation, now obligingly rang the bell.

"I am not going to get out," said Connor.

The conductor turned away with a fling, and rang again, twice, with murderous energy.

"It's yer best plan," insisted the friendly one. "You an' yer wife and yer two daughters could go inside an' this young man could sit with the driver; ye'd get there in no time!"

"I have never used a herdic," said Connor to Mendenhall, "and I never intend to."

"It's not so very expensive," said their new friend, persuasively.

Connor said something, fortunately inaudible, and Mendenhall went out on the front platform. The stranger looked from time to time at Rosamond; words were brimming on his lips, but Rosamond was of a freezing and discouraging prettiness,—she made him feel shabby and elderly; he tried to button up his coat and retrieve his self-respect, but, finding the top button gone, he gave up the struggle.

Time was passing; each clock they came to had gained ruthlessly on the clock of the square before. Nearly everybody got out; Connor achieved a stony composure so awful that even Rosamond dared not address him. Mendenhall returned, and, seating himself opposite his prospective father-in-law, studied his shoes with the provoking air of a man who feels that if things had been left to him he could have managed them better.

The last clock pointed to twenty-five minutes after eight; the station was two squares away.

"Get out an' run fer it!" coaxed the undaunted friendly one. "Ye know ye'd stand a better chance."

Connor looked inquiringly at his wife; she shook her head.

"Do not mind me," said Mrs. Winter, not sorry, after all—so she told herself—to celebrate her wedding-day: by her own fireside. In fact, she felt a little homesick already; sorrow and accident had combined to make her a recluse, and as the years accumulated it hurt, always, when she went out into the world. She turned her head to see where they were; just ahead of them an arched doorway,

with iron link holders at the sides, seemed familiar. "I think that, very likely, Julian came down this way," she said to Mrs. Connor, with a show of indifference.

Mrs. Connor jumped up and leaned toward the street. "William, we are passing the Folsom Building; we are near the station; we must watch for Mr. Winter!" she cried, vivaciously; but her eyes, strangely enough, were searching upward along the high mansard roof where a well-known firm of architects announced their business by a dingy, gilded sign. It took but a moment to find it; she seated herself with a guilty sidelong glance at her neighbor.

The old lady, apparently, had seen nothing; her eyes had turned back again to the entrance, but she was not watching for Julian.

Under that empty, grimy archway she pictured a young, bright figure waving a gay farewell; she saw the color in his cheeks, the dancing glee of his eyes, his smile that, no matter how dark the day, seemed to concentrate all the sunshine upon him. This vision had always remained with her, never fading; it was the last time they had seen him in health. Truly he had been the light of their eyes! It seemed but as yesterday since that light was quenched—it would always seem as yesterday.

Yes; she was quite sure that Julian would go down that way! "Very likely it will make him miss the train," she thought, with satisfaction.

And Julian had gone down that way! He had even run into the Folsom Building and astonished the elevator man by going to the top, walking along the hall, and then coming back again. The time this had taken had made him so nearly miss his train that he ran the whole length of the station as he saw it slowly moving out, and caught on at the back amid a general shout of warning and reprobation from the truckmen and railroad employés on the platform.

The party that he was in search of were not in the first car; so he passed through to the second, where they all greeted him with that hilarity which, even when they have it not, people think necessary to assume on picnic occasions. Winter's visit to the Folsom Building had put him out

of tune ; his friends were rather noisy, he thought, and he was glad Mrs. Winter had gone with the Connors in the next car ; he hoped she had not made a mistake in coming at all, and for a brief, fleeting second was inclined to wish that she had stayed at home.

"Could not Mrs. Winter and the Connors get a seat here ?" he asked.

"Why, they did not come !"

"Certainly they came ! They started in ahead of me !"

"They are none of them here, for I have been looking for them."

"They must be in one of the front cars," said Winter, positively. He marched through the forward cars, then came back and made his way again through the back one ; there was no sign of Mrs. Winter, or of the Connors.

"They have missed it !" he said, looking very rueful. "I would not have had this happen for worlds. I must go back at the first stopping !"

"They will come on later," someone said, with an attempt at consolation.

"I know she will not—it was all I could do to get her started when I was there to take care of her," said Winter, decidedly, and turning his back on them he looked out of the window and drummed on the glass like a disappointed school-boy. He would have got out at the first station and turned homeward if the train had not been an express, which was fortunate, because when they reached their destination a telegram from Connor explained the delay and said that they would all start an hour and a half later ; Mrs. Winter with them.

Winter felt a pang of reproach. "I ought to have known that she would come—to-day !" he murmured to himself ; but he still felt uneasy. "Connor is all very well," he mentioned to one or two of the men, "but Mrs. Winter really ought not to be left alone !"

They had some difficulty in persuading him that it was not his duty to remain at the station until she came, but finally he went off with the rest, leaving careful instructions with another coachman, who was to bring the belated party in a barge, and to meet them at a certain cross-roads on the other side of the town. As they drove through the hazy woods, where the trees were beginning to feather and the

swelling buds were making the distance purple, Winter's restless anxiety began to abate ; and once, when they had reached a hill-top, and saw, not far away, a dark stretch of blue, he felt the old sea-longing begin to rise within him. It looked cold and free, hard and adventurous, out there with the white caps all over it, grinning challenges in the sun. Winter sprang up and, tearing off his hat, sent forth a great shout of defiance ; the fresh wind blew back his thick, curling white hair, and the bright color mounting to his cheeks made his keen, brilliant eyes resplendent. Involuntarily two of the men glanced at each other : how like Tom he was just then ! But Winter sat down with a whimsical shrug of his shoulders ; he remembered all at once that he was getting old ! It was not often he thought of it. If Tom had been here they would have hired a boat and started out together. And a vision of the young, strong hand on the tiller, the level-looking, clear young eyes, and the straight, splendid young figure came to him also as it had to the other two. "One is never old who has a son—like Tom !" he thought, and his clouding face cleared and softened—it always did when he thought of Tom.

And here was Benson, who had taught the boy mathematics ! And Fuller, who had first encouraged him to draw ! Milman there, singing a comic song out of tune on the back seat—how he had cried and run away without speaking that morning when he came for news and learned the worst. Ah, it was good to be out in the open air ! The wheels of life suddenly ran smooth, and the jar of the morning's disappointment ceased to irritate him with his kind. Milman might be as funny as he chose—in fact Milman was funny, delightfully funny. For how many years had they all jogged on together, gying each other, finding fault with each other, occasionally quarrelling with each other, and yet loving each other ! How strong were these tried old friendships ! How close were these well-knit ties ! He even found himself forgiving Connor for marrying Millicent Howard.

They came at last to the rendezvous, and stopped at the entrance of a wood near the crossroads. They were planning to go in search of May-flowers while they

waited for the others : " Mrs. Winter and the young Connors," Milman said. Winter smiled, absently ; his thoughts were still turned wistfully backward, and he wanted to be alone with the beloved past ; he wandered away from the rest and mounted a little hill, gathering the arbutus as he went. When he reached the top, he found that the wood-cutters had been there before him ; he looked about the clearing with awakened interest, and then began pacing off the ground. There was no uncertainty in his movements ; so many feet, he walked to the south and paused to get the view ; so many feet, he paced it at right angles, toward that shivering row of snow-white birch through which came the glimpse of the sea. He was building a house and knew precisely where to place it ; he and Tom and Tom's mother had planned it, more or less, all their lives. Winter remembered clearly every dimension, and at every beautiful prospect erected it anew ; they did not want it now—the ground would never be broken for that house !

The hungry party, reassembling for luncheon below him at the foot of the hill, looked up and laughed when they noted his occupation ; but Winter never heeded ; he went on pacing. Here should be the windows of his wife's sitting-room ; here, his own study ; there, a broad veranda that would look out over that line of ocean where on the one side the thin growth of birch made the blue seem bluer, and, on the other, that tall elm arched up against the sky. Toward the back you looked over rows of hills, where the sun would set nightly at the end of long glades of woodland. And as Winter planned it all, even to the front door and the kitchen-porch, Tom kept pace with him at every step. Together they wrangled over each one of Winter's suggestions and amendments ; they waxed especially bitter about the removal of that maple by the corner of the veranda ; Winter laughed softly as he pictured Tom's whimsical arguments and beloved prejudices ; he even demanded of him how under the sun he came by such an inheritance of hot-headed obstinacy ! Then, in answer to the repeated calls from the rest, he went down, smiling.

When they were left behind, the Connors, finding that they had an hour and a

half to spare, started to do a few errands in the city ; Mendenhall and Rosamond, after repeated and embarrassingly distinct declarations as to the stuffiness of the waiting-room, went out to take another " constitutional "—their engagement was one of the peripatetic kind ; but Mrs. Winter, hampered by her lameness, assured them that she should buy a novel and spend the time pleasantly where she was. She found this very difficult to do ; something seemed to be drawing her toward that tall building a few blocks up the street, until finally, slowly and laboriously—for she always walked with pain—she undertook the journey. Helped at the crossing by a stalwart policeman, and escorted once when she missed her way by a tiny bootblack, she reached her goal in safety.

The years had made very little change there ! The same old leather-cushions covered the seats in the elevator, and she knew quite well that the same old man was running the machine, for he nodded to her gravely and called her by name. She blushed guiltily, but the old fellow looked quite unconscious and forebore to tell her that her husband had been in about half an hour before.

Up, up she went, till she came to the hall at the top of the house, then slowly she limped to the window at the end and looked out over the roofs and across the long rows of tile and chimney to the line of hills on the far horizon. Tom had sketched it for her the first year he had gone there.

With a sigh, she turned back, but as she passed the door that led to the old offices somebody opened it ; she hesitated, glancing in longingly, glad of what appeared a happy accident, and unconscious that, as the senior partner looked at his junior, something unexpectedly reddened the rims of his eyes. For the old elevator man with silent slippers had glided along the hall behind her and whispered, as he opened a crack. " Set the door wide when Mrs. Winter comes back, sir ; she would like to see where he used to work." Then he took her down with an imperturbed countenance and bade her good-morning with stony impassibility.

Mrs. Winter reached the station before the Connors returned and sat down to cut the leaves of a new magazine. She always looked through the magazines first, to see



which of Tom's contemporaries had been contributing—she judged them all according to Tom's likes; and as for his dislikes—they never wrote anything worth reading! And the Connors, when they came back, had no suspicion that she had been away.

"I am very much afraid," said Mrs. Winter, when the five had taken their seats on the train, "that Julian will return and that we shall pass each other."

"Fortunately it was an express," said Connor, "or that would have been exactly what would have happened. Milman has telegraphed that they would meet us at the cross-roads."

"What cross-roads?" asked Mendenhall.

"If there had been more than one, I suppose they would have specified," said Connor.

Mendenhall, who sometimes felt an imperative need for self-assertion, began to argue in a hectoring, dictatorial tone as to how likely they were to miss the other party and how inadequate a direction the mere word "cross-roads" was; he spoke as if he thought that Connor had invented the expression. Mrs. Winter listened, thinking of the affectionate courtesy with which Tom had always treated Connor. "If Tom had married Millicent," her thoughts ran on, "what relation would he have been to Connor?" And then, overcome by the absurdity of the speculation, she laughed to herself. Millicent saw it.

"What is it?" she said.

"I was thinking of Tom," said Mrs. Winter.

"So was I," said Millicent.

When they came to the station at the little seaside town, and the driver who met them seemed uncertain as to the location of the cross-roads, Mendenhall triumphed discreetly.

They drove off, full of doubts and misgivings; and at every road that crossed another they inquired anxiously for their friends; it began to grow late; they found, also, that their friends had been searching with equal futility for them, and, finally, hungry and tired, they stopped for luncheon at what they considered an unpromising cross-roads, deep in the woods.

It was not revealed to them that, losing patience, the others had moved, a couple

of miles farther on, and were waiting at the outlet of the same wood, where another road met the main one.

When they had finished their luncheon Rosamond and Mendenhall climbed down from the carriage.

"If we want any May-flowers," said Mrs. Connor, undecidedly, "I suppose we had better look for them here."

"If you mean arbutus—" began Mendenhall.

"She does not!" snapped Connor, who had not yet left the carriage.

"Since we came out for arbutus," said Rosamond, "it is rather inconsistent not to try and find some. For my part, I think that not doing the thing one has proposed to do always argues weakness of character!"

"You may think differently," said Connor, "when you have developed a little more strength of inclination; for the present, your shoe-strings are just as important to you as your soul!"

Mendenhall looked shocked.

"William, help Mrs. Winter—she wants to get out," called Millicent.

Connor sprang over the wheel and gave his old friend his hand, but she leaned a little heavily on his shoulder instead, and as her face came opposite his she half smiled and shook her head.

"I cannot help it!" muttered Connor. "How she ever came to be a child of mine——"

"William! Oh, William! I am going to fall!" called Millicent.

Connor set Mrs. Winter down hastily and turned and caught his wife, who nearly knocked him over as she threw herself into his arms. "Do take care," she whispered; "Rosamond will hear!"

"Good thing if she did!" returned Connor, fiercely. "I am not going to have Mendenhall's milk-and-water moralizing measured out to me——"

"There! There! You are getting aliterative—you always do when you lose your temper. Say something in p's and t's to change the current of your thoughts."

Connor laughed.

To Mrs. Winter it almost sounded impertinent to hear Millicent speak in that way to Connor, and yet it did her good to hear the thrill of happiness and renewed youth in his voice.

And Millicent too—on the whole, Mrs. Winter was glad that they had married, but it made her feel a little more lonely, more like getting off by herself. Unconsciously she had counted on Millicent—it was unreasonable—but—

"We are going to walk down the road," said Connor. "Will you come with us?"

"No," she said; "I am going to climb this little hill; I think I shall find a view from the top."

Connor hesitated, but Millicent twitched his sleeve. "Can you not see that she wants to be by herself?" she whispered, as they turned away together.

"I thought women never wanted to be by themselves," said Connor.

Mendenhall and Rosamond had already disappeared and Mrs. Winter climbed as slowly and stopped as often as she chose without fear of their comment. They had already dilated, during the drive, on the criminal self-indulgence of rheumatism, and the culpable inertia of increasing weight; they had advised her to go to a gymnasium, leave off coffee and beef, and always look at her toes when she walked! Old age itself, she felt, was an unpardonable crime. What miles she used to tramp with Tom! He always made her feel that she was younger than he—and then with apparent irrelevance she thought of Rosamond and whispered, "Poor Connor!"

It was some time before she reached the top of the hill, and the slow climb gave her ample leisure to see that it was cleared almost as if someone meant to build there. "If Julian saw that," she murmured, "he would begin measuring it off for our country house at once! It is the very thing he would like, with the elm and those birches against the water. That tall maple would make a charming shade for the veranda. Julian would say that it made the house damp; but with all this sun that would be impossible. Tom would never have consented to cutting it down, and neither shall I. It would be pleasant to make the entrance here," she said, and, having constructed a veranda from a felled birch, she sat down upon it, defying Rosamond and Mendenhall and rheumatism and old age and all the unpleasant things in life at once, while her eyes wandered to the broad blue streak of color between the white trunks of the birches.

What though the long years of married life which lay behind them were clouded by many a grief and checkered by many a care, had they not also been the pathway of an infinite happiness?

And though they two fared the downward slope alone, they still were infinitely rich in that which once they had possessed; for the grace and strength of that young unfinished life, broken before the touch of time had come to mar the spotlessness of its perfection, had endowed them both with youth eternal, in that half their days on earth they walked with the blessed dead in heaven, and old age passed softly by the immortal sanctuary of their hearts.

Mrs. Winter sighed and withdrew her eyes from the horizon. Close against her knee leaned a little sapling of young maple, lifting, almost confidently, a bunch of red-bronzed leaves toward her face. The old lady's lips quivered; she gathered the spray tenderly, almost reverently; it was like a message; every spring, for years, Tom had gone into the woods and brought her home a branch like this. Then she rose, with difficulty, for, after all, the birch-tree was very close to the ground.

She heard Connor's voice at the foot of the hill; he was instructing his wife as to the proper method of plucking May-flowers. "Don't leave a leaf," he called.

It reminded Mrs. Winter of the duties of the moment. "How I hate picking flowers!" she murmured. "It is so troublesome to stoop; but," her face brightened, "there are none here!" She bent over and examined the ground. "Someone has been here already; perhaps Julian; at any rate, he will have gathered me all I want," and with this excuse for laziness, she slowly climbed down the hill again.

Rosamond and Mendenhall stood with their arms full of pink bloom. "I do not think that we have left one," said Rosamond.

"You see we went to work systematically," said Mendenhall, "and we have not wasted a moment of time."

Connor came up with a neat, compact bunch of flowers, which he presented to Millicent, who, adding them to her own, upon which she had left all the green she dared, offered the whole to Mrs. Winter; but Mrs. Winter declined. "I have what

"I want," she said, smilingly, lifting her spray of maple. Millicent turned away her head.

Then they summoned the bored driver from his aimless wanderings up and down the road, and climbed into the "barge" again; he drove reluctantly to the other cross-roads, where they waited and hallooed to the friends who had skirted the woods and driven back to the spot which they just had left! Thus, for the rest of the afternoon, they pursued each other—a gigantic game of hide-and-seek—to the amusement and delight of the farmers, who were scattering the steaming manure over their fields in preparation for an early spring planting. At last, as it was impossible to wait longer, Connor gave the orders for their return to town.

"It is really a shame, Mrs. Winter, that you haven't a single May-flower!" he said, irritably, eyeing the large bouquets which Rosamond and Mendenhall held, tranquil and undisturbed in the benevolent consciousness that they meant to present them to a hospital where Mendenhall hoped for an appointment. "They will get on in the world," Connor whispered to his wife. "I feel perfectly safe in letting Mendenhall have her. They will always look out for themselves—and nobody else! Ah!" he said aloud. "There is Winter."

They had come into the village. Leaning against a lamp-post at the entrance of a small triangle of park stood Winter, picturesque as usual, his hat on the back of his head, and his great curling mane of white hair tumbled boyishly about his face.

"Winter," said Connor, suddenly, "is the handsomest man I ever knew. And by George! I believe he knows it!" he added under his breath.

Mrs. Winter made no reply to this ill-natured speech; she was smiling at Winter and winking a little to shed the moisture from her eyes, for he held in his hand a radiant bunch of May-flowers, before which Rosamond's and Mendenhall's charitable provision dwindled to utter insignificance, and in the button-hole of his coat drooped sadly a little tuft of early maple. He stepped forward into the road, and, climbing into the back of the barge, laid the bouquet in his wife's lap without a word.

"I knew you would!" she said.

"Ah, what a pity that your day has been spoiled, Mr. Winter!" said Rosamond.

"Spoiled?" said Winter, looking at her as if he could not comprehend. "Why, it has been a delightful day!"

When they arrived at the station Rosamond and Mendenhall walked off together down the platform. "Do you suppose," said Rosamond, "that the time will come when you can remain away from me in that way, a whole day that you had meant to spend with me, and say at the end that it has been delightful?"

"Incredible!" said Mendenhall, "and did you notice that Mrs. Winter has hardly once mentioned her husband, much less expressed a word of regret?"

"I don't believe they care for each other," said Rosamond, finally; "she has always impressed me as a hard-hearted woman!" And then, the train coming up, the two got into a back seat and talked about the proper management of a small income and the best methods by which you might keep your footing in society if you are unable to entertain.

Winter and his wife scarcely spoke. Through the window of the car they watched the setting sun as the swift motion of the train caused it to seem to roll along the tops of the hills and leap from height to height across the valleys like a golden ball. At times, in some still pool, they could see it reflected through the black branches of the trees, until at last it left them, and all the meadows were bathed in purple twilight and the broad stretches of sea reflected the golden and rose-colored tints of the sky; and as they noted each tint and marked each mass of color, an unseen presence hovered between them; every shadow on the hillside they saw with Tom's eyes, and every stretch of sea they thought of as he might reproduce it.

"There was a very pretty place," said Mrs. Winter, gently; "up on top of one of the hills."

"Yes," said Julian, "where I built the house."

"With the porch looking out to the sea?"

"And your sitting-room turned toward the sunset."

"I hope you didn't cut down that maple."

Winter laughed. "It ought to be cut," he declared, earnestly. "It will shade the roof and make the house damp."

"I will not have it felled!" she cried.

"Let it stand, then," he said, gently.

"Let it stand. I cannot run counter to both of you!"

They rode on in silence. "Julian," said Mrs. Winter, at last, "while we were waiting for the train this morning——"

"I know what you did. You went up into the Folsom Building."

"Had you been there?" she asked.

"Yes; it made me almost late for the train."

"I was almost sure you would go."

"After all," said Winter, "it is just as well we missed each other."

"Yes," she answered; "we have really been less separated."

"I wonder," said Winter, abruptly, "if Millicent would have married Tom?"

"She makes Connor very happy," said Mrs. Winter, thoughtfully, "and she—she is not unhappy herself—now. I do not know but that I am glad she did it."

Winter sighed; his wife's delicate reticence had answered his question. "I am not sorry she did it; there is Connor to be considered, you know," he said. "What luck that fellow always has had," he added, irritably.

Mrs. Winter turned away her head and laughed with the sparks that flew by in the twilight. She wanted to condole with Winter on account of her own longevity, but she did not dare. Winter never saw anything amusing in witticisms of that description.

It was quite dark when the train rumbled into the city; the tired party stood together making their last farewells at the entrance of the station. Connor and Millicent left them to catch a car; but Winter, declaring that his wife had had enough of cars for one day, had called a carriage, and Rosamond and Mendenhall, who had virtuously announced their intention of walking home, were waiting to see them off.

"It has been dreadful that you have been separated all day," persisted Rosamond, in her small, perfunctory tones, determined to force a word of decent regret from these refractory old people.

Winter looked down at her a moment, and a mischievous light came into his eyes.

"I will tell you something, Rosamond," he said; "but neither you nor Mendenhall will ever understand it." He put Mrs. Winter into the carriage and then followed her. Rosamond waited in polite curiosity.

"Mrs. Winter and I," said Julian, "are nearer to each other when we are apart than certain young people, whom I will not mention, could manage to get, even though they should live together a hundred years, without a single separation."

And having enunciated this dark saying, he slammed the carriage-door and ordered the driver to go on.

"How disagreeable he can make himself!" said Rosamond. "Sometimes—sometimes I think he is extremely like papa!"

And Mendenhall agreed with her.

## A PRAYER OF OLD AGE

By Robert Bridges

O LORD, I am so used to all the by-ways  
Throughout Thy devious world,  
The little hill-paths, yea, and the great highways  
Where saints are safely whirled!  
And there are crooked ways, forbidden pleasures,  
That lured me with their spell;  
But there I lingered not, and found no treasures—  
Though in the mire I fell.

## A Prayer of Old Age

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And now I'm old and worn, and, scarcely seeing  
The beauties of Thy work,  
I catch faint glimpses of the shadows fleeing  
Through valleys in the murk ;  
Yet I can feel my way—my mem'ry guides me,  
I bear the yoke and smile ;  
I'm used to life, and nothing wounds or chides me ;  
Lord, let me live awhile !

And then, dear Lord, I still can feel the thrilling  
Of Nature in the Spring—  
The uplift of Thy hills, the song-birds trilling,  
The lyric joy they bring.  
I'm not too old to see the regal beauty  
Of moon and stars and sun ;  
Nature can still reveal to me my duty  
Till my long task is done.

O Lord, to me the pageant is entrancing—  
The march of States and Kings !  
I keenly watch the human race advancing  
And see Man master Things ;  
From him who read the secret of the thunder  
And made the lightning kind,  
Down to this marvel—all the growing wonder  
Of force controlled by Mind.

And this dear land of ours, the freeman's Nation !  
Lord let me live and see  
Fulfilment of our fathers' aspiration,  
When each man's really free !  
When all the strength and skill that move the mountains,  
And pile up riches great,  
Shall sweeten patriotism at its fountains  
And purify the State !

But there are closer ties than these, that bind me  
And make me long to stay  
And linger in the dusk where Death may find me  
On Thine own chosen day ;  
There's one who walks beside me in the gloaming  
And holds my faltering hand—  
Without her guidance I can make no homing  
In any distant land.

Some day when we are tired, like children playing,  
And wearied drop our toys—  
When all the work and burden of our staying  
Has mingled with our joys—  
With those we love around—our eyelids drooping,  
Too spent with toil to weep—  
Like some kind nurse o'er drowsy children stooping,  
Lord take us home to sleep !

## NO SINECURE

### MORE ADVENTURES OF THE AMATEUR CRACKSMAN

By E. W. Hornung

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. VOHN



AM still uncertain which surprised me more, the telegram calling my attention to the advertisement, or the advertisement itself. The telegram is before me as I write. It would appear to have been handed in at Vere Street at eight o'clock in the morning of May 11, 1897, and received before half-past at Holloway B.O. And in that drab region it duly found me, unwashed but at work before the day grew hot and my attic insupportable.

"See Mr. Maturin's advertisement *Daily Mail* might suit you earnestly beg try will speak if necessary——"

I transcribe the thing as I see it before me, all in one breath that took away mine; but I leave out the initials at the end, which completed the surprise. They stood very obviously for the knighted specialist whose consulting-room is within a cab-whistle of Vere Street, and who once called me kinsman for his sins. More recently he had called me other names. I was a disgrace, qualified by an adjective which seemed to me another. I had made my bed, and I could go and lie and die in it. If I ever again had the insolence to show my nose in that house, I should go out quicker than I came in. All this, and more, my least distant relative could tell a poor devil to his face; could ring for his man, and give him his brutal instructions on the spot; and then relent to the tune of this telegram! I have no phrase for my amazement. I literally could not believe my eyes. Yet their evidence was more and more conclusive: a very epistle could not have been more characteristic of its sender. Meanly elliptical, ludicrously precise, saving halfpence at the expense of sense, yet paying like a man for "Mr." Maturin, that was my distinguished relative from his bald

patch to his corns. Nor was all the rest unlike him, upon second thoughts. He had a reputation for charity; he was going to live up to it after all. Either that, or it was the sudden impulse of which the most calculating are capable at times; the morning papers with the early cup of tea, this advertisement seen by chance, and the rest upon the spur of a guilty conscience.

Well, I must see it for myself, and the sooner the better, though work pressed. I was writing a series of articles upon prison life, and had my nib into the whole System; a literary and philanthropical daily was parading my "charges," the graver ones with the more gusto; and the terms, if unhandsome for creative work, were temporary wealth to me. It so happened that my first check had just arrived by the eight o'clock post; and my position should be appreciated when I say that I had to cash it to obtain a *Daily Mail*.

Of the advertisement itself, what is to be said? It should speak for itself if I could find it, but I cannot, and only remember that it was a "male nurse and constant attendant" that was "wanted for an elderly gentleman in feeble health." A male nurse! An absurd tag was appended, offering "liberal salary to University or public-school man;" and of a sudden I saw that I should get this thing if I applied for it. What other "University or public-school man" would dream of doing so? Was any other in such straits as I? And then my relenting relative; he not only promised to speak for me, but was the very man to do so. Could any recommendation compete with his in the matter of a male nurse? And need the duties of such be necessarily loathsome and repellant? Certainly the surroundings would be better than those of my common lodging-house and own particu-



lar garret ; and the food ; and every other condition of life that I could think of on my way back to that unsavory asylum. So I dived into a pawnbroker's shop, where I was a stranger only upon my present errand, and within the hour was airing a decent if antiquated suit, but little corrupted by the pawnbroker's moth, and a new straw hat, on the top of a tram.

The address given in the advertisement was that of a flat at Earl's Court, which cost me a cross-country journey, finishing with the District Railway and a seven minutes' walk. It was now past mid-day, and the tarry wood-pavement was good to smell as I strode up the Earl's Court Road. It was great to walk the civilized world again. Here were men with coats on their backs, and ladies in gloves. My only fear was lest I might run up against one or other whom I had known of old. But it was my lucky day. I felt it in my bones. I was going to get this berth ; and sometimes I should be able to smell the wood-pavement on the old boy's errands ; perhaps he would insist on skimming over it in his bath-chair, with me behind.

I felt quite nervous when I reached the flats. They were a small pile in a side street, and I pitied the doctor whose plate I saw upon the palings before the ground-floor windows ; he must be in a very small way, I thought. I rather pitied myself as well. I had indulged in visions of better flats than these. There were no balconies. The porter was out of livery. There was no lift, and my invalid on the third floor ! I trudged up, wishing I had never lived in Mount Street, and brushed against a dejected individual coming down. A full-blooded young fellow in a frock-coat flung the right door open at my summons.

"Does Mr. Maturin live here ?" I inquired.

"That's right," said the full-blooded young man, grinning all over a convivial countenance.

"I—I've come about his advertisement in the *Daily Mail*."

"You're the thirty-ninth," cried the blood ; "that was the thirty-eighth you met upon the stairs, and the day's still young. Excuse my staring at you. Yes, you pass your prelim., and can come inside ; you're one of the few. We had most just after breakfast, but now the por-

ter's heading off the worst cases, and that last chap was the first for twenty minutes. Come in here."

And I was ushered into an empty room with a good bay-window, which enabled my full-blooded friend to inspect me yet more critically in a good light ; this he did without the least false delicacy ; then his questions began.

"Varsity man ?"

"No."

"Public school ?"

"Yes."

"Which one ?"

I told him, and he sighed relief.

"At last ! You're the very first I've not had to argue with as to what is and what is not a public school. Expelled ?"

"No," I said, after a moment's hesitation ; "no, I was not expelled. And I hope you won't expel me if I ask a question in my turn ?"

"Certainly not."

"Are you Mr. Maturin's son ?"

"No, my name's Theobald. You may have seen it down below."

"The doctor ?" I said.

"His doctor," said Theobald, with a satisfied eye. "Mr. Maturin's doctor. He is having a male nurse and attendant by my advice, and he wants a gentleman if he can get one. I rather think he'll see you, though he's only seen two or three all day. There are certain questions which he prefers to ask himself, and it's no good going over the same ground twice. So perhaps I had better tell him about you before we get any farther."

And he withdrew to a room still nearer the entrance, as I could hear ; for it was a very small flat indeed. But now two doors were shut between us, and I had to rest content with murmurs through the wall until the doctor returned to summon me.

"I have persuaded my patient to see you," he whispered, "but I confess I am not sanguine of the result. He is very difficult to please. You must prepare yourself for a querulous invalid, and for no sinecure if you get the billet."

"May I ask what's the matter with him ?"

"By all means—when you've got the billet."

Dr. Theobald then led the way, his professional dignity so thoroughly intact that

I could not but smile as I followed his swinging coat-tails to the sick-room. I carried no smile across the threshold of a darkened chamber which reeked of drugs and twinkled with medicine bottles, and in the middle of which a gaunt figure lay abed in the half-light.

"Take him to the window, take him to the window," a thin voice snapped, "and let's have a look at him. Open the blind a bit. Not as much as that, damn you, not as much as that!"

The doctor took the oath as though it had been a fee. I no longer pitied him. It was now very clear to me that he had one patient who was a little practice in himself. I determined there and then that he should prove a little profession to me, if we could but keep him alive between us. Mr. Maturin, however, had the whitest face that I have ever seen, and his teeth gleamed out through the dusk as though the withered lips no longer met about them; nor did they except in speech; and anything ghastlier than the perpetual grin of his repose I have never seen. It was with this grin that he lay regarding me while the doctor held the blind.

"So you think you could look after me, do you?"

"I'm certain I could, sir."

"Single-handed, mind! I don't keep another soul. You would have to cook your own grub and my slops. Do you think you could do all that?"

"Yes, sir, I think so."

"Why do you? Have you any experience of the kind?"

"No, sir; none."

"Then why do you pretend you have?"

"I only meant that I would do my best."

"Only meant, only meant! Have you done your best at everything else, then?"

I hung my head. This was a facer. And there was something in my invalid which thrust the unspoken lie down my throat.

"No, sir; I have not," I told him plainly.

"He, he, he!" the old wretch tittered; "and you do well to own it; you do well, sir, very well indeed. If you hadn't owned up, out you would have gone, out

neck-and-crop! You've saved your bacon. You may do more. So you are a public-school boy, and a very good school yours is, but you weren't at either university. Is that correct?"

"Absolutely."

"What did you do when you left school?"

"I came in for money."

"And then?"

"I spent my money."

"And since then?"

I stood like a mule.

"And since then, I say!"

"A relative of mine will tell you if you ask him. He is an eminent man, and he has promised to speak for me. I would rather say no more myself."

"But you shall, sir, but you shall! Do you suppose that I suppose a public-school boy would apply for a berth like this if something or other hadn't happened? What I want is a gentleman of sorts, and I don't much care what sort; but you've got to tell me what did happen, if you don't tell everybody else. Dr. Theobald, sir, you can go to the devil if you won't take a hint. This man may do or he may not. You have no more to say to it till I send him down to tell you one thing or the other. Clear out, sir, clear out; and if you think you've anything to complain of, you stick it down in the bill!"

In the mild excitement of our interview the thin voice had gathered strength, and the last shrill insult was screamed after the devoted medico, as he retired in such order that I felt certain he was going to take this trying patient at his word. The bedroom door closed, then the outer one, and the doctor's heels went drumming down the common stair. I was alone in the flat with this highly singular and rather terrible old man.

"And a damned good riddance!" croaked the invalid, raising himself on one elbow without delay. "I may not have much body left to boast about, but at least I've got a lost old soul to call my own. That's why I want a gentleman of sorts about me. I've been too dependent on that chap. He won't even let me smoke, and he's been in the flat all day to see I didn't. You'll find the cigarettes behind the Madonna of the Chair."

It was a steel engraving of the great

Raffaello, and the frame was tilted from the wall ; at a touch a packet of cigarettes tumbled down from behind.

"Thanks ; and now a light."

I struck the match and held it, while

der water at all, but went all I knew for the sun itself ; when it set I must have been a mile away ; until it did I was the invisible man. I figured on that, and only hope it wasn't set down as a case of sui-



"I have persuaded my patient to see you," he whispered.—Page 31.

the invalid inhaled with normal lips ; and suddenly I sighed. I was irresistibly reminded of my poor dear old Raffles. A smoke-ring worthy of the great A. J. was floating upward from the sick man's lips.

"And now take one yourself. I have smoked more poisonous cigarettes. But even these are not Sullivans !"

I cannot repeat what I said. I have no idea what I did. I only know—I only knew—that it was A. J. Raffles in the flesh !

## II

"Yes, Bunny, it was the very devil of a swim ; but I defy you to sink in the Mediterranean. That sunset saved me. The sea was on fire. I hardly swam un-

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cide. I shall get outed quite soon enough, Bunny, but I'd rather be dropped by the hangman than throw my own wicket away."

"Oh, my dear old chap, to think of having you by the hand again ! I feel as though we were both aboard that German liner, and all that's happened since a nightmare. I thought that time was the last !"

"It looked rather like it, Bunny. It was taking all the risks, and hitting at everything. But the game came off, and some day I'll tell you how."

"Oh, I'm in no hurry to hear. It's quite enough for me to see you lying there. I don't want to know how you came there, or why, though I'm afraid you must be pretty bad. I must have a good look at you before I let you speak another word !"



"Clear out, sir, clear out."—Page 32.

I raised one of the blinds, I sat upon the bed, and I had that look. It left me all unable to conjecture his true state of health, but quite certain in my own mind that my dear Raffles was not and never would be the man that he had been. He had aged twenty years; he looked fifty at the very least. His hair was white; there was no trick about that; and his face was another white. The lines about the corners of the eyes and mouth were both many and deep. On the other hand, the eyes themselves were alight and alert as ever; keen and gray and gleaming, like finely tempered steel. Even the mouth, with a cigarette to close it, was the mouth of Raffles and no other: strong and unscrupulous as the man himself. It was only the physical strength which appeared to have departed; but that was quite enough to make my heart bleed for the dear rascal who had cost me every tie I valued but the tie between us two.

"Think I look much older?" he asked at length.

"A bit," I admitted. "But it is chiefly your hair."

"Whereby hangs a tale, for when we've talked ourselves out—though I have often thought that it was that long swim that started it. Still, the Island of Elba is a rummy show, I can assure you. And Naples is a rummier."

"You went there after all?"

"Rather! It's the European paradise for such as our noble selves. But there's no place that's a patch on little London as a non-conductor of heat; it never gets too hot for a fellow here; or if it does it's his own fault. It's the kind of wicket you don't get out on, unless you get yourself out. So here I am again, and have been for the last six weeks. And I mean to have another knock."

"But surely, old fellow, you're not awfully fit, are you?"

"Fit? My dear Bunny, I'm dead—I'm at the bottom of the sea—and don't you forget it for a minute."

"But are you all right, or are you not?"

"No, I'm half-poisoned by Theobald's prescriptions and putrid cigarettes, and as weak as a rat from lying in bed."

"Then why on earth lie in bed, Raffles?"

"Because it's better than lying in gaol, as I am afraid *you* know, my poor dear fellow. I tell you I am dead; and my one terror is of coming to life again by accident. Can't you see? I simply dare not show my nose out of doors—by day. You have no idea of the number of perfectly innocent things a dead man daren't do. I can't even smoke Sullivans, because no one man was ever so partial to them

as I was in my lifetime, and you never know when you may start a clew."

"What brought you to these mansions?"

"I fancied a flat, and a man recommended these on the boat; such a good chap, Bunny; he was my reference when it came to signing the lease. You see I landed on a stretcher—most pathetic case—old Australian without a friend in old country—ordered Engadine as last chance—no go—not an earthly—sentimental wish to die in London—that's the history of Mr. Maturin. If it doesn't hit you hard, Bunny, you're the first. But it hit friend Theobald hardest of all. I'm an income to him. I believe he's going to marry on me."

"Does he guess there's nothing wrong?"

"Knows, bless you! But he doesn't

know I know he knows, and there isn't a disease in the dictionary that he hasn't treated me for since he's had me in hand. To do him justice, I believe he thinks me a hypochondriac of the first water; but that young man will go far if he keeps on the wicket. He has spent half his nights up here, at guineas apiece."

"Guineas must be plentiful, old chap!"

"They have been, Bunny. I can't say more. But I don't see why they shouldn't be again."

I was not going to inquire where the guineas came from. As if I cared! But I did ask old Raffles how in the world he had got upon my tracks; and thereby drew the sort of smile with which old gentlemen rub their hands, and old ladies nod their noses. Raffles merely produced a perfect oval of blue smoke before replying.

"I was waiting for you to ask that,



"Now follow me, and look out!"—Page 39.



"Good-evening, gentlemen," said he, at home and smiling.  
—Page 40.

Bunny ; it's a long time since I did anything upon which I plume myself more. Of course, in the first place, I spotted you at once by these prison articles ; they were not signed, but the fist was the fist of my sitting rabbit ! "

" But who gave you my address ? "

" I wheedled it out of your excellent editor ; called on him at dead of night, when I occasionally go afield like other ghosts, and wept it out of him in five minutes. I was your only relative ; your name was not your own name ; if he insisted I would give him mine. He didn't insist, Bunny, and I danced down his stairs with your address in my pocket."

" Last night ? "

" No, last week."

" And so the advertisement was yours, as well as the telegram ! "

I had, of course, forgotten both in the

high excitement of the hour, or I should scarcely have announced my belated discovery with such an air. As it was I made Raffles look at me as I had known him look before, and the droop of his eyelids began to sting.

" Why all this subtlety ? " I petulantly exclaimed. " Why couldn't you come straight away to me in a cab ? "

He did not inform me that I was hopeless as ever. He did not address me as his good rabbit. He was silent for a time, and then spoke in a tone which made me ashamed of mine.

" You see, there are two or three of me now, Bunny ; one's at the bottom of the Mediterranean, and one's an old Australian desirous of dying in the old country, but in no immediate danger of dying anywhere. The old Australian doesn't know a soul in town ; he's got to be consistent, or he's done. This sinner Theobald is his only friend, and has seen rather too much of him ; ordinary dust won't do for his eyes. Begin to see ? To pick you out of a crowd, that was the game ; to let old Theobald help to pick you, better still ! To start with, he was dead against my having anybody at all ; wanted me all to him-

self, naturally ; but anything rather than kill the goose ! So he is to have a fiver a week while he keeps me alive, and he's going to be married next month. That's a pity in some ways, but a good thing in others ; he will want more money than he foresees, and he may always be of use to us at a pinch. Meanwhile he eats out of my hand."

I complimented Raffles on the mere composition of his telegram, with half the characteristics of my distinguished kinsman squeezed into a dozen odd words ; and let him know how the old ruffian had really treated me. Raffles was not surprised ; we had dined together at my relative's in the old days, and filed for reference a professional valuation of his household gods. I now learnt that the telegram had been posted, with the hour marked for its despatch, at the pillar nearest Vere



Street, on the night before the advertisement was due to appear in the *Daily Mail*. This also had been carefully prearranged; and Raffles's only fear had been lest it might be held over despite his explicit instructions, and so drive me to the doctor for an explanation of his telegram. But the adverse chances had been weeded out and weeded out to the irreducible minimum of risk.

His greatest risk, according to Raffles, lay nearest home: bedridden invalid that he was supposed to be, his nightly terror was of running into Theobald's arms in the

immediate neighborhood of the flat. But Raffles had characteristic methods of minimizing even that danger, of which something anon; meanwhile, he recounted more than one of his nocturnal adventures, all, however, of a singularly innocent type; and one thing I noticed while he talked. His room was the first as you entered the flat. The long inner wall divided the room not merely from the passage but from the outer landing as well. Thus every step upon the bare stone stairs could be heard by Raffles where he lay; and he would never speak while one was ascending, until



And we chose—lord! What did we not choose?—Page 41.

it had passed his door. The afternoon brought more than one applicant for the post which it was my duty to tell them that I had already obtained. Between three and four, however, Raffles, suddenly looking at his watch, packed me off in a hurry to the other end of London for my things.

"I'm afraid you must be famishing, Bunny. It's a fact that I eat very little, and that at odd hours, but I ought not to have forgotten you. Get yourself a snack outside, but not a square meal, if you can resist one. We've got to celebrate this day this night!"

"To-night?" I cried.

"To-night at eleven, and Kellner's the place. You may well open your eyes, but we didn't go there much, if you remember, and the staff seems changed. Anyway we'll risk it for once. I was in last night, talking like a stage American, and supper's ordered for eleven sharp."

"You made as sure of me as all that!"

"There was no harm in ordering supper. We shall have it in a private room, but you may as well dress if you've got the duds."

"They're at my only forgiving relative's."

"How much will get them out, and square you up, and bring you back bag and baggage in good time?"

I had to calculate.

"A tenner, easily."

"I had one ready for you. Here it is, and I wouldn't lose any time if I were you. On the way you might look up Theobald, tell him you've got it and how long you'll be gone, and that I can't be left alone all the time. And, by Jove, yes! You get me a stall for the Lyceum at the nearest agent's; there are two or three in High Street; and say it was given you when you come in. That young man shall be out of the way to-night."

I found our doctor in a minute consulting-room and his shirt-sleeves, a tall tumbler at his elbow; at least I caught sight of the tumbler on entering; thereafter he stood in front of it, with a futility which had my sympathy.

"So you've got the billet," said Dr. Theobald. "Well, as I told you before, and as you have since probably discovered for yourself, you won't find it exactly a sinecure. My own part of the business is by no means that; indeed, there are those

who would throw up the case, after the kind of treatment that you have seen for yourself. But professional considerations are not the only ones, and one cannot make too many allowances in such a case."

"But what is the case?" I asked him.

"You said you would tell me if I was successful."

Dr. Theobald's shrug was worthy of the profession he seemed destined to adorn; it was not incompatible with any construction which one chose to put upon it. Next moment he had stiffened. I suppose I still spoke more or less like a gentleman. Yet, after all, I was only the male nurse. He seemed to remember this suddenly, and he took occasion to remind me of the fact.

"Ah," said he, "that was before I knew you were altogether without experience; and I must say that I was surprised even at Mr. Maturin's engaging you after that; but it will depend upon yourself how long I allow him to persist in so curious an experiment. As for what is the matter with him, my good fellow, it is no use my giving you an answer which would be double Dutch to you; moreover, I have still to test your discretionary powers. I may say, however, that that poor gentleman presents at once the most complex and most troublesome case, which is responsibility enough without certain features which make it all but insupportable. Beyond this I must refuse to discuss my patient for the present; but I shall certainly go up if I can find time."

He went up within five minutes. I found him there on my return at dusk. But he did not refuse my stall for the Lyceum, which Raffles would not allow me to use myself, and presented to him off-hand without my leave.

"And don't you bother anymore about me till to-morrow," snapped the high thin voice as he was off. "I can send for you now when I want you, and I'm hoping to have a decent night for once."

### III

It was half-past ten when we left the flat, in an interval of silence on the noisy stairs. The silence was unbroken by our



"Duplicate boxes!" I cried.—Page 42.

wary feet. Yet for me a surprise was in store upon the very landing. Instead of going down-stairs, Raffles led me up two flights, and so out upon a perfectly flat roof.

"There are two entrances to these mansions," he explained between stars and chimney-stacks: "one to our staircase, and another round the corner.

But there's only one porter, and he lives on the basement underneath us, and affects the door nearest home. We miss him by using the wrong stairs, and we run less risk of old Theobald. I got the tip from the postmen, who come up one way and down the other. Now follow me, and look out!"

There was, indeed, some necessity for

caution, for each half of the building had its L-shaped well dropping sheer to the base, the parapets so low that one might easily have tripped over them into eternity. However, we were soon upon the second staircase, which opened on the roof like the first. And twenty minutes of the next twenty-five we spent in an admirable hansom, skimming east.

"Not much change in the old hole, Bunny. More of these magic-lantern advertisements . . . and absolutely the worst bit of taste in town, though it's saying something, in that equestrian statue with the gilt stirrups and fixings; why don't they black the buffer's boots and his horse's hoofs while they are about it? . . . More bicyclists, of course. That was just beginning, if you remember. It might have been useful to us. . . . And there's the old club, getting put into a crate for the Jubilee; by Jove, Bunny, we ought to be there. I wouldn't lean forward in Piccadilly, old chap. If you're seen I'm thought of, and we shall have to be jolly careful at Kellner's. . . . Ah, there it is! Did I tell you I was a low-down stage Yankee at Kellner's? You'd better be another, while the waiter's in the room."

We had the little room upstairs; and on the very threshold, even I, who knew my Raffles of old, was taken horribly aback. The table was laid for three. I called his attention to it in a whisper.

"Why, yep!" came through his nose. "Say, boy, the lady, she's not comin', but you leave that tackle where it is. If I'm liable to pay, I guess I'll have all there is to it."

I have never been in America, and the American public is the last on earth that I desire to insult; but idiom and intonation alike would have imposed upon my inexperience. I had to look at Raffles to make sure that it was he who spoke, and I had my own reasons for looking hard.

"Who on earth was the lady?" I inquired aghast at the first opportunity.

"She isn't on earth. They don't like wasting this room on two, that's all. Bunny—my Bunny—here's to us both!"

And we clinked glasses swimming with the liquid gold of Steinberg, 1868; but of the rare delights of that supper I can scarcely trust myself to write. It was no

mere meal, it was no coarse orgy, but a little feast for the fastidious gods, not unworthy of Lucullus at his worst. And I who had bolted my skilly at Wormwood Scrubs, and tightened my belt in a Hol-loway attic, it was I who sat down to this ineffable repast! Where the courses were few, but each a triumph of its kind, it would be invidious to single out any one particular dish; but the Jambon de West-phalie au Champagne tempts me sorely. And then the champagne that we drank, not the quantity but the quality! It was neither Pommery nor Heidsieck, but Augiers Frères! And even so it was not more dry, nor did it sparkle more, than the merry rascal who had dragged me this far to the devil, but should lead me dancing the rest of the way. I was beginning to tell him so. I had done my honest best since my reappearance in the world; but the world had done its worst by me. A further antithesis and my final intention were both upon my tongue when the waiter with the Château Margaux cut me short; for he was the bearer of more than that great wine; bringing also a card upon a silver tray.

"Show him up," said Raffles, laconically.

"And who is this?" I cried when the man was gone. Raffles reached across the table and gripped my arm in his vice. His eyes were steel points fixed on mine.

"Bunny, stand by me," said he in the old irresistible voice, a voice both stern and winning. "Stand by me, Bunny—if there's a row!"

And there was time for nothing more, the door flying open, and a dapper person entering with a bow; a frock-coat on his back, gold pince-nez on his nose; a shiny hat in one hand, and a black bag in the other.

"Good-evening, gentlemen," said he, at home and smiling.

"Sit down," drawled Raffles in casual response. "Say, let me introduce you to Mr. Ezra B. Martin, of Chicawgo. Mr. Martin is my future brother-in-law. This is Mr. Robinson, Ezra, manager to Sparks & Company, the cellerbrated joolers on Regent Street."

I pricked up my ears, but contented myself with a nod. I altogether distrusted my ability to live up to my new name and address.

"I figured on Miss Martin bein' right here, too," continued Raffles, "but I regret to say she's not feelin' so good. We light out for Parrus on the 9 A.M. train to-morrow mornin', and she guessed she'd be too dead. Sorry to disappoint you, Mr. Robinson; but you'll see I'm advertising your wares."

Raffles held his right hand under the electric light, and a diamond ring flashed upon his little finger. I could have sworn it was not there five minutes before.

The tradesman had a disappointed face, but for a moment it brightened as he expatiated on the value of that ring and on the price his people had accepted for it. I was invited to guess the figure, but I shook a discreet head. I have seldom been more taciturn in my life.

"Forty-five pounds," cried the jeweller; "and it would be cheap at fifty guineas."

"That's right," assented Raffles, "That'd be dead cheap, I allow. But then, my boy, you gotten ready cash, and don't you forget it."

I do not dwell upon my own mystification in all this. I merely pause to state that I was keenly enjoying that very element. Nothing could have been more typical of Raffles and the past. It was only my own attitude that was changed.

It appeared that the mythical lady, my sister, had just become engaged to Raffles, who seemed all anxiety to pin her down with gifts of price. I could not quite gather whose gift to whom was the diamond ring; but it had evidently been paid for; and I voyaged to the moon, wondering when and how. I was recalled to this planet by a deluge of gems from the jeweller's bag. They lay alight in their cases like the electric lamps above. We all three put our heads together over them, myself without the slightest clew as to what was coming, but not unprepared for violent crime. One does not do eighteen months for nothing.

"Right away," Raffles was saying. "We'll choose for her, and you'll change anything she don't like. Is that the idea?"

"That was my suggestion, sir."

"Then come on, Ezra. I guess you know Sadie's taste. You help me choose."

And we chose—lord! What did we not choose? There was her ring, a diamond half-ooop. It cost £95, and there was no

attempt to get it for £90. Then there was a diamond necklet—two hundred guineas—but pounds accepted. That was to be the gift of the bridegroom. The wedding was evidently imminent. It behoved me to play a brotherly part. I therefore rose to the occasion; calculated she would like a diamond star (£116), but reckoned it was more than I could afford; and sustained a vicious kick under the table for either verb. I was afraid to open my mouth on finally obtaining the star for the round hundred. And then the fat fell in the fire; for pay we could not; though a remittance (said Raffles) "was overdo from Noo York."

"But I don't know you, gentlemen," the jeweller exclaimed. "I haven't even the name of your hotel!"

"I told you we was stoppin' with friends," said Raffles, who was not angry, though thwarted and crushed. "But that's right, sir! Oh, that's dead right, and I'm the last man to ask you to take Quixotic risks. I'm tryin' to figure a way out. Yes, sir, that's what I'm tryin' to do."

"I wish you could, sir," the jeweller said, with feeling. "It isn't as if I hadn't seen the color of your money. But certain rules I am sworn to observe; it isn't as if I was in business for myself; and—you say you start for Paris in the morning!"

"On the 9 A.M. train," mused Raffles; "and I've heard no-end yarns about the joolers' stores in Parrus. But that ain't fair; don't you take no notice o' that. I'm tryin' to figure a way out. Yes, sir!"

He was smoking cigarettes out of a twenty-five box; the tradesman and I had cigars. Raffles sat frowning with a pregnant eye, and it was only too clear to me that his plans had miscarried. I could not help thinking, however, that they deserved to do so, if he had counted upon buying credit for nearly £400 by a single payment of some ten per cent. That again seemed unworthy of Raffles, and I, for my part, still sat prepared to spring any moment at our visitor's throat.

"We could mail you the money from Parrus," drawled Raffles at length. "But how should we know you'd hold up your end of the string, and mail us the same articles we've chosen to-night?"

The visitor stiffened in his chair. The

name of his firm should be sufficient guarantee for that.

"I guess I'm no better acquainted with their name than they are with mine," remarked Raffles, laughing. "See here, though! I got a scheme. You pack 'em in this!"

He turned the cigarettes out of the tin box, while the jeweller and I joined wondering eyes.

"Pack 'em in this," repeated Raffles, "the three things we want, and never mind the boxes; you can pack 'em in cotton-wool. Then we'll ring for string and sealing wax, seal up the lot right here, and you can take 'em away in your grip. Within three days we'll have our remittance, and mail you the money, and you'll mail us this darned box with my seal unbroken! It's no use you lookin' so sick, Mr. Jooler; you won't trust us any, and yet we're going to trust you some. Ring the bell, Ezra, and we'll see if they've gotten any sealing-wax and string."

They had; and the thing was done. The tradesman did not like it; the precaution was absolutely unnecessary; but as he was taking all his goods away with him, the sold with the unsold, his sentimental objections soon fell to the ground. He packed necklet, ring, and star, with his own hands, in cotton-wool; and the cigarette-box held them so easily that at the last moment, when the box was closed, and the string ready, Raffles very nearly added a diamond bee-brooch at £51 10s. This temptation, however, he ultimately overcame, to the other's chagrin. The cigarette-box was tied up, and the string sealed, oddly enough, with the diamond of the ring that had been bought and paid for.

"I'll chance you having another ring in the store the dead spit of mine," laughed Raffles, as he relinquished the box, and it disappeared into the tradesman's bag. "And now, Mr. Robinson, I hope you'll appreciate my true hospitality in not offering you anything to drink while business was in progress. That's Château Margaux, sir, and I should judge it's what you'd call an eighteen-carat article."

In the cab which we took to the vicinity of the flat, I was instantly snubbed for asking questions which the driver might

easily overhear, and I took the repulse just a little to heart. I could make neither head nor tail of Raffles's dealings with the man from Regent Street, and was naturally inquisitive as to the meaning of it all. But I held my tongue until we had regained the flat in the cautious manner of our exit, and even there until Raffles rallied me with a hand on either shoulder, and an old smile upon his face.

"Your rabbit!" said he. "Why couldn't you wait till we got home?"

"Why couldn't you tell me what you were going to do?" I retorted, as of old.

"Because your dear old phiz is still worth its weight in innocence, and because you never could act for nuts! You looked as puzzled as the other poor devil; but you wouldn't if you'd known what my game really was."

"And pray what was it?"

"That," said Raffles, and he smacked the cigarette-box down upon the mantle-piece. It was not tied. It was not sealed. It flew open from the force of the impact. And the diamond ring that cost £95, the necklet for £200, and my flaming star at another £100, all three lay safe and snug in the jeweller's own cotton-wool!

"Duplicate boxes!" I cried.

"Duplicate boxes, my brainy Bunny. One was already packed, and weighted, and in my pocket. I don't know whether you noticed me weighing the three things together in my hand? I know that neither of you saw me change the boxes, for I did it when I was nearest buying the bee-brooch at the end, and you were too puzzled, and the other Johnny too keen. It was the cheapest shot in the game; the dear ones were sending old Theobald to Southampton on a fool's errand yesterday afternoon, and showing one's own nose down Regent Street in broad daylight while he was gone; but some things are worth paying for, and certain risks one must always take. Nice boxes, aren't they? I only wished they contained a better cigarette; but a notorious brand was essential; a box of Sullivans would have brought me to life to-morrow."

"But they oughtn't to open it to-morrow."

"Nor will they, as a matter of fact. Meanwhile, Bunny, I may call upon you to dispose of the boodlee."



"I'm on for any mortal thing!"

My voice rang true, I swear, but it was the way of Raffles to take the evidence of as many senses as possible. I felt the cold steel of his eye through mine and through my brain. But what he saw seemed to satisfy him no less than what he

heard, for his hand found my hand, and pressed it with a fervor foreign to the man.

"I know you are, and I knew you would be. Only remember, Bunny, it's my turn next to pay the shot!"

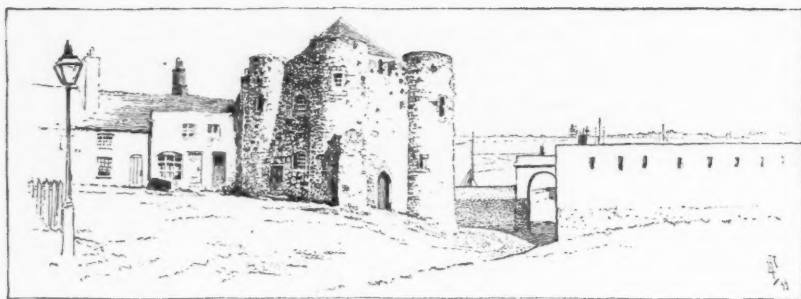
You shall hear how he paid it when the time came.

## RESURGAM

By Grace Ellery Channing

DIM on the shores of Earth the Day  
Dips in its shining tide again,  
And if we go or if we stay  
What is it to the world of men?  
There creeps a tide whose wandering wave  
Ripples the grass above our grave,  
But if to-morrow's wave or no  
We know not—if we stay or go.  
Which is that Spring whose rosy rise  
Lifts not the lids from my shut eyes?  
That Summer passionately fair  
Whose suns shall darken not my hair?  
When I, the nature-loving, gone  
Above me, shall her days flow on,  
And I have part or share in none;—  
Which is that season of despair?

When Spring starts singing down the year  
Deep in the heart of Earth my heart  
With simultaneous pulse shall start;  
Who listens close shall hear the sound—  
My beating heart there in the ground,  
Thrilled finely through the finer ear.  
And then will I arise and sing  
In every whisper of the Spring,  
Burn in each rose and fly on every wing.  
Bursting Earth's bound-up breast of snow  
Down the resurgent months shall flow  
The fires with which my pent veins glow.  
In flushed dawns, rose-fulfilled and fair  
I shall laugh in the morning there,  
Or mute in starry silence rise  
Serene through skyey symphonies;  
The sentient soul of light and air  
I shall arise—let God know where!  
Earth measured o'er from sea to sea  
Affords not earth to bury me;  
Dig the grave deep; roll up above  
Sierras! yet the clod shall move;  
Who lived and loved shall live and love!



Ypres Tower, Rye, with the Harbor in the Distance.

## WINCHELSEA, RYE, AND "DENIS DUVAL"

By Henry James

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. C. PEIXOTTO

I HAVE recently had a literary adventure which, though not followed by the prostration that sometimes ensues on adventures, has nevertheless induced meditation. The adventure itself indeed was not astounding, and I mention it, to be frank, only in the interest of its sequel. It consisted merely on taking up an old book again for the sake of a certain desired and particular light, of my having found that the light was in fact not there to shine, but was, on the contrary, directly projected upon the book from the very subject itself as to which I had invoked assistance. The case, in short, to put it simply, was that Thackeray's charming fragment of "Denis Duval" proved to have much less than I had supposed to say about the two little old towns with which the few chapters left to us are mainly concerned, but that the two little old towns, on the other hand, unexpectedly quickened reflection on "Denis Duval." Reading over Thackeray to help me further to Winchelsea, I became conscious, of a sudden, that Winchelsea—which I already in a manner knew—was only helping me further to Thackeray. Reinforced, in this service, by its little sister-city of Rye, it caused a whole question to open, and the question, in turn, added a savor to a sense already,

by good-fortune, sharp. Winchelsea and Rye form together a very curious small corner, and the measure, candidly undertaken, of what the unfinished book had done with them, brought me to a nearer view of them—perhaps even to a more jealous one; as well as to some consideration of what books in general, even when finished, may do with curious small corners.

I dare say I speak of "Denis Duval" as "old" mainly to make an impression on readers whose age is less. I remember, after all, perfectly, the poetry of its original appearance—there was such a thrill, in those days, even after "Lovel the Widower" and "Philip," at any new Thackeray—in the cherished "Cornhill" of the early time, with a drawing of Frederick Walker to its every number and a possibility of its being like "Esmond" in its embroidered breast. If, moreover, it after a few months broke short off, that really gave it something as well as took something away. It might have been as true of works of art as of men and women, that if the gods loved them they died young. "Denis Duval" was at any rate beautiful, and was beautiful again on reperusal at a later time. It is all beautiful once more to a final reading, only it is remarkably different: and this is precise-

ly where my story lies. The beauty is particularly the beauty of its being its author's—which is very much, with book after book, what we find ourselves coming to in general, I think, at fifty years. Our appreciation changes—how in the world, with experience always battering away, shouldn't it?—but our feeling, more happily, doesn't. There *are* books, of course, that criticism, when we are fit for it, only consecrates, and then, with association fiddling for the dance, we are in possession of a literary pleasure that is the highest of raptures. But in many a case we drag along a fond indifference, an element of condonation, which is by no means of necessity without its strain of esteem, but which, obviously, is not founded on one of our deeper satisfactions. Each can but speak, at all events, on such a matter, for himself. It is a matter also, doubtless, that belongs to the age of the loss—so far as they do go—of illusions at large. The reason for liking a particular book becomes thus a better, or at least a more generous, one than the particular book seems in a position itself at last to supply. Woe to the mere official critic, the critic who has never felt the *man*. You go on liking "The Antiquary" because it is Scott. You go on liking "David Copperfield"—I don't say you go on reading it, which is a very different matter—because it is Dickens. So you go on liking "Denis Duval" because it is Thackeray—which, in this last case, is the logic of the charm I alluded to.

The recital here, as every one remembers, is autobiographic; the old battered, but considerably enriched, world-worn, but finely sharpened Denis looks back upon a troubled life from the winter fire-side and places you, in his talkative and contagious way—he is a practised literary artist—in possession of the story. We see him in a placid port after many voyages, and have that amount of evidence—the most, after all, that the most artless reader needs—as to the "happy" side of the business. The evidence indeed is, for curiosity, almost excessive, or at least premature; as he again and again puts it before us that the companion of his later time, the admirable wife seated there beside him, is nobody else at all, any hopes of a more tangled skein notwithstanding,

than the object of his infant passion, the little French orphan, slightly younger than himself, who is brought so promptly on the scene. The way in which this affects us as undermining the "love-interest" bears remarkably on the specific question of the subject of the book as the author would have expressed this subject to his own mind. We get, to the moment the work drops, not a glimpse of his central idea; nothing, if such had been his intention, was in fact ever more triumphantly concealed. The darkness therefore is intensified by our seeming to gather that, like the love-interest, at all events, the "female interest" was not to have been largely invoked. The narrator is in general, from the first, full of friendly hints, in Thackeray's way, of what is to come; but the chapters completed deal only with his childish years, his wondrous boy-life at Winchelsea and Rye, the public and private conditions of which—practically, in the last century, the same for the two places—form the background for this exposition. The southeastern counties, comparatively at hand, were enriched at that period by a considerable French immigration, the accession of Huguenot fugitives too firm in their faith to have bent their necks to the dire rigors with which the revocation of the Edict of Nantes was followed up. This corner of Sussex received—as it had received in previous centuries—its forlorn contingent; to the interesting origin of which many Sussex family-names—losing, as it were, their drawing but not their color—still sufficiently testify. Portions of the stranger race suffered, struggled, sank; other portions resisted, took root and put forth branches, and Thackeray, clearly, had found his rough material in some sketchy vision of one of these obscure cases of troubled adjustment, which must often have been, for difficulty and complexity, of the stuff of dramas. Such a case, for the informed fancy, might indeed overflow with possibilities of character, character reinforced, in especial, by the impression, gathered and matured on the spot, of the two small ghosts of the Cinque Ports family, the pair of blighted hill-towns that were once sea-towns and that now draw out their days in the dim after-sense of a mere indulged and encouraged picturesqueness. "Denis Du-

val" could only, it would seem, have been conceived as a "picturesque" affair; but that may serve exactly as a reason for the attempt to refigure it.

Little hilltop communities sensibly even yet, with the memory of their tight walls and stiff gates not wholly extinct, Rye and Winchelsea hold fast to the faint identity which remains their least fragile support, their estate as "Antient Towns" involved (with the distincter Five and raising the number to seven), in that nominal, though still occasionally pompous, Wardenship the image—for our time—of the most famous assignment of which is preserved in Longfellow's fine verses on the death of the Duke of Wellington. The sea, in previous times half friend, half foe, began long since to fight, in each character, shy of them, and now, in wrinkled wistfulness, they look across at the straight blue band, two miles or so away, that tells of the services they rendered, the illusions they cherished—illusions in the case of poor Winchelsea especially absurd—and the extreme inconvenience they repeatedly suffered. They were again and again harried and hacked by the French, and might have had, it would seem, small appetite for the company, however reduced and disarmed, of these immemorial neighbors. The retreating waters, however, had even two centuries ago already placed such dangers on a very different footing, and the recovery and evocation of some of the old processes of actual absorption may well have presented themselves to Thackeray as a problem of the sort that tempts the lover of human histories. Happy and enviable always the first trepidation of the artist who lights on a setting that "meets" his subject or on a subject that meets his setting. The editorial notes to "Denis Duval" yield unfortunately no indication of whether Winchelsea put into his head the idea of this study, or of whether he carried it about till he happened judiciously to drop it there. Appearances point, in truth, to a connection of the latter kind, for the fragment itself contains no positive evidence that Thackeray ever, with the mere eye of sense, beheld the place; which is precisely one of the ambiguities that challenge the critic and an item in the unexpectedness that I spoke of at the beginning of these re-

marks. What—in the light, at least, of later fashions—the place has to offer the actual observer is the effect of an object seen, a thing of aspect and suggestion, situation and color; but what had it to offer Thackeray—or the taste of forty years ago—that he so oddly forbore to give us a tangible clew to? The impression of to-day's reader is that the chapters we possess might really have been written without the author's having stood on the spot; and that is just why they have, as I began by saying, so much less to contribute to our personal vision than this influence, for its part, has to suggest in respect to the book itself.

Evidently, none the less, the setting, little as it has got itself "rendered," did somehow come into the painter's ken; we know this, moreover, independently, and we make out that he had his inner mysteries and his reasons. The little house of Duval, faring forth from the stress of the Alsatian fatherland, seeks safety and finds business in the shrunken city, scarce at last more than a hamlet, of Edward the First's defeated design, where, in three generations, well on into the century, it grinds and sleeps, smuggles and spends, according to the fashions of the place and time. These communities appear to have had, in their long decline, little industry but their clandestine traffic with other coasts, in the course of which they quite mastered the art of going, as we say, "one better" than the officers of the revenue. It is to this hour a part of the small romance of Rye that you may fondly fancy such scant opulence as rears its head to have had its roots in the malpractice of forefathers not too rude for much cunning—in nightly plots and snares and flurries, a hurrying, shuffling, hiding, that might at any time have put a noose about most necks. Some of those of the small gentry who were not smugglers were recorded highwaymen, flourishing about in masks and with pistols; and indeed in the general scene, as rendered by the supposed chronicler, these appear the principal features. The only others are those of his personal and private situation, which in fact, however, strikes me as best expressed in the fact that the extremely talkative, discursive, ejaculatory, and moralizing Denis was

possessed in perfection of his master's maturest style. He writes, almost to the life, the language of "The Roundabout Papers;" so that if the third person had been exchanged, throughout, for his first, and his occasional present tense been superseded by the past, the rest of the text would have needed little rearrangement. This imperfect unity was more or less inevitable—the difficulty of projecting yourself as somebody else is never so great as when you retain the *form* of being yourself; but another of the many reflections suggested by reperusal is as to whether the speaker is not guilty of a slight abuse. Of course it may be said that what really has happened was that Thackeray had, on his side, anticipated his hero in the use of his hero's natural idiom. It may thus have been not so much that Denis had come to write highly "evolved" nineteenth-century as that his creator had arrived, in the "Roundabout Papers" and elsewhere, at writing excellent reconstructed eighteenth. It would not, however, were the inquiry to be pushed, be only on the autobiographer's personal and grammatical, but on his moral and sentimental accent, as it were, that criticism would probably most bear. His manner of thinking and feeling is quite as "Roundabout" as his manner of saying.

A dozen wonderments rise here, and a dozen curiosities and speculations; as to which, in truth, I am painfully divided between the attraction of such appeals and a certain other aspect of my subject to which I shall attempt presently to do justice. The superior stroke, I remind myself—possibly not in vain—would be to deal handsomely with both solicitations. The almost irresistible fascination, critically speaking, of the questions thus abruptly, after long years, thrust forth by the book, lies in their having reference to this very opposition of times and tastes. The thing is not forty years old, but it points already—and that is, above all, the amusement of it—to a general *poetic* that, both on its positive and its negative sides, we have left well behind. Can the author perhaps have had in mind, misguidedly, some idea of what his public "wanted" or didn't want? The public is really, to a straight vision, I think, not a capacity for wanting, at all, but only an unlimited

capacity for *taking*—taking that (whatever it is) which will, in effect, make it open its mouth. It goes to the expense of few preconceptions, and even on the question of opening its mouth has a consciousness limited to the suspicion that in a given case this orifice *has*—or has not—gaped. We are therefore to imagine Thackeray as perfectly conscious that he himself, working by his own fine light, constituted the public he had most to reckon with. On the other hand his time, in its degree, had helped to shape him, and a part of the consequence of this shaping, apparently, was his extraordinary avoidance of picture. This is the mystery that drives us to the hypothesis of his having tried to pay, in some uncanny quarter, some deluded deference. Was he under the fear that, even as *he* could do it, "description" would not, in the early sixties, be welcome? It is impossible to stand to-day in the high, loose, sunny, haunted square of Winchelsea without wondering what he could have been thinking of. There are ladies in view with easels, sun-bonnets, and white umbrellas—often perceptibly, too, with nothing else that makes for successful representation; but I doubt if it were these apparitions that took the bloom from his vision, for they were much less frequent in those looser days, and moreover would have formed much more a reason for not touching the place at all than for taking it up indifferently. Of any impulse to make the reader see it with eyes his page, at all events, gives no sign. We must presently look at it for ourselves, even at the cost, or with the consequence, of a certain loyal resentment. For Winchelsea is strange, individual, charming. What *could* he—yes—have been thinking of? We are wound up for saying that he has given his subject away, until we suddenly remember that, to this hour, we have never really made out what his subject was to have been.

Never was a secret more impenetrably kept. Read over the fragment itself—which reaches, after all, to some two hundred and fifty pages; read over, at the end of the volume, the interesting editorial notes; address yourself, above all, in the charming series of introductions lately prepared by Mrs. Richmond Ritchie for a

new and, so far as possible, biographical edition of her father's works, to the reminiscences briefly bearing on Denis, and you will remain in each case equally distant from a clew. It is the most puzzling thing in the world, but there *is* no clew. There are indications, in respect to the book, from Thackeray's hand, memoranda on matters of detail, and there is in especial a highly curious letter to his publisher; yet the clew that his own mind must have held never shows the tip of its tail. The letter to his publisher, in which, according to the editor of the fragment, he "sketches his plot for the information of" that gentleman, reads like a mystification by which the gentleman was to be temporarily kept quiet. With an air of telling him a good deal, Thackeray really tells him nothing—nothing, I mean, by which he himself would have been committed to (any more than deterred from) any idea kept up his sleeve. If he were holding this card back, to be played at his own time, he could not have proceeded in the least differently; and one can construct to-day, with a free hand, one's picture of his private amusement at the success of his diplomacy. All the while, what *was* the card? The production of a novel finds perhaps its nearest analogy in the ride across country; the competent novelist—that is, the novelist with the real seat—presses his subject, in spite of hedges and ditches, as hard as the keen fox-hunter presses the game that has been started for his day with the hounds. The fox is the novelist's idea, and when he rides straight he rides, regardless of danger, in whatever direction that animal takes. As we lay down "Denis Duval," however, we feel not only that we are off the scent, but that we never really have been, with the author, on it. The fox has got quite away. For it carries us no farther, surely, to say—as may possibly be objected—that the author's subject was to have been neither more nor less than the adventures of his hero; inasmuch as, turn the thing as we will, these "adventures" could at the best have constituted nothing more than its *form*. It is an affront to the memory of a great writer to pretend that they were to have been arbitrary and unselected, that there was nothing in his mind to determine them. The book was, obviously, to

have been, as boys say, "about" them. But what were *they* to have been about? Thackeray carried the mystery to his grave.

## II

IF I spoke just now of Winchelsea as haunted, let this somewhat overworked word stand as an ineffectual tribute to the small, sad, civic history that the place appeals to us to reconstruct as we gaze vaguely about. I have a little ancient and most decorative map of Sussex—testifying remarkably to the changes of relation between sea and land in this corner of the coast—in which "Old Winchelsey Drowned" figures as the melancholy indication of a small circular spot quite out at sea. If new Winchelsea is old, the earlier town is to-day but the dim ghost of a tradition, with its very site—distant several miles from that of its successor—rendered uncertain by the endless mutation of the shore. After suffering, all through the thirteenth century, much stress of wind and weather, it was practically destroyed in 1287 by a great storm which cast up masses of beach, altered the course of a river and roughly handled the face of many things. The reconstruction of the town in another place was thereupon decreed by a great English king, and we need but a little fuller chronicle to help us to assist at one of those migrations of a whole city of which antiquity so often gives us the picture. The survivors of Winchelsea were colonized, and colonized in much state. The "new" community, whose life was also to be so brief, sits on the pleasant table of a great cliff-like hill which, in the days of the Plantagenets, was an admirable promontory washed by the waves. The sea surrounded its base, came up past it to the east and north in a long inlet, and stretched away, across the level where the sheep now graze, to stout little neighboring Rye, perched—in doubtless not quite equal pride—on an eminence more humble, but which must have counted then even for more than to-day in the pretty figure made, as you stand off, by the small, compact, pyramidal port. The "Antient Towns" looked at each other then across the water, which made almost an island of the rock of huddled, church-crowned



Rye—which had too much to say to them alike, on evil days, at their best time, but which was too soon to begin to have too little. If the early Winchelsea was to suffer by "drowning," its successor was to bear the stroke of remaining high and dry. The haven on the hill-top—a bold and extraordinary conception—had hardly had time to get, as we should now say, "started," before it began to see its days numbered. The sea and the shore were never at peace together, and it was, most remarkably, not the sea that got the best of it. Winchelsea had only time to dream a great dream—the dream of a scant pair of centuries—before its hopes were turned to bitterness and its boasts to lamentation. It had literally, during its short career, put in a claim to rivalry with the port of London. The irony of fate now sits in its empty lap; but the port of London has never suggested even a frustrate "Denis Duval."

While Winchelsea dreamed, at any rate, she worked, and the noble fragment of her great church, rising solid from the abortive symmetry of her great square, helps us to put our hand on her deep good faith. She built at least as she believed—she planned as she fondly imagined. The huge ivy-covered choir and transepts of St. Thomas of Canterbury—to whom the structure was addressed—represent to us a great intention. They are not so mighty, but they are almost as brave, as the wondrous fragment of Beauvais. Walled and closed on their unfinished side, they form at present all the church, and, with its grand lines of arch and window, its beautiful Gothic tombs and general hugeness and height, the church—mercifully exempt as yet from restoration—is wonderful for the place. You may at this hour—if you are given to such emotions—feel a mild thrill, not be unaware even of the approach of tears, as you measure the scale on which the building had been planned and the ground that the nave and aisles would have covered. You murmur, in the summer twilight, a soft "Bravo!" across the ages—to the ears of heaven knows what poor nameless ghosts. The square—apparently one of many—was to have been worthy of New York or of Turin; for the queerest, quaintest, most touching thing of all is that the reinstated city was to have been

laid out on the most approved modern lines. Nothing is more interesting—to the mooning, sketching spectator—than this evidence that the great Edward had anticipated us all in the convenient chess-board pattern. It is true—attention has been called to the fact—that Pompeii had anticipated *him*; but I doubt if he knew much about Pompeii. His abstract avenues and cross-streets straggle away, through the summer twilight, into mere legend and mystery. In speaking awhile since of the gates of these shattered strongholds as "stiff," I also spoke of their walls as "tight;" but the scheme of Winchelsea must have involved, after all, a certain looseness of cincture. The old vague girdle is lost to-day in the fields where the sheep browse and the parkish acres where the great trees cluster. The Sussex oak is mighty—it was of the Sussex oak that, in the old time, the king's ships were built; it was, in particular, to her command of this material that Rye owed the burdensome honor of supplying vessels, on constant call, to the royal navy. Strange is this record in Holloway's History of that town and in presence of the small things of to-day; so perpetual, under stress, appears to have been the demand and so free the supply and the service.

Rye continued indeed, under her old brown south cliff, to build big boats till this industry was smitten by the adoption of iron. That was the last stroke; though even now you may see things as you stand on the edge of the cliff: best of all on the open, sunny terrace of a dear little old garden—a garden brown-walled, red-walled, rose-covered on its other sides, divided by the width of a quiet street of grass-grown cobbles from the house of its master, and possessed of a little old glass-fronted, panelled pavilion which I hold to be the special spot in the world where Thackeray might most fitly have figured out his story. There is not much room in the pavilion, but there is room for the hard-pressed table and the tilted chair—there is room for a novelist and his friends. The panels have a queer paint and a venerable slant; the small chimney-place is at your back; the south window is perfect, the privacy bright and open. How can I tell what old—what young—visions of visions and memories of images come

back to me under the influence of this quaint receptacle, into which, by kind permission, I occasionally peep, and still more under the charm of the air and the view that, as I just said, you may enjoy, close at hand, from the small terrace? How can I tell why I always keep remembering and losing there the particular passages of some far-away foolish fiction, absorbed in extreme youth, which haunt me, yet escape me, like the echo of an old premonition? I seem to myself to have lain on the grass somewhere, as a boy, poring over an English novel of the period, presumably quite bad—for they were pretty bad then too—and losing myself in the idea of just such another scene as this. But even could I rediscover the novel I wouldn't go back to it. It couldn't have been so good as this; for this—all concrete and doomed and minimized as it is—is the real thing. The other little gardens, other little odds and ends of crooked brown wall and supported terrace and glazed winter sun-trap, lean over the cliff that still, after centuries, keeps its rude drop; they have beneath them the river, a tide that comes and goes, and the mile or more of grudging desert level, beyond it, which now throws the sea to the near horizon, where, on summer days, with a depth of blue and a scattered gleam of sails, it looks forgiving and resigned. The little old shipyards at the base of the rock are for the most part quite empty, with only vague piles of brown timber and the deposit of generations of chips; yet a fishing-boat or two are still on the stocks—an "output" of three or four a year!—and the ring of the hammer on the wood, a sound, in such places, rare to the contemporary ear, comes up, through the sunny stillness, to your meditative perch.

The tidal river, on the left, wanders away to Rye Harbor and its bar, where the black fishing-boats, half the time at lop-sided rest in the mud, make a cluster of slanting spears against the sky. When the river is full we are proud of its wide light and many curves; when it is empty we call it, for vague reasons, "rather Dutch;" and empty or full, we sketch it, in the fine weather, as hard as ever we can. When I say "we" I mean *they* do—it is to speak with hospitality. They mostly wear, as I have hinted, large sun-

bonnets, and they crouch on low campstools; they put in, as they would say, a bit of white, in places often the least likely. Rye is in truth a rudimentary drawing-lesson, and you quite embrace the question when you have fairly seized the formula. Nothing so "quaint" was ever so easy—nothing so easy was ever so quaint. Much more to be loved than feared, she has not, alas, a scrap of "style," and she may be effectively rendered without the obligation of subtlety. At favored seasons there appear within her precinct sundry slouch-hatted gentlemen who study her humble charms through a small telescope formed by their curved fingers and thumb, and who are not unliable to define themselves as French artists leading a train of English and American lady-pupils. They distribute their disciples over the place, at selected points, where the master, going his round from hour to hour, reminds you of nothing so much as a busy *chef* with many saucepans on the stove and periodically lifting their covers for a sniff and a stir. There are ancient doorsteps that are fairly haunted, for their convenience of view, by the "class," and where the fond proprietor, going and coming, has to pick his way among paraphernalia or to take flying leaps over genius and industry. If Winchelsea is, as I gather, less beset, it is simply that Winchelsea enjoys the immunity of her greater distinction. She is full of that and must be even more difficult than she at first appears. But I forsook her and her distinction, just now, and I must return to them; though the right moment would quite have been as we stood, at Rye, on the terrace of the little old south-garden, to which she presents herself, beyond two or three miles of flat-Dutch-looking interval, from the extreme right, her few red roofs almost lost on her wooded hill and her general presence masking, for this view, the headland of Hastings, ten miles, by the coast, westward.

It was about her spacious solitude that we had already begun to stroll; for the purpose, however, mainly, of measuring the stretch, south and north, to the two more crumbled of her three old gates. They are very far gone, each but the ruin of a ruin; but it is their actual countrified state that speaks of the circuit—one hun-

dred and fifty acres—they were supposed to defend. Under one of them you may pass, much round about, by high-seated villages and in constant sight of the sea, toward Hastings; from the other, slightly the less dilapidated, you may gather, if much so minded, the suggestion of some illustration or tail-piece in a volume of Italian travel. The steep white road plunges crookedly down to where the poor arches that once were massive straddle across it, while a spreading chestnut, beside them, plays exactly the part desired—prepares you, that is, for the crack of the whip of the *vetturino* trudging up beside his travelling-carriage. With a bare-legged urchin and a browsing goat the whole thing would be there. But we turn, at that point, to mount again and cross the idle square and come back to the east gate, which is the aspect of Winchelsea that presents itself most—and in fact quite admirably—as the front. Yet by what is it that, at the end of summer afternoons, my sense of an obliterated history is fed? There is little but the church really to testify, for the extraordinary groined vaults and crypts that are part of the actual pride of the place—treasure-houses of old merchants, foundations of upper solidities that now are dust—count for nothing, naturally, in the immediate effect. The early houses passed away long ago, and the present ones speak, in broken accents and scant and shabby signs, but of the last hundred, the last couple of hundred, years. Everything that ever happened is gone, and, for that matter, nothing very eminent, only a dim mediocrity of life, ever did happen. Rye has Fletcher the dramatist, the Fletcher of Beaumont, whom it brought to birth; but Winchelsea has only the last preaching, under a tree still shown, of John Wesley. The third Edward and the Black Prince, in 1350, overcame the Spaniards in a stout sea-fight within sight of the walls; but I am bound to confess that I do not at all focus that performance, am unable, in the changed conditions, to "place" anything so pompous. In the same way I fail to "visualize," thank goodness, either of the several French inroads that left their mark of massacre and ruin. What I do see, on the other hand, very comfortably, is the little undistinguished picture of a nearer antiquity, the antiquity for a glimpse of

which I reopened "Denis Duval." Where, please, was the barber's shop of the family of that hero, and where the apartments, where the preferred resorts, the particular scenes of occupation and diversion, of the dark Chevalier de la Motte? Where did this subtle son of another civilization, with whom Madame de Saverne had eloped from France, *en plein ancien régime*, without the occurrence between them of the least impropriety, spend his time for so long a period; where had he his little habits and his numerous indispensable conveniences? What was the general geography, to express it synthetically, of the state of life of the orphaned Clarisse, quartered with a family of which one of the sons, furiously desirous of the girl, was, at his lost moments, a highwayman stopping coaches in the dead of night? Over nothing in the whole fragment does such vagueness hover as over the domestic situation, in her tender years, of the future Madame Denis. Yet these are just the things I should have liked to know—the things, above all, I should have liked most to tell. Into a vision of *them*, at least, we can work ourselves; it is exactly the sort of vision into which Rye and Winchelsea, and all the land about, full of lurking hints and modest memories, most throws us back. I should, in truth, have liked to lock up our novelist in our little pavilion of inspiration, the gazebo at Rye, not letting him out till he should quite have satisfied us.

Close beside the east gate, so close that one of its battered towers leans heavily on the little garden, is a wonderfully perched cottage, of which the mistress is a very celebrated lady who resorts to the place in the intervals of an exacting profession—the scene of her renown, I may go so far as to mention, is the theatre—for refreshment and rest. The small grounds of this refuge, supported by the old town-wall and the steep plunge of the great hill, have a rare position and view. The narrow garden stretches away in the manner of a terrace to which the top of the wall forms a low parapet; and here it is that, when the summer days are long, the sweet old soul of all the land seems most to hang in the air. It is almost a question indeed whether this fine Winchelsea front, all silver-gray and ivy-green, is not even better when making a picture itself from

below than when giving you one, with much immensity, from its brow. This picture is always your great effect, artfully prepared by an absence of prediction, when you take a friend over from Rye; and it would appear quite to settle the small discussion—that may be said to come up among us so often—of which is the happier abode. The great thing is that if you live at Rye you have Winchelsea to show; whereas if you live at Winchelsea you have nothing but Rye. This latter privilege I should be sorry to cry down; but nothing can alter the fact that, to begin with, the pedestal of Winchelsea has twice the height, by a rough measure, of that of its neighbor; and we all know the value of an inch at the end of a nose. Almost directly under the Winchelsea hill, crossing the little bridge of the Brede, you pass beyond a screen of trees and take in, at the top of the ascent, the two round towers and arch, ivied and mutilated, but still erect, of the old main gate. The road either way is long and abrupt, so that people kind to their beasts alight at the foot, and cyclists careful of their necks alight at the head. The brooding spectator, moreover, who forms a class by himself, pauses, infallibly, as he goes, to admire the way the great trees cluster and compose on the high slope, always striking for him, as day gathers in and the whole thing melts together, a classic, academic note, the note of Turner and Claude. From the garden of the distinguished cottage, at any rate, it is a large, melancholy view—a view that an occasional perverse person whom it fails to touch finds easy, I admit, to speak of as dreary; so that those who love it and are well advised will ever, at the outset, carry the war into the enemy's country by announcing it, with glee, as sad. Just this it must be that nourishes the sense of obliterated history as to which I a moment ago wondered. The air is like that of a room through which something has been carried that you are aware of without having seen it. There is a vast deal of level in the prospect, but, though much depends on the day and still more on the hour, it is, at the worst, all too delicate to be ugly. The best hour is that at which the compact little pyramid of Rye, crowned with its big but stunted church and quite

covered by the westering sun, gives out the full measure of its old browns that turn to red and its old reds that turn to purple. These tones of evening are now pretty much all that Rye has left to give, but there are truly, sometimes, conditions of atmosphere in which I have seen the effect as fantastic. I sigh when I think, however, what it might have been if, perfectly placed as it is, the church tower—which in its more perverse moods only resembles a big central button or knob on a pin-cushion—had had the grace of a few more feet of stature. But that way depression lies, and the humiliation of those moments at which the brooding spectator says to himself that both tower and hill *would* have been higher if the place had only been French or Italian. Its whole pleasant little pathos, in point of fact, is just that it is homely English. And even with this, after all, the imagination can play. The wide, ambiguous flat that stretches eastward from Winchelsea hill, and on the monotone of whose bosom, seen at sunset from a friendly eminence that stands nearer, Rye takes the form of a huge floating boat, its water-line sharp and its bulk defined from stem to stern—this dim expanse is the great Romney Marsh, no longer a marsh to-day, only, at the end of long years, drained and ordered, a wide pastoral of grazing, with "new" Romney town, a Port no more—not the least of the shrunken Five—mellowed to mere russet at the far end, and other obscure charms, revealed best to the slow cyclist, scattered over its breast: little old "bits" that are not to be described, but are known, with a small thrill, when seen; little lonely farms, red and gray; little mouse-colored churches; little villages that seem made only for long shadows and summer afternoons. Brookland, Old Romney, Ivychurch, Dymchurch, Lydd—they have positively the prettiest names. But the point to be made is that, comparing small things with great—which may always be done when the small things are amiable—if Rye and its rock and its church are a miniature Mont-Saint-Michel, so, when the summer deepens, the shadows fall, and the mounted shepherds and their dogs pass before you in the grassy desert, you find in the mild English "marsh" a recall of the Roman Campagna.



*Drawn by E. C. Prixotto.*

Mermaid Street, Rye.



Vladikavkaz, at the Foot of the Caucasus.

## RUSSIA OF TO-DAY

BY HENRY NORMAN, M.P.

### III

#### THE CAUCASUS

FROM the Oxus to the Arctic Circle, and from Kars to Kamchatka, the Tsar rules many strange peoples and countries, but the Caucasus is strangest of all. Indeed, anyone who averred that the Caucasus is the most interesting land of the world would be able to back his opinion with good reasons. The range is a wall across the narrow isthmus which joins Europe and Asia, and the Gorge of Dariel is the door in this wall through which have come almost all the migrating peoples between East and West since men began to move at all. From many of these migrations stragglers remained, some in one valley, some in another, and their new homes lent themselves so well to defence against all after-comers that the original settlers were able to increase and multiply and keep their race intact. Hence the Caucasus contains to-day the direct and not greatly changed descend-

ants of peoples otherwise lost in the mists of remote antiquity. It is, in the words of Mr. Douglas Freshfield, the first explorer and climber of the mountains, "an ethnological museum where the invaders of Europe, as they travelled westward to be manufactured into nations, left behind samples of themselves in their raw condition." The Germans, destroyers of sacred and profane legend, do not accept this theory, and Professor Virchow declares that it is disproved by the fact that the Caucasus could not have been a highway when the ice-fields came down lower than they do now, and that the languages of the Caucasus are not related to languages elsewhere, as would have been the case if the speakers of them were remnants of greater nations that had passed on. But the theory of human samples is so attractive, and the races of the Caucasus are so original and peculiar, that for my part I share on this occasion the willingness of the American humorist to "know some things that are not so." At least the sceptical Germans may leave us



the classic belief that Kasbek was the scene of the martyrdom of Prometheus, and the Christian legend that Abraham's tent and Christ's cradle are still to be found hidden on its slopes. The Caucasus, in fact, was destined by nature to be the home of myth, for in ancient times it was the barrier beyond which no man could go, and therefore the gate of the land which man populated with the offspring of his dreams—the land "of Gog and Magog, of gold-guarding Griffins, one-eyed Arimasps, and Amazons—of all the fabulous creatures which pass slowly out of the atlases of the learned into the picture-books of the nursery."

History is so romantic, however, in the Caucasus, that myth can be dispensed with. It tells us how Alexander the Great conquered Georgia; how the legions of Pompey, and, long afterward, those of Justinian, fought at the mouth of the Dariel Pass, but that neither soldier nor merchant ever passed up from the south, while the Scythian barbarians to the north were equally unable to push their way down. The history of the people who held the Pass begins in the third century B.C., with

King Pharnavaz, and goes on, in an unbroken and often bloody story, down 1,300 years till the swords of the Crusaders had so weakened the infidel hordes that King David II. (1089), whose descent from the Psalmist is commemorated by the harp and the sling in the arms of Georgia, drove out the Turks and laid the foundations of order and civilization upon which, a hundred years later, Queen Tamara of immortal memory built up the Augustan age of her country. If half that is told of this lady be true, she was one of the most remarkable women that ever filled a throne or broke a heart. So beautiful that Shahs and Sultans competed for her hand; so gifted with poesy that she celebrated her glorious victories in ever-memorable verse; so humble that she earned her own living every day; so pious that she set aside for the Virgin a portion of all her spoils of war; so brave that she defied a Persian threat, backed by 800,000 warriors, she spread the fame and the fear of Georgia through all the accessible world. But the flowers had not bloomed often on her grave ere that invincible scourge of Asia, Genghiz Khan, came to Georgia, and her



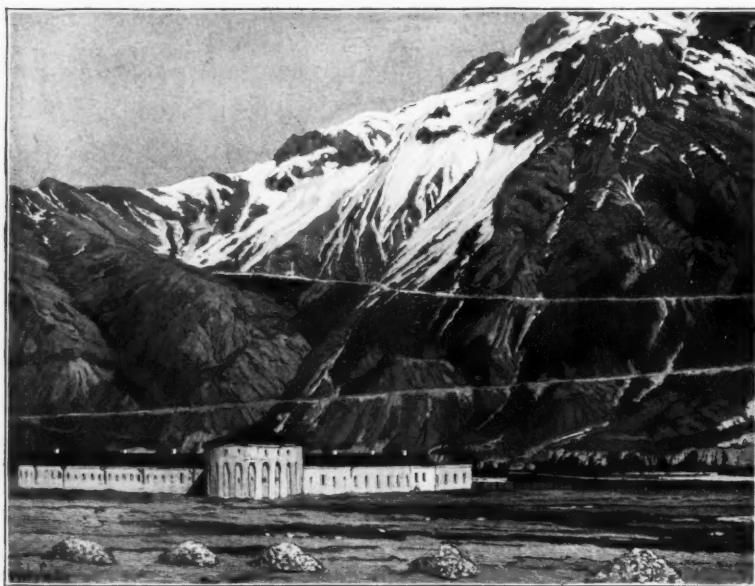
The Georgian Road—a Woolly Wave.

son went down before his victory-glutted Mongols, while her daughter's beauty, like her own before, brought rejected suitors seeking revenge at the head of their armies. Georgia became the cockpit where the rival Mohammedan sects of Persia and Turkey fought out their everlasting quarrel; it was divided by its own rulers, and for many a generation its story is of pillage and poison and murder and the putting out of eyes. Then came Irakli the Great, the contemporary of Frederick the Great, who said of him, "*Moi en Europe, et en Asie l'invincible Hercule, roi de Georgie.*"\* Finally, when Georgia was helpless at the feet of Persia, came Russia, definitively mistress of Georgia in 1801. She had to defeat both Persia and Turkey before her conquest was consolidated, and to suppress many a rising of her new subjects. The latest of these was the revolution led by the prophet-patriot Shamil, who raised the entire Caucasus against her and held her whole might at bay for sixteen years, destroying several Russian armies, until he was hopelessly surrounded in the highland fastness of Gunib in 1859 and surrendered. In the public gal-

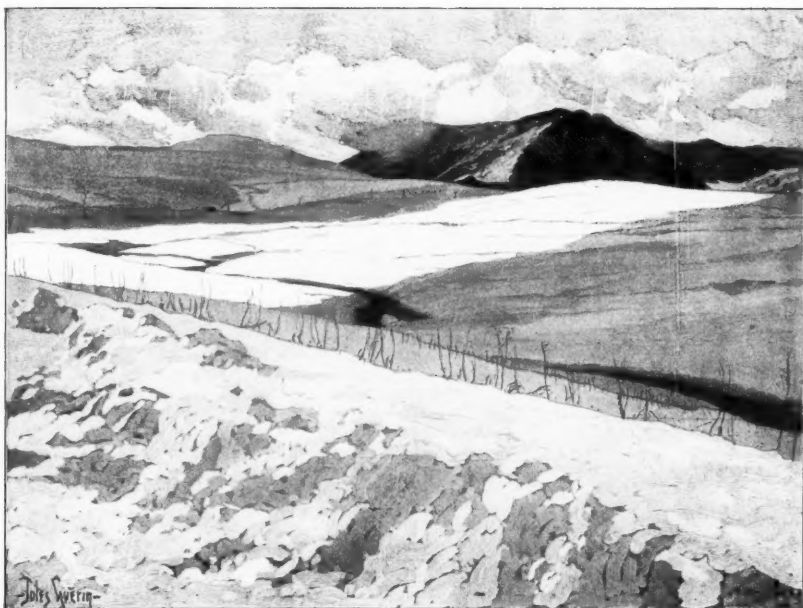
lery at Tiflis there is a huge painting representing Shamil with head thrown back and scarlet beard, brought before the Tsar, seated under a tree amid his glittering staff. As I looked at it a Georgian peasant, who of course could not read the inscription below, timidly approached me and asked, "If you please, is that Shamil?" "It is," I replied, and his deep, long-drawn "Ah" showed how poignant the memory of this lost leader is yet. And when I left the gallery half an hour later he was still gazing upon the man with whose fall all the hopes of his people, with their history of 2,000 years, fell finally too.

But the interest of the Caucasus is by no means confined to its romantic history, nor even to its ethnological variety also—its once gallant Georgians, who so long championed the Cross against the Crescent, its wild Lesghian highlanders of Daghestan, its savage Suanetians, but lately tamed, its Ossets, the arm-makers, "gentlemen of the mountains," its Abkhassians, who migrated to Turkey *en masse* rather than remain under Russian rule, its vain and handsome Circassians, its lazy Mingrelians of the fever-haunted coast, and all the other races whose names

\* Wardrop.



Russian Fort in the Pass—the Georgian Road.



Crossing the Summit of the Georgian Road.

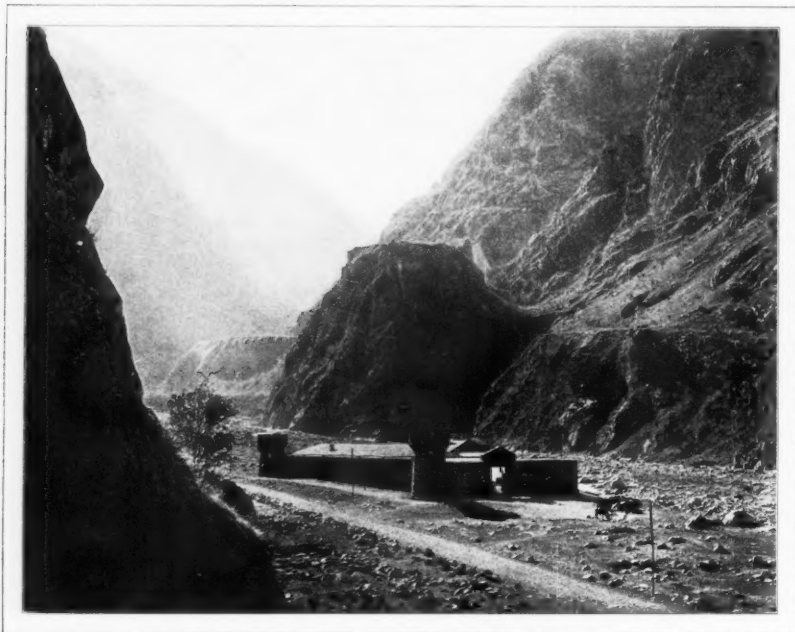
suggest a philologist's nightmare—Imerian, Rachan, Gurian, Lechgum, Laz, Pshav, Khevsur, Ubych, Shapsuch, Dshiget, Ingush, Galgai, Kist, Tush, Karabulak, Kazi-Kumyksh! Its mountain scenery is unparalleled for grandeur except by the Himalayas, and offers many a virgin peak to the adventurous Alpinist. The sportsman may find ibex and stag and boar and wild bull, and game-birds to satiety. It is a botanist's paradise: between the arid plain and the snows is a belt where men on horseback can play at hide-and-seek amid the flowers, "survivals of the giant flora of past ages." It contains the other great oil-fields of the world, and its mineral wealth, already great, only awaits development to astonish an age little apt to enthusiasm over the treasures it drags from their hiding-places in the earth. Finally, to the student of politics its very atmosphere reeks with interest, since some day the vast armies of Russia will pour through it again to another death-grip with the Turk—the great fortress of Kars is fortified only on the south side—and who knows what scenes it may witness if Britain and Russia draw the sword,

and the masses of Moscow march, singing across it, to the Caspian, to find their graves on the banks of the Indus?

Yet this little land, in spite of its surpassing interest from every point of view, remains comparatively unknown. It can be reached almost in luxury, and on its main routes the most delicate dame need suffer no undue discomfort. In the whole of Russia there is not a hotel so clean and pleasant as the Hôtel de Londres at Tiflis. I cannot think why the enterprising and well-to-do tourist, who has exhausted Europe, does not turn his steps thither. Perhaps these pages may induce him to do so. And as Mr. Freshfield, who justly claims that he and his companions "took the first step toward converting the prison of Prometheus into a new playground for his descendants," says that he cannot enforce his recommendation better than by echoing the exhortation of Mr. Clinton Dent, so, assuredly, neither can I. "If you worship the mountains for their own sake; if you like to stand face to face with nature, where she mingles the fantastic and the sublime with the sylvan and the idyllic—snows, crags and mists, flowers and for-

ests—in perfect harmony ; where she enhances the effect of her pictures by the most startling contrasts, and enlivens their

bargain for a turquoise from Teheran, or a Turcoman carpet, or a pinch of that perfume of strange potency which is one of



The Castle of Princess Tamara in the Gorge of Dariel, Georgian Road.

foregrounds with some of the most varied and picturesque specimens of the human race—go to the Caucasus. If you wish to change, not only your earth and sky but your century, to find yourself one week among the pastoral folk who once peopled northern Asia, the next among barbarians who have been left stranded while the rest of the world has flowed on ; if it attracts you to share the bivouac of Tauli shepherds, to sit at supper with a feudal chieftain while his retainers chant the old ballads of their race by the light of birch-bark torches—go to the Caucasus.” I would only add, go to the Caucasus also if you would visit a city where seventy languages are spoken, and where you can step aside from the opera-house and the electric tramway and in five minutes be drinking wine from an ox-skin and talking politics and revolution and war with mysterious men of the real old hopeful, all-knowing, all-plotting East, the while you

the very few things that the East does not willingly give for Western gold.

The pleasantest way to reach the Caucasus from western Europe is by steamer from Constantinople ; or, if you are already in Russia, by steamer from Odessa. If you are coming from Siberia, as I was, your route is necessarily down the Volga to Tsaritsin, and thence by train to Vladikavkaz. It is a long and monotonous railway journey across a plain with no elevation on it bigger than your hat, green in spring and coming gradually under cultivation—though you never cease to wonder how the little scattered villages can hold inhabitants enough to till it—and brown as a nut after the summer heats. After a time you cease even to look out of the carriage-window, and doze or read through the long hours, while the train itself seems to go to sleep, so slowly does it move. But when



At the Summit of the New Georgian Road, 7,694 Feet.

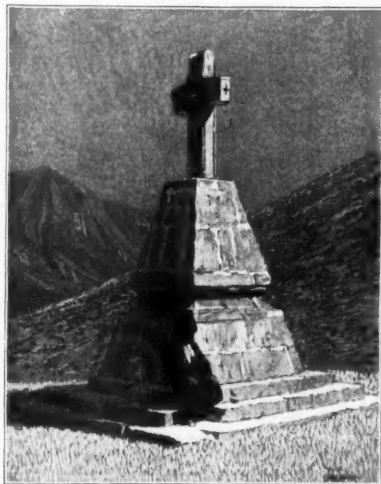
you look up at last you see something that startles you—nothing less than an army of dazzling snow-white mountains, marching in close order over the mud-colored plain. A few hours later you are in Vladikavkaz, whose name means the Mastery of the Caucasus, just as Vladivostok means the Mastery of the East. Here the plain and the monotony and the West come to an end, and the mountains and the wonderland and the East begin.

Like all such Russian towns it has a cosmopolitan centre of a more or less pretentious kind. The hotel, and an institution or two, any of which buildings might be found enclosing the smug bourgeoisie of the French provinces, persuading Ferdinand of Bulgaria that he was still in his Austrian home, or gratifying the desire of the modern Italian for ugliness in the banlieues of ancient

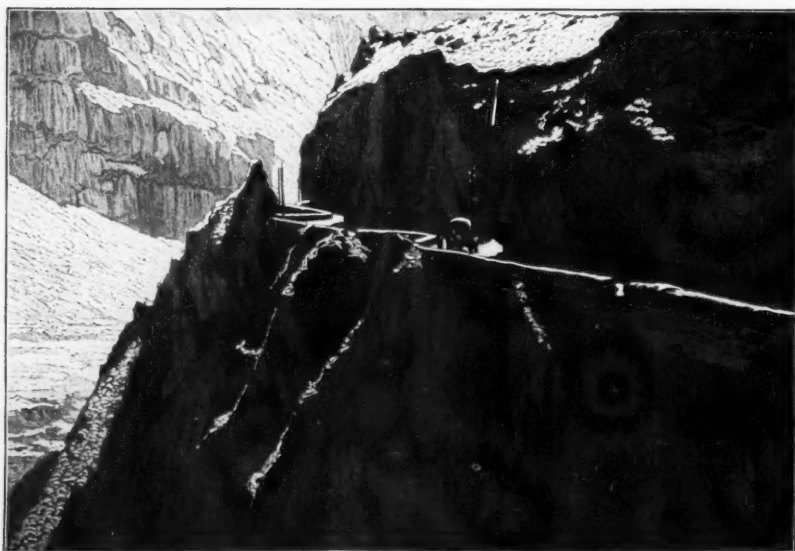
Rome. After this kernel, the streets gain in dirt, in color, in that frank indecency of procedure which marks Eastern life, and the last houses you pass are square, crumbling wooden caves with all the messy food-products or the garish cottons hanging in them that characterize the customs of Eastern peoples.

It is a cold and bright October day, and the great blue mountains that appear at

every southern street-end of Vladikavkaz are powdered with snow. I have not seen mountains trust themselves so near a plain before. They seem a company of noble travellers, these huge peaks, always at the same point of arrival, walking into the town and toward the plain. The snow upon them is not more than the generous sugaring upon a birthday-cake, and their deep fissures keep an indigo gloom which is



The Georgian Road, the Top of the Pass—Old Road.



The Georgian Road—Round the Mountain Side.

the property of no hill however high, but the dower of every mountain however small. They seem to disdain foot-hills and approaches and slopes and shoulders, these monarchs of the Caucasus. Only a green grass ridge seeded thickly with sheep, and a wooded hill or two, russet and orange at this autumn moment, lie between them and the steppe.

The traffic over the great Georgian Military Road is in the hands of contractors who work under strict official rules and tariff. You visit the office, inspect a series of photographs of all the available types of vehicle, make your choice, pay the charge, and receive a ticket which you show *en route*. We selected a carriage in shape something between a small victoria and a small barouche. It had a long and heavy pole for its size and was built for two horses, but for the Pass we have an extra horse hung on at each side by rope traces. All four are gray, with the pretty Russian harness of thin straps dotted with brass buttons. It does not look strong enough to hold a refractory horse for a minute, and even the four single reins the driver holds in his hands, though thick and double, are so twisted and hardened by weather that they might be expected to snap, like all un-

nourished leather, in a moment of emergency.

Snugly packed in, well folded in furs and rugs, and our lighter belongings tucked about us and tied on wherever there is space for them, we rock away through the rugged streets of Vladikavkaz, and soon we have passed its most Eastern limit and are in the country. Our horses travel splendidly, and we do not yet seem to be mounting sensibly; now and then a cream-colored sheep-dog, in shape a small St. Bernard, with black muzzle and cropped black ears, flings himself at the outer horses with a deep and savage bark, but these, as we are to learn presently, have brought their troops and troops of sheep out of the high mountains for the winter, and some of them are still too tired to get up out of the roadway.

The whole long simple business of sheep-rearing, more archaic to-day in its pursuit than the breeding and keeping of any other animal, is deeply interesting from many a point of view. I am delighted to add another sheep silhouette, so to speak, to memories I have gathered of "the meek-nosed, the passionless faces" of sheep in other parts of the world. The Caucasian sheep—like every other inhabi-



tant, brute or human, of these mountains—abounds in character. Unlike other Eastern sheep, it is mainly a white beast, with fawn-colored ears and fawn-colored feet, and a light dash of freckles upon its white nose; but beyond this pretty coloring only the buttocks are remarkable, and these because they carry what look like superfluous cushions of wool, similar in shape, if I am permitted the illustration, to the bustles of the "eighties," but which prove to be lumps of fat from between which depend their short and modest tails. The rams, of which there are numbers, have horns that curve in double curls, and

though they are relatively small like the sheep, they are beautiful and walk with pride among the flock, stamping their feet and barking from time to time.

Deplorably mingled with the sheep are goats—goats of all sorts and styles, black, brown, white, and mottled; goats with great horns sweeping upward and over their backs, or widespread to each side, or even malignly twisted one over another. Nothing will ever make a goat look a good animal. Even a kid, in his moment of prettiest play, is impish as a lamb cannot be. Nobody knows why this is. From the first a goat has been used as an



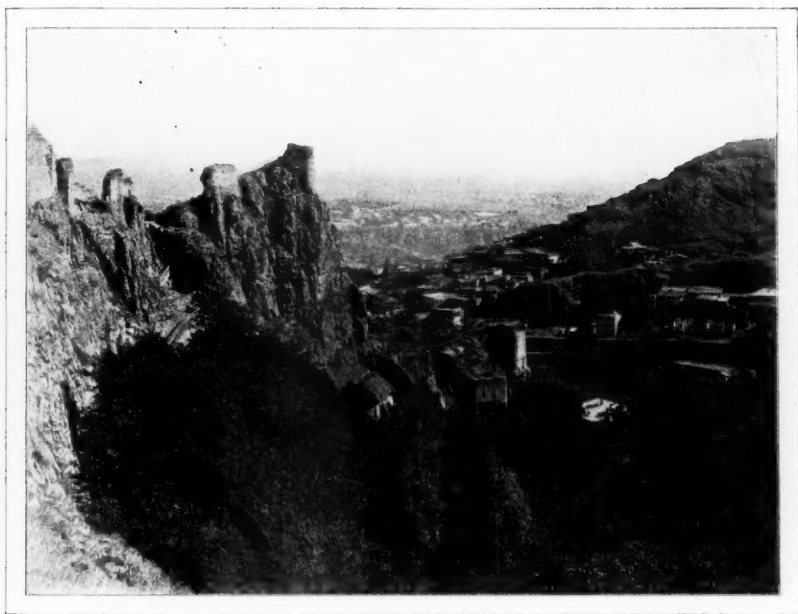
Caucasian Types—the Real Circassian.



How the Road Comes Down at Mleti—the Georgian Road.

emblem of sin—though nobody who knows goats can understand why they should be tolerated upon the left hand, where, after all you can smell them just as much as if they were upon the right. And a goat is not morally sensitive; it will not realize any indignity in being allowed only upon the left hand, while a sheep is too stupid to appreciate any compliment in being placed upon the right. However, this is no moment for theological discussion. I was about to say that in the classics, in the Scriptures and by the old masters, a goat has always symbolized evil, depravity and general vileness. The moment you see goats, you understand it. Their cross-set agate eyes of salacious regard; their flat, ironical noses always a-snuffle, yet immune of their own reek, their thin, wicked mouths at the end of long lascivious faces—the thing is stamped upon them: goats are irremedially and immemorially bad, and it is only the deep invulnerable stupidity of sheep which has prevented them from knowing it and being corrupted by it, and has preserved to the world immaculate, snow-pure, the persistent, inalienable innocence of lambs.

It is beautiful to watch these flocks, and we are to have them all day. We have chosen the day of days on which Caucasian shepherds, by a common instinct, have decided to quit the fastnesses that have harbored them all summer and now, ere the sparse vegetation of the high pastures is bedded with its first coverlet of snow, to come down to the open plain and the shelter of the reaped maize-fields. So they are coming, white, frothy rivers of them that fill the road from side to side, and it is a broad road. Every half mile we chance upon them and must halt while the woolly wave flows by. The bronzed shepherds in huge brown felt cloak, black fur hat the size of any tea-cosey on their swart heads, *bashlik* draped at hazard in lines of inextinguishable grace upon their powerful shoulders, and ten-foot staff in hand, walk at their head, amidst them and at the end behind the littlest and the weakest of the lambs. When they see our carriage, the sheep halt—halt as sheep always do, neatly, feet together very even, almost in the “first position” of the dancing-class. Then the shepherd cries, in harsh and sharp falsetto—is it the cry of the



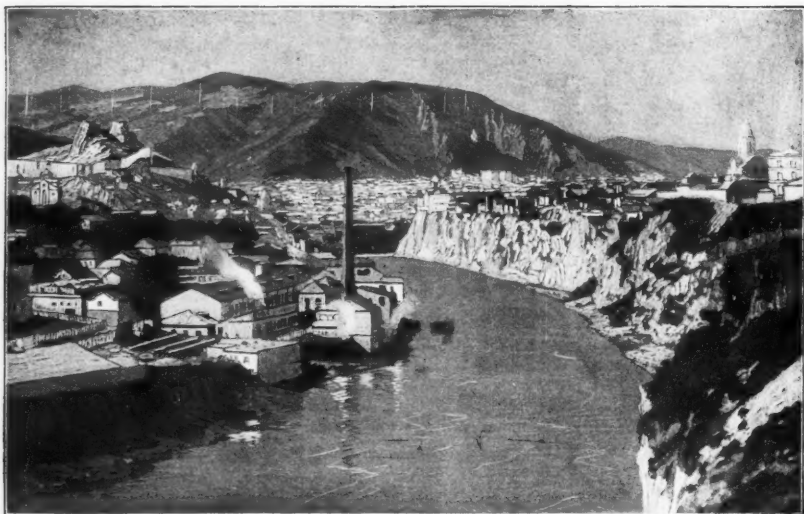
Tiflis and the Ruins of the Citadel.

hawk to call their woolly wits together, to assemble such odds of cunning as may have been given them for the eluding of their enemy the falcon or the eagle?—and the flock hurries forward at this cry, their little feet poaching the dirtied snow and making that delicate sound which belongs solely to the passing of many sheep and has something timid and feminine and diffident about it. Sometimes one startled, foolish face pokes between the legs of our horses, and at once a blind, unreasoning dozen of fool-followers dare the passage, so that the horse starts and screams in fright and is shouted at by our driver.

When the stream is flowing evenly past the two carriages the shepherds whistle encouragingly and the cream-colored dogs, with their sinister faces turned our way, pass with mistrustful feet. They are too wearied to make any adverse demonstration; for days they have been harrying the flock upon the mountains, collecting stragglers, constraining obstinate climbers, circumventing the astutely diavagating goat, now dog-tired and sullen they are wending with the rest to the plain,

their puppies—soft, furry love-pledges of a wild summer—looking over the edges of the saddle-pockets of the flock-donkey or the shepherd's horse. How innocent and frank and pretty are the puppy-faces; how charmingly they extricate first one and then another soft, supple paw, and hang it out till the shepherd sees them and hurriedly crams it in again and binds the edges of the pocket tighter round the puppy neck. I was so enchanted by these creatures, even by the open enmity of their large savage parents, that I priced a ravishingly beautiful puppoose (that would be a nice word) and learned that its price was above roubles, and not even for five would its master part with it. Perhaps had I shown him a gold-piece of five I should at this moment be cluttered, as the Yorkshire people say, with a cream-colored Caucasian puppy of Circassian beauty and a latent savagery to terrify a whole English county.

I dwell overlong upon these by-sights of the road, but indeed most of our first day went in passing that sea of sheep and goats, and the dogs and the humble flock-donkey, bridleless and bitless and bur-



Tiflis.

dened with all the huge hairy felt mantles of the shepherds, pattering meekly among the crowd, were always with us. After a spell of a dozen versts or so, we drew up at a post-station. These, like the excellent military road, are maintained by the Government, and entertainment can be had at them of a modest character. In the barrack-like building, very gray and cold, we passed instinctively toward a door on which was the word "Buffet," written phonetically in Russian letters to rhyme with "muffet." A little bar, with "snacks" of sausage, herring, and Caucasian cheese in front, and bottles of vodka at the back, rewarded us.

The shadow of the mountains fell upon this posting-house, and in the sharp cold a camel and a scatter of bristly pigs made an odd group. Soon our fresh horses were harnessed, and this time, as we followed the course of a little river in a large and gravelly bed, we felt ourselves at last among the mountains. The vegetation of the valley was interesting, and we indulged an old habit of collecting berries of shrubs and trees that were new to us—a thing that looked like a willow and had many orange-berries clustered tightly to its stem and long spines—also a spray of barberry, thinner and pinker than ours at home, to grow in our own far-away garden. Tur-

key oaks, falling now to yellow, crowded and hung from the cliff upon our right, and the usual sorts of rock-ferns nestled in the damp seams of the stone.

The engineering of the road was masterly, and, like all mountain roads that have presented great difficulties, it every now and then made light of serious risk by running close to huge overhanging lumps of mountain which, if not to-day on my head, then to-morrow on yours, will descend convincingly. Everywhere the greatest care is taken of this most important military highway—Russia's avenue into that country she coveted and fought for so long. It is easy to understand her passionate desire to possess this great range, this fine race or tangle of fine races, this fertile country on the southern slopes. If I were Russia, and as flat as Russia, with only the Urals to point to as Russian mountains, I should have wanted the Caucasus just as badly, and I would have sacrificed the men of whole provinces of plain life to possess them, as Russia did.

Eight miles from Vladikavkaz is the posting-station of Balta; eleven miles farther is Lars; and five miles farther is the world-famous Gorge of Dariel, the "Caucasian Gates" of Pliny, the dark and awful defile between Europe and Asia. Gradually, as we drive on, the hills rise

and close in on us till at length they fall almost sheer to the edge of the rushing Terek and the narrow road, leaving only just room for these at the bottom of a rocky cleft, 5,000 feet deep. The air strikes chill as a vault; not a ray of sunshine enters; the driver stoops low and lashes his horses; instinctively we lapse into silence. The geologist calls this gorge a "fault," for it is not a pass over the mountain-chain, but a rent clear across it. To the imaginative traveller, however, it is a fit scene for the most wonderful highway in history. Seventy years ago it was a perilous road, for avalanches, or the sudden outbursts of pent-up glacial streams, swept it from end to end, but the Russians have spent twenty million dollars upon it and made it safe. In 1877 nearly all their troops and stores for carrying the war into Turkey and Asia came by this road, and it will be used again for the same purpose, although to a much less degree, for there is now direct railway connection from Moscow to Baku, at one end of the Trans-Caucasian Railway, and therefore to Kars itself, *via* Tiflis; and equally to Kars from Batum, at the other end, to which fortified port steamers would bring troops and supplies from Odessa and Novorossisk in the Black Sea. The gorges of the Yang-tze may be as impressive—I have not seen them—but there is

nothing in Europe which produces so profound an effect of dread upon the mind as this lonely, silent, gloomy, cold abysm of Dariel. You do not wonder that any people holding it could bar the way to the rest of the world—the only ground for surprise is that before the present road was constructed anybody ever got through it at all. It even said: "Thus far and no farther," to Rome herself, and marked the limit of her dominion.

The gorge ends suddenly, as we dash at a right angle over a narrow bridge, and find a most picturesque sight before us. The valley has now a flat floor between its two rugged walls of rock, and in the middle of the floor stands the Russian fort of Dariel, with two of its Cossack garrison lounging at the gate. It is precisely the fort, as you see, beloved of our youth—thick stone walls, loopholed, crenelated battlements, corner towers. Half an hour's bombardment to-day would reduce it to a rubbish-heap, but it guarded the Pass bravely enough when it was built. There stands above it, however, what is a thousand times better to look upon—the ruins of the old stronghold of Princess Tamara—not her of history, but her of immortal legend, in which truth and fancy can never again be plucked apart. It is said that hither came all her lovers, an



Tiflis—Wine-skins and the Wine-shop.

ever-flowing stream, since she was of resistless beauty, and that when her fancy tired of them they were hurled into the torrent below. In this castle passes the action of Lermontoff's play "The Demon," but he has none of this grewsome story, though Tamar's beauty is there :

Witness, thou star of midnight, witness, sun,  
Rising and setting, king upon his throne,  
Nor Shah of golden Persia, e'er did kiss  
A face so bright, so beautiful as this ;  
No houri in the noon-tide heat did lave  
A form so perfect in the fountain's wave,  
And lover's hand, since Eden days, I trow,  
Ne'er smoothed the wrinkles from so fair a brow.\*

But as one gazes up at these ruins in the spot of all the world apt to breed the romance and passion and war of days when life was thick-set with such, one earnestly longs to pierce the trivial veil of legend and poetry, and know what *really* happened there — just the daily life of the men and women who looked along Dariel from that high-built eyrie.

The day was done when we came up to the post-house called after Kasbek, and round us, in a close group, rose the splendid peaks of which Kasbek is the chief. Kasbek is to my eye more beautiful than Elbruz with its divided peaks ; it is steeper, with terribly sheer slopes, gorges and glaciers around it, itself ending in a savage spike of rocks against the sky, while Elbruz, really much higher and more difficult to climb (Elbruz is 18,470 feet and Kasbek 16,546 †), has larger and milder-look-

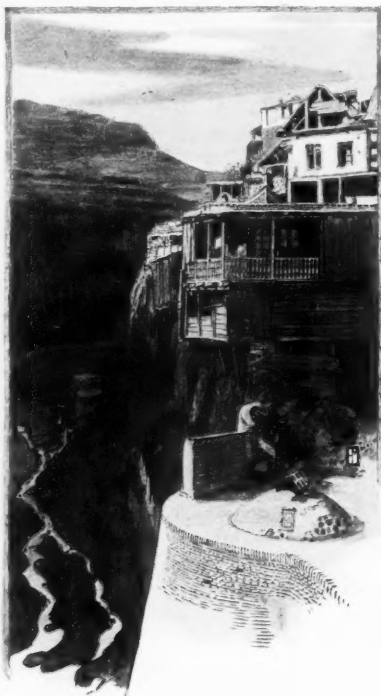
ing summits. This is a mistake in a mountain ; the proper mountain is the blue and white kind, of which you can see at least ten thousand feet "out of the ground," so to speak, with a peak offering room for no more than the two feet of one climber at

a time, and he so perilously placed that he must hold a cloud by the tail if he would stay there. This is the character of Kasbek — from below.

The post-house is again a bleak white building, with a large square yard behind it, round three sides of which are stables to accommodate the numerous horses required for relays. In the middle of this yard another solitary camel is standing, his head balanced upon his absurd neck and his mouth supercilious as are all camels in the desert ; seen against this snowy background there is something irresistibly incongruous about his appearance. I could not imagine why he was

there until I learned that at each post-station a camel must be kept in order that when droves of camels occasionally pass through the mountains, the horses may be habituated to the outlandish appearance of this singular beast, otherwise panic and hysteria would invade the stables and the Government diligence and mail service

and his statements were at first received with absolute incredulity. But when the three Englishmen reappeared from the opposite valley, having gone up one side of the mountain and down the other, even the unwilling natives had to admit that the impossible had been accomplished. Elbruz was again climbed in 1875 by Mr. F. Crauford Grove, and in 1884 by M. de Déchy, a Hungarian gentleman. But the curious jealousy of foreigners makes local writers still loath to admit the fact, though repeated descriptions have made the ascents familiar to all the world. In his "Guide au Caucase," published in 1891, M. J. Mourier has this amusing sentence about Kasbek : "Trois anglais : Freschwild, Mour et Tecker, membres du club alpestre de Londres, prétendent être parvenus jusqu'à sa cime le 18/30 Juin, 1868."



A Bit of Old Tiflis.

\* Storr's Translation.

† Kasbek and Elbruz were first climbed in 1868 by Messrs. Douglas Freshfield, Comyns Tucker, and Adolphus W. Moore. When near the summit they sent back their guide,





A Wandering Beggar, Tiflis.

would be disorganized beyond repair. It is one of those simple explanations which yet strike one as ludicrous, and at each post-house we are smitten anew by this strange exigency, and this fresh proof of Russia's boundless ethnological complications.

We are to stay over-night at Kasbek, and we make ourselves comfortable in the

barrack-like chambers that are placed at our disposal, while, after a short moment of refreshment, we descend to the buffet for dinner. Our enthusiasm hurls us in the direction of the national *plat* of *shashlik*—the delicious Caucasian mutton, cooked *à la broché* over a wood fire. We wait in happy impatience for its arrival, stemming our hunger with a *zakushka* of



A Caucasian Type—the Costume of Every Day.

raw herring, with brown bread, and drafts of quaint Caucasian wine, which we profess determinedly, if with some effort, to find delicious.

By and by a profound and searching steam of rawish but not quite raw onion invades the buffet; this is onion at its very worst moment; raw onion is tolerable, cooked onion is palatable, onion that has merely suffered a heat-change is devastating in its effect upon the soul of the feeder. We become nervous, and when a Circassian person comes in bearing that onion which is apparently allied to the hoped-for *shashlik*, we wince palpably.

Some roughly chopped loin of mutton, smoked without and crude within, smothered in the aforesaid onion, manifests itself, and timidly our lady distributes it to us. Fork and knife recoil simultaneously from each knobby piece, and one mouth-

ful (which never gets any farther) contents each inquiring palate. The meat, hacked without any relation to its fibre, its grain, or its bones, is absolutely fresh, is also quite uncooked, and only hours of stewing could have made it fit to eat.

"Would you try the *plat national* again? —it might be better here," says someone, a day or two later. "Not again," is the reply; "let us wait till we get to England; my cook does it beautifully: *Navets de mouton à la broché*. No more Circassian *shashlik* baa-ing at me, if you please."

We made plans at Kasbek for an early ride up the mountains opposite, to see the little ancient church, 1,400 feet above us, of Tsminda-Sameba, not that of itself this presented much interest, but the view of the mountain, and especially of its great black side where Prometheus was chained (though the legend is inaccurate after all,



Batum.

for Æschylus distinctly speaks of Prometheus's rock as above the sea and far from the Caucasus), was said to be beautiful, and we wished to enjoy a ride in true Caucasian spirit. A quarter to seven was the hour fixed, and we retired early, to be ready. When I arose at six, it was upon a world of snow that I looked out. Everything was white, and that broad-flaked, Christmas-card kind of snow which we used to have in England when I was little, was falling. The stables and the yard were white; the poor camel even had little drifts between his humps, and absurd tufts of it all over him; you could not see fifty yards away, and all the mountains had retired within the veil. This put off our ride, and even alarmed us somewhat about the Pass and its condition. There was no mistake—the snow had come to stay; it was winter snow. What I saw fall as I looked out of the window would be there till next April.

We started at once, the hood of our carriage up, and little visible beyond the back of our driver in his thick pleated woollen gown, but all round in the gray air the broad flakes were in suspension, apparently falling with that slow deliberation, that incredible downy lightness, and that incalculable vagary of direction that char-

acterizes real snow. Suddenly, out of the gray mystery in front of us, a troop of Cossack soldiers came riding, a couple of hundred of them, returning from their service on the Armenian frontier to their little villages in the plain. These men are supplied with rifles and ammunition by Government; their wiry little horses, their armory of sabres, knives, and pistols, are their own. Shrouded in the black, shaggy, felt cloak that descends to the horse's tail, and nearly covers their big felt boots in the short stirrups, cowed each in his pointed *bashlik*, a hood with two ends wound round the neck and falling down the back, they seemed like some ghostly procession of warlike friars passing in slow defile. Each cone-shaped silhouette upon his high saddle, with wild face—and what faces they were!—looking straight in front of him was the incarnation of all that is picturesque, romantic, in a word, Caucasian.

Presently the veil was lifted; the flakes grew slimmer and finer, the sun flashed out, the hood of the carriage was thrown back, and there beside us, mantled in a flawless ermine, was Kasbek and his court of peaks, bright and glittering against a heaven of Italian blue. In his winter majesty, every seam and fissure of yesterday, filled and smoothed with one night-fall of

snow, he was scarce to be looked on by his subjects. And now, with many a zigzag, the road mounted in good earnest; we encountered the immobile oxen yoked to the snow-ploughs, we came upon the artificial tunnels, made to accommodate ava-

tractor over them; whether the Government does its own work or contractors are different here, I know not, but assuredly the highway by which Russia's Empire is moving sedulously forward is made to endure, and to carry the great weight of her power.

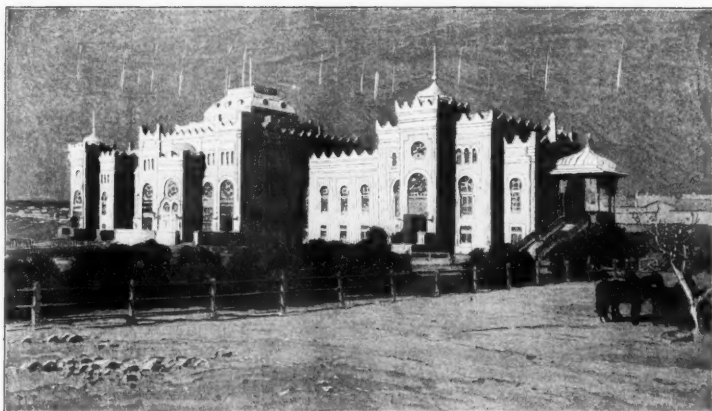


Caucasian Types—a Tekkin Family.

lanches. These places where the road suddenly runs under a stoutly timbered roof built against the mountain-side, bring home to one the chances of winter, and the eventualities that may—and often do—overtake the faithful post-wagon with its European mails for Tiflis. As we approach them, I can imagine the tons of snow and loosened boulders plunging down the steeps toward the river, here growing slender as a thread, and the awful thunder of them exploding over these man-made defences. Like all such work, and most of the construction work in Russia I have seen, these avalanche-roofs are splendidly built; there is no trail of the con-

At the top of the Pass we see a small cross upon the hill-side, standing out in full relief upon a snowy shoulder. It marks the summit—7,977 feet, and by the road is one of later date, beside which my other photograph shows our bewrapped party and our driver. No Alpine pass, except the Stelvio, which is 9,040 feet high, is so high as this. Seldom can it be given to anyone to see great mountains in more exquisite aspect than we saw these at the top of that pass. Peak after peak biting the sky in sharp outline; snow but a few hours old, sun and heavens dazzlingly clear and deeply blue; the whole indescribable by word or brush or pencil—one of those illimitable triumphs of nature and the elements almost outside the power of man's appreciation, too immense to be felt or enjoyed, or even revered, all at once.

Then came the wild rush from the water-parting to the valley. Our men had a rouble at stake and were set to earn it; the horses tore along, two of them only for the downward journey. The right-angle at which they hurled the carriage round the corners might have terrified anyone who does not believe as I do that the real safety of driving lies in speed. With a suddenness almost unbelievable, the vegetation on this southern side began; first that obstinate and crouching little fir-tree, ascetic as a fakir, and nourished upon escarpments of pure rock and dark dreams not given to trees in whose branches birds nest and sing; then pines and oak-scrub; among these presently little sun-soaked hay-fields whose harvest, in pointed cocks, stood out oddly upon the snow. Then villages or colonies or farmlets of dwellings, half underground, and with the square, open cave-like front which marks all East-



The Railway Station, Baku.

ern dwellings; flat-roofed, of course, and choked and huddled round with straw-stacks and mounds of winter fodder. I would give anything to explore one of these little places where the foot-sole of its occupants never knows what it is to stand upon the flat earth, save when indoors on the trodden floor of the humble living-room.

With a swoop almost hawk-like in its sheerness and its suddenness, we drop into the considerable settlement of Ananur, beside a river which is carrying the gray glacier water to the south. Here we are to harbor for the night, and only two general chambers, one for men and one for women, are at the disposal of travellers, for it is one of the smaller stations. The food is in that particular transition stage between archaism half-disdained and civilization half-comprehended, which is the most trying of any; but again the wine of the country and its bread give

sustenance to travellers who have never been in slavery to *tables d'hôte*.

The largest and the blackest rat ever seen was kind enough to sit up with our lady, alone in the General Room for her sex that night, so of course she was not lonely nor at a loss for company, and in the morning, she having slept on a leather couch and mostly in her clothes, a Caucasian gentleman with white hair and a self-possession princes might envy, came and

poured water upon her hands and face from a jug, while she juggled with her sponge and soap in a vain effort (as she narrated) after even precarious cleanliness. He had already similarly attended to the men of the party, and in this matter we agreed that they do things handsomely in Ananur. None of us had ever been washed by a Circassian prince in full uniform before. (I think I am right in describing him as a prince; you are a prince in the Caucasus if you

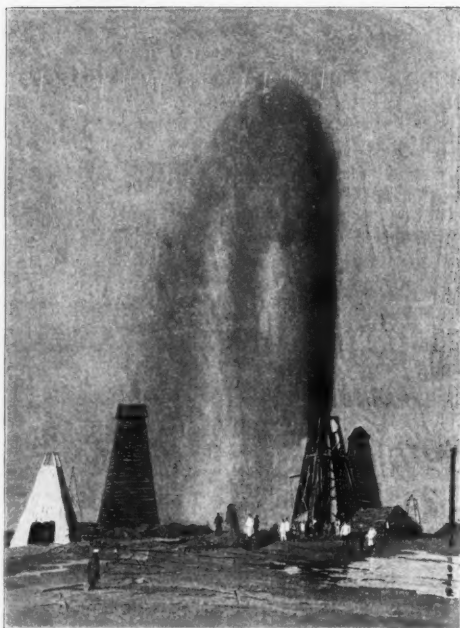


Caucasian Types—Tatars.

possess four sheep, so Russians say, jokingly, and I cannot believe that our friend had a fleece less.) We wandered up to the strange little castle; it dates from the fifteenth century, and the shells of its square and tapering towers frame and crumble round a church of later date. Nothing about this church, save some half-obliterated frescos and the arabesques lettered beside its door, interested us, but in the river, a special breed

of bull-trout mocks the prowess of the passing fisherman, and there were smooth places beside the tails of water and sudden-coming "races" in the hollows of banks where I should have delighted to see the dry-flies of a certain Liberal statesman friend alluringly floating. Soon, soon, I wot, those bull-trout would have belowed on the bank.

That day we made the second ascent of a smaller pass, this time always among cultivated slopes where the wheat was already sprouting, the big, blue-gray buffaloes ploughing, and the little flat-roofed houses, all scraped out of the hill-sides, comfortably fronting the southern sun. Visiting some of them, we found the cave-dwellers to be a handsome race indeed; the men tall, strong, and martial, bearded and bronzed and covered with weapons, the women gay in bright colors of blue and red and crimson, holding up babies whose small heads were covered with henna-tinted hair. Cocks, hens, cats, dogs, and a few little, fluffy buffalo-calves all clustered in the shelter of these house-fronts, and on the roof huge, oval baskets of maize-cobs



The Oil-wells of Baku—a "Fountain."

shone golden, very often with the owner seated smoking beside his store of winter provender.

At Dushet we spent some time trying to get into the castle of Prince Tschliaief, which stood upon the hill, white, castellated, looking proudly across the valley at the little town with its grim, plain, red boxes of new Russian barracks. In point of appearance, the Prince's palace, which was also employed as a Police Station, was easily first in its expres-

sion of martial capability. Dushet is charmingly situated, and as it is within easy reach of the cosmopolitan pleasures of Tiflis, it is the place I should recommend for a prolonged spring or autumn stay on the Georgian Road.

The last town on the road is a strange link between past and present. This is Mtskhet, the ancient capital of Georgia, known to history as far back as the fourth century. Here lived and reigned all the Tsars of Georgia; hither came the Vandals of Tamerlane and razed the cathedral, but Tsar Alexander I. of Georgia rebuilt it, and under its aisles lie Georgia's rulers and wise men. The cathedral itself was built originally in 328 A.D., over the spot where Christ's seamless robe, brought from Golgotha either by a Jew or by the Centurion Longinus—the legends differ—and given by him to his sister Sidonia, was found. She wrapped it around her, fell dead, and as it could not be detached from her body, she was buried in it, and until it was carried off to the Cathedral of the Assumption at Moscow, a holy oil exuded from the very stones above the pre-



cious relic. Such was old Mtskhét. To-day it is a railway station on the line from Batum to Baku, the point where the military road meets the military railway.

Tiflis was now only thirteen miles away, and soon the appearance of civilization beset the road and the more frequent vehicles upon it. A general in a smart troika with three black horses in silver harness came dashing past, and a flock of turkeys, on their way to market in the city, had to be hastily crowded to one side to let him pass. A mass of tin roofs, painted in pale green and Indian red, makes a pleasant color impression of Tiflis as you approach it from this side, but to see it in its real and remarkable picturesqueness, as shown in my illustrations, it must be viewed from the remains of the old fortress, or the Botanical Garden beside it, at the other end of the town. It lies at the bottom of a brown, treeless valley, between steep hills, on either side of the river Kura. This may not sound very attractive, but there is an abruptness about the contours and a serpentine twist about the river that make it one of the most strikingly placed towns I know. In summer, as might be guessed from its position and from the additional fact that it has a phenomenally small rain-fall, Tiflis is stifling and intolerably hot, but in winter the same conditions render it a delightful residence, perfectly sheltered from the cold winds that sweep from the mountains and the plain to the southeast, and by its dry atmosphere admirably suited to people with weak lungs.

Half of Tiflis is a little Paris. Russia has developed her Caucasian capital in a manner worthy of its importance. In the modern town the streets are wide and paved, the shops are large and handsome, there is a public garden with winding walks and fine trees, excellent tramways run in all directions, the public carriages are far superior to those of St. Petersburg or Moscow—in fact, the best I have seen anywhere, and the hotels, as I have said already, will bear comparison with hotels anywhere in the world. The official buildings are numerous and imposing—Russia always takes care of this. The cathedral is a magnificent edifice, the Governor-

General's palace dignified without and splendid within, there is a new and elaborate opera-house, and of course a number of military buildings. The museum is extremely interesting for its collections of all the animals and birds of the Caucasus, all the geological products, and a fascinating series of figures and domestic implements illustrating the ethnology of all the local races. While we were there an agricultural exhibition was held, and the quality and variety of products shown were astonishing. Some of the vegetables were so remarkable that we wrote and asked for seeds, which were sent to us promptly by official post and are now germinating under the surprised eyes of a Hampshire gardener. In matters like this, let me remark once for all, the Russian authorities are courtesy itself to foreigners who approach them courteously and are genuinely interested in what they are doing. In a word, modern Tiflis is a highly civilized little capital, handsome, clean, comfortable and gay—a first-rate specimen of the European West built up in Asia and the East.

But one does not go to Asia to see Europe, and therefore the passing traveller hastens to get into the tramway at his hotel door and be transported in ten minutes into a piece of Bagdad or Teheran. For the other half of Tiflis is purely Oriental. Narrow, steep, ill-paved streets; mysterious houses hiding the life within behind closed doors and shuttered windows; the merchant sitting among his wares—the silversmiths in one street, the arms-makers in another, the shoemakers, the carpet-dealers, the fruit-sellers, the perfume-venders, each trade in its own quarter. And what things to buy, if one has money and time—the two equally essential components of an Eastern bargain! Through this low door-way and behind this commonplace shop is a dark warehouse piled high with carpets in mountainous profusion. Here is every fraud ready for the unwary or unknowing purchaser, but here, also, if your eye is sharp and your tongue smooth and your experience trustworthy and your time and patience without limits, is a brocade from the palace of one of the old Khans of Nukha, vassals of Persia in

time gone by; this is a silken carpet from Ispahan, in the golden days of Shah Abbas, two hundred years old, priceless; that rug was woven by Tekke girls in the tent of nomad Turkomans, a pattern never copied but preserved in memory from the times of Tamerlane; this drugget issued long ago from the loom of Kurdish women of Erivan; the roll of rainbow-colored silk came slowly to light, like a dragon-fly above a reeking pond, in a mud hovel of the torture-town of Bokhara, fieriest hot-bed of Mussulman fanaticism. The merchant will show you, too, turquoises—handfuls of them, all small or of the worthless greenish hue. Many times you ask him if he has not bigger turquoises and he shakes his head. At the back of his iron strong-box, wrapped in a dozen crumpled papers, he has a great one, of that marvellous and indescribable blue which nature has produced only in this stone. Will much persuasion wheedle it into sight for a moment, or much money secure its possession forever? Maybe, but I doubt it. Why does he not try to sell it? I do not know, but I have my theory, and it is based upon the unchanging truth that at last, between East and West, pride of race is stronger than greed of gold. To console you, however, for the unattainable azure, you may find and carry off a blue scimeter from Daghestan, a wrought-iron staff surmounted by an ox-head with which some old Persian officer has led his men to battle, a Georgian pistol inlaid with silver *niello* work, and a choice bit of gold-encrusted ivory from Kazi-Kumyk.

But Tiflis, this "precipitate of history," these cross-roads between Europe and Asia, excites your wonder and enchains your recollection most of all for its human conglomerate. Professor Brugsch has reckoned up seventy languages spoken there, a record surely unequalled by any other town in the world. The well-known guide Rostom, whom my illustration presents as a type of the everyday Circassian costume, cannot tell offhand how many he speaks. "Let me see—French, German, Russian, Georgian, Armenian, Mingrelian, Persian"—and so on. And most of the tongues have their distinctive costume, and indeed their own well-marked faces. There is no mistaking the Tatars with their hats in the shape of a trun-

cated cone, the aquiline-featured Lezgians, the swarthy Persians with their long-pointed hats of astrakhan fur, the Armenians with their flat caps, the Turkomans in huge shaggy hats of sheepskin, the Würtembergers of the German colony in the old Swabian costume, and most marked of all, the Georgians in the *tcherkess*, with the *khasir*, the row of cartridge cases, across the breast. The native gentleman, an officer of high rank and long service in war, who strides into the hotel dining-room in his uniform of chestnut and Indian red, jingling with small arms and hung with medals even as a Zulu is strung with cowries, is certainly one of the most striking figures I have ever seen. In fact, I do not remember to have been in the society of so many distinguished-looking people in my life before; a group of princes of the blood, ambassadors, and commanders-in-chief would have everything to learn from them in the matter of deportment. No matter who they may be—the Smiths and Joneses, possibly, of Georgia and Daghestan—their manners and their clothes hit off the choicest expressions of dignity and distinction. That full-skirted woollen coat, flying round the fine riding-boots, and hiding trousers of carmine silk; that tight-fitting body-part, open at the breast to show a shirt of richest cream-color, hooked smartly over the ribs and narrowly girdled at the waist by a belt of chased metal, worn very tight, from which hang silver-worked poniard, sabre, pistol-holster and other strange fittings, combine to form a costume of infinite spirit, to which the row of cartridges, sewn on a cunning slant on each side of the breast, are a splendid finish, even though the cartridges are but dummy bits of wood, with gold or silver heads. Added to all this, the port of the head in its black sheepskin hat, and the whole general bearing, make every man a field-marshal and the hero of a hundred fights—to look at.

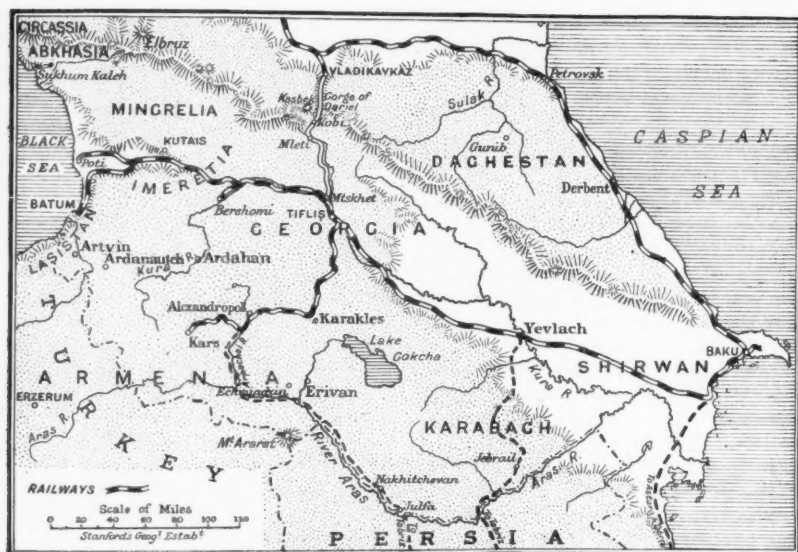
Are the women of Georgia as beautiful as we have always been told? When they become matrons, which is at an early age, they are too stout and broad in the beam for beauty, but in their youth, I should judge from glimpses at windows and passing faces, there may well be extraordinary loveliness among them—the

loveliness of perfectly chiselled features true to the racial type, large calm dark eyes, firm, full mouth, alabaster skin, indigo-black hair—the precise antithesis of the piquancy of irregular features and nervous temperament which generally passes for beauty among ourselves. These are women, you feel, whose lips would whisper passionate love or, if times allowed, sing high the song that sends their men to battle—whose fingers would grasp the dagger or fall lightly across the strings of the lute, with equal aptness. Dagger and war-song, however, are out of date to-day.

It will occur to many readers, no doubt, to ask what is the political condition of these strangely mingled and once vigorous nationalities, and how they are affected toward their great rulers. In spite of the enthusiasm they evoke, the small nationalities almost disappear politically in the face of the colossal interests of the Great Powers which control them directly or indirectly, and the Caucasus is no exception to this rule. Before the Russo-Turkish War the Georgians stood high in Russian favor; they held important public offices, and the social relations between them and Russian officials were cordial. During the war doubts arose as to their loyalty, and the Armenians took advantage of these to push their own interests. Their well-known trading and financial gifts were of much use to the Russians and very profitable to themselves. But the Armenians have shared the fate of the Georgians, for the Armenian troubles in Turkey bred a certain amount of real political agitation, and evoked fears of a great deal more, with the not unnatural result that the Russian authorities now cry a plague on both their houses, and exclude Georgians and Armenians alike from office and influence. This action, again, is naturally being followed by a recrudescence of national feeling, especially among the Georgians. The national costume, once almost abandoned, is now the fashion; the national literature is being fostered; and Georgian women talk less gossip and more politics. But all this has no serious significance. Mr. Oliver Wardrop, in his "Kingdom of Georgia" (1888), wrote: "Should Russia ever become involved in a great war, Georgia

would undoubtedly declare her independence and endeavor to seize the Dariel Road; the Armenians and Lezghians would also revolt, each in their own way." My own opinion is that any enemy of Russia that counted upon this would be disappointed; the time is past for a Georgian political nationality, unless, indeed, Russia should be already so hopelessly defeated as to break up of her own weight. I doubt much whether, in spite of their good looks and their martial clothes, the Georgians possess capacity for any struggle or for the organization which it would necessitate if successful. Sporadic risings there might be if Russia were defeated once or twice, but they would be crushed without the slightest difficulty, and the only chance of success they might have would be when Russia was too exhausted even to attempt to put them down. Moreover, I saw no reason why the Georgians should wish to revolt, for they are not repressed in any way, they have practically all the chances that Russians themselves enjoy, they are treated very gently as regards military service, and it is perfectly certain that if for any cause Russia should cease to protect them, some other Power would have to do so, for they are wholly incapable of taking care of themselves or standing sword in hand, as they once did, between Europe and the pressing hordes of Asia. In a word, the little nationalities of the Caucasus present no political problem.

The attention of the traveller in the Caucasus is apt to be monopolized by its romance and picturesqueness, to the exclusion of its practical and commercial interests. These, however, are hardly inferior to its more dazzling side, and they are growing, and destined to grow, in amazing fashion. Nature has endowed the country with a climate in which anything will flourish, and the soil holds mineral wealth in vast variety and infinite quantity. At present Russian official methods seriously handicap production, but M. de Witte, the Minister of Finance, is a statesman of profound sagacity and wide views, and gradually his influence is removing obstructions and hastening procedure. If he lives, and no war comes to



Railways of the Caucasus.  
(Projected and under construction.)

strain Russian resources, the next ten years will see all the world astonished at the commercial development of the Caucasus. The progress of the oil industry of Baku everybody knows. The export of petroleum products through the port of Batum in 1899 was 1,166,155 tons, an increase of 175,330 tons over the preceding year, and prices were more remunerative at the end of last year than they have ever been before. The export of manganese, an essential of the steel industry, the Caucasus being the chief source of the world's supply, was 416,340 tons in 1899, against 282,316 tons in 1898. As regards other productions the British Consul at Batum, Mr. Patrick Stevens, who speaks from intimate knowledge, says that if the uncertainty that hangs over Russian official methods were removed "there can be no shadow of doubt that the boundless resources of this country, so richly endowed by nature, might be developed very advantageously both for the capitalist and the population," for "its mineral wealth is practically unlimited, copper, zinc, iron, tin, and many other metals being found throughout the region, in most cases in exceedingly extensive deposits." If I

were a capitalist I should direct my attention and my money to Russia, and I think to the Caucasus first of all. Here is one eloquent little fact in conclusion, since I shall have more to say upon this matter in a subsequent article: the railway across the Caucasus, from Batum on the Black Sea to Baku on the Caspian, six hundred and twenty-one miles in thirty hours, showed a net profit of revenue over expenditure last year of nearly £1,000,000—\$5,000,000; and yet the rolling-stock is so inadequate to the traffic offered that a large amount of freight is now going by rail round the mountain range, *via* Petrofsk and Vladikavkaz, to the port of Novorossisk, instead of to Batum. At present agriculture alone is languishing in the Caucasus, but this industry has its ups and downs everywhere, and when it is less prosperous there is the more labor available for commercial enterprise.

In my last article I showed how the inevitable trend of Russia was to the sunrise and the warm water. The Caucasus affords a further striking example of this. As may be seen by a glance at my map (which

shows railways projected and under construction, not to be found, I believe, elsewhere), Russia is stretching out her arm rapidly to the south, toward Persia and its warm and commercial gulf which leads straight to India and the East, in the shape of roads and railways. Already a railway runs from Tiflis to Kars, and several other schemes are on foot for further facilities of transport in the same direction. A railway is already begun, and will be finished in three or four years, from Karakles, below Alexandropol, down the valley of the Arpa-chai to the valley of the Aras (Araxes), then by the side of the Aras to Erivan, and on to Nakhichevan and Julfa on the Russo-Persian frontier. Another railway is under survey and consideration from Baku to Astara and Tabriz, with an alternative scheme from Yevlach, on the present line, through Jebraïl to Tabriz. An important military road, about which not much is

heard, runs from Batum to Artvin, thence to Ardanautch, thence to Ardahan, thence to Kars. It is metalled from Batum to Artvin, and is being widened from Artvin to Ardanautch. It has been metalled and in use for some time from Ardahan to Kars. Plans and performances like these, at a time when money is scarce in Russia, mean only one thing.

Such is the Caucasus—a hasty glance at a great subject. I hope I have gone a little way, at any rate, toward justifying my remark at the outset that it is perhaps on the whole the most interesting land of the world. It has been, as I said, unaccountably neglected, but I feel sure in advance of the thanks of any, whether travellers in search of new scenes or capitalists on the lookout for new investments, who take my advice and visit it for themselves.



## A COMPARISON OF THE ARMIES IN CHINA

By Thomas F. Millard

THE assemblage of troops of so many nationalities in one locality and their use in operations against a common enemy, such as marked the concert of the Powers in China, has afforded an unprecedented opportunity to observe and compare the various military methods, equipments, and armaments of the twentieth century world.

Not since the Powers last gathered in

discordant consultation at the bedside of the sick man of the East have so many nations participated in a war. Since that time there has been a revolution in military science. Improved weapons have changed conditions, and methods have been compelled to adjust themselves to altered circumstances. And, notwithstanding a rigid course of instruction carried on for many years, with and without



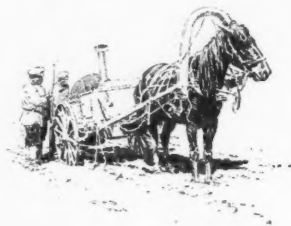
practical lessons, the power-aspiring nations still have to take their full degree in efficiency.

All good soldiers, and other men who from interest or occupation keep pace with military evolution, recognize this. That is why, since the Powers have been rubbing elbows in China, they have watched each other even more closely than they watched the enemy. When not engaged in the joyous task of civilizing the Chinese with torch and sword, they have been going to school. Peking and Tientsin, where the forces have been chiefly congregated, and the whole broad scene of operations, have been in reality huge class-rooms, with every intelligent and thoughtful officer an earnest, eager student. Blind and deaf indeed will be the nation that does not, out of all this aggregated instruction, learn something.

It is doubtful if in the whole history of the world such a variety of soldiery has ever before been brought together. The troops engaged in the war in China embrace Germans, Russians (including Cosacks), British (including Australians, English, Sikhs, Rajputs, Ghurkos and Chinese), Americans, French (including Tonquin and Cochinchina native regiments), Japanese, Austrians, and Italians; to say nothing of the Boxers and Imperial Chinese troops. Every branch of every service is represented, not omitting those emergency soldiers, the marines. The navies of the world have been combined in the great fleets which lie anchored off Taku, Shanghai, and other important Chinese ports. In the streets of Peking and Tientsin may be seen every day a confusing jumble of nationalities, sporting every conceivable costume, and dinning the bewildered ear with sounds couched in every live language in the world, and many that ought to be dead. In the course of half an hour on the terrace of the Astor House, or a five minutes' jaunt in a 'ricksha along densely thronged and dust-paved Victoria Road, you will be accosted in more tongues than you ever heard told of. The

streets resound with the beating of drums, the music of bands, and the tramp of marching regiments. A truly cosmopolitan gathering this, with the glint and glitter of uniforms, the clank and jangle of arms and soldiers' trappings, dominating and giving a purely military color to it all, as in camp, on parade, or in real action, the varied pageant passes in review.

The operations undertaken by the allied forces in North China, while almost universally successful, have been by no means satisfactory in affording an adequate test of comparative efficiency. That only fair test of real effectiveness, skilful and determined opposition, has been lacking. The Chinese have been easy game. Still, tolerably satisfactory bases of comparison have not been entirely wanting. The allies have marched and fought a common enemy—poor as he was—under practically similar conditions. They have been thrown together in active campaign work under circumstances which tried, if not their genuine fighting qualities, at least



A Russian Field Kitchen.



Russian Field Transport Carts.

their marching ability, equipment, transport facilities, commissary and hospital services, and all the innumerable elements, both important and trifling, which make in their sum the modern war-making machine.

About all this, there is a varied tale to tell; a tale which can be brought to no end, save a vague generalization, that will be at the same time a logical conclusion. The best plan will be to describe and com-



pare (just a little), and leave the experts and text-book writers to solve the problems involved to their own satisfaction.

It is well, perhaps, to recall something of the character of the march which, even more than the fighting, has been the chief test of the efficiency of these troops.

After the battle of Yang-tsun, no opposition worthy of the name was encountered until the relieving force was under the walls of Peking. For six successive days the march was continued without interruption. Progress was slow, averaging not more than eight miles a day. This was a fairly good average, considering the conditions under which the march was made. A more monotonous tramp, or one better calculated to take the life and energy out of troops, can scarcely be conceived. The landscape never varies.

From the coast to Peking is one endless plain, unruffled by a single mound or gentle elevation. Dull-colored clay embankments, marking the course of roads, canals, or irrigation ditches ridge the flats in all directions, like welts laid with an enormous knout on a tortured country by some supernatural avenger. Uncultivated wastes of mud stretch everywhere, tainted by putrid ponds, and filling the spaces between the vast fields of millet, which cover the greater part of the land in North China. Thousands of big and little mounds dot the country, giving it the appearance, where not concealed by vegetation, of some vast prairie-dog village. Human graves are these, strange bumps of Oriental superstition, to hold the land they occupy sacred against all the needs of posterity while the Chinese govern China.

Yonder, now in touch with the crawling column, now reaching away as if to relieve the troops of its nauseous contact, only to come creeping, snake-like, back again, after having made a wide detour, is the sluggish Pei-ho. In any country but China, this tortuous, turgid stream, dragging its yellow, slimy fluid slothfully between crumbling mud-banks and shores reeking with refuse, would scarcely be en-

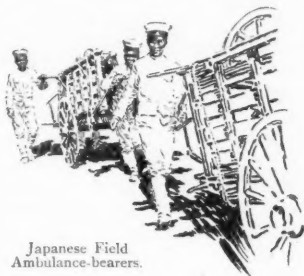
titled to rank as a ditch. A ditch it is—or rather a sewer; the sewer, as well as the commercial artery, of Chihli Province. It floats endless double lines of junks, with their prows pointing to the north or to the south, in unbroken procession. It is the mother of thousands of smaller ditches, all equally yellow and contaminated, which spread out over the country like the web of an immense water spider, licking up the filth of countless villages and feeding or draining, as the case may be, their cousins the cess-pools. It now harbors, but to in-

recently display, cast upon its banks or floating with its current, hundreds of bloated objects that were once men and women who lived upon the earth and had souls. On it, now, coolies, commandeered to serve the hated foreigners, laboriously push along, by means of poles, heavily laden boats. It breeds

mosquitoes by the million, disease in many forms, and death multiplied for friend and foe alike.

The dreary stretches through which the Pei-ho flows, never attractive to the Western eye, presented, as the allied armies slowly traversed them, a scene of indescribable desolation. Even the vegetation, notified by the waning of summer, of early dissolution to come, wore a faded, dejected look. In a region which usually contained a population of many millions, scarcely a human being, besides those attached to the allied armies, was to be seen. Towns and villages were completely deserted. In China an ordinary town will have from one to three hundred thousand inhabitants, while villages not of sufficient importance to be designated on the maps, have populations varying from ten to thirty thousand. These villages line the banks of the Pei-ho and the main road to Peking by hundreds. The troops were never entirely clear of them.

Clusters of low mud houses, grouped indiscriminately about narrow, dirty streets, comprise the average Chinese village. Some of the larger towns possess temples and a few structures more pretentious than coolie dwellings, but everywhere is the



Japanese Field Ambulance-bearers.

same dull, unattractive type of architecture, the same lack of sanitation, the same unmistakable evidences of poverty. So hurried had been the flight of the inhabitants that hundreds of houses were left open, such household possessions that could not be carried away being tumbled about in great disorder. Of all that dense population, only a few scattered hundreds of aged, decrepit men and women, and some unfortunate cripples and abandoned children, remained. A great majority of these were ruthlessly slain. The Russians and Japanese shot or bayoneted them without compunction. Their prayers for mercy availed not. If these miserable unfortunates chanced to fall into the hands of American or British troops they had a chance for their lives, but even our armies are not free from these wanton sacrifices.

Every town, every village, every peasant's hut in the path of the troops was first looted and then burned. A stretch of country fully ten miles in width was thus swept. Mounted "flanks in the air" scoured far and wide, keen on the scent of plunder, dark columns of smoke on the horizon attesting their labors. In this merry task of chastising the heathen Chinese, the Cossacks easily excelled. This wild soldiery is formed by nature and training for the work. They frequently penetrated in small bodies far beyond the prescribed scouting district, and to villages where their advent was not expected. The tales that might be told of their doings on these excursions would not make pleasant reading for people who like to think that war is becoming less terrible. Like an avenging Juggernaut the Army of Civilization moved. Terror strode before it; Death and Desolation sat and brooded in its path.

Through such scenes as these, day after day, the army glided. A spirit of utter callousness took root, and enveloped officers and men alike. Pathetic scenes passed without comment or even notice. Pathos, involved in a riot of more violent emotions, had lost its power to move. The men suffered terribly. Through the middle of the day the heat was intense. Millions, billions, trillions, of flies buzzed and bit. For miles the road ran through millet fields. This grain stands from ten to twelve feet high, completely shutting off any breeze

which might possibly be stirring. At every step the men and animals sank a foot into the dust, which, ground into impalpable powder by the passage of thousands of vehicles, hung in a stifling cloud over the line of march, filling throats, eyes, lungs, and nostrils. The sun struck a man between the shoulders, and burned there like a red-hot plaster. Rivulets of perspiration trickled and dripped, converting faces into river charts of China, half mud and half water, and causing the eyelids to gum up and smart painfully. Canteens were emptied quickly, and notwithstanding positive orders to the contrary, refilled out of wells or the putrid Pei-ho. Staggering along under their blanket-rolls and full marching equipment, what wonder that the troops could march but a short distance without resting, and that the total of a day's effort would be but a few miles? At night the mosquitoes relieved the flies as agents of unrest, swarming in dense clouds about the camps. Within a week after their arrival in Peking, over one-third of the American force was in the hospital. This was about the average throughout the army.

To the little brown soldiers of the Mikado such honors as this inglorious war has to bestow must, by common consent, fall. Unpleasantly surprising as it undoubtedly will be to Western nations, there is no gainsaying this. The Japanese have, of all the nationalities engaged in this business, shown to the best advantage. They came to the work intelligently equipped, in understanding of the situation, with its many requirements, and means to deal with it. They have consistently employed, from the beginning, both understanding and means. Because of these things their success has been conspicuous among nations which have heretofore arrogated to themselves, in invincible conceit, the crown of superiority.

In attempting to describe and analyze the qualities of the Japanese army it is somewhat difficult to discriminate between excellence which seems surprising in a race that the West has been apt to consider but partially civilized and actual superiority. Undoubtedly much of the praise now accorded to the Japanese has its origin in such surprise. For years the world has been told that Japan had a

first-class army; but the world, of course, took this to mean an army quite below the European standard. The White Man is intelligent, but his intelligence is not equal to conceiving the possibility of the Dark Man excelling him in anything. When suddenly confronted with facts he cannot ignore he is apt to lose correct



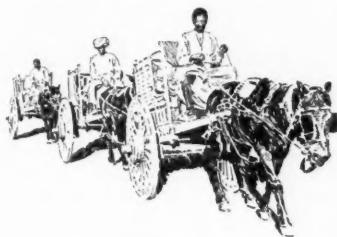
British-Indian Soup-kettles.

perspective in his amazement, and exaggerate their importance.

So, while cheerfully and fully admitting that the Japanese have performed most creditably in China, let us overcome our surprise sufficiently to be able to take them at their true value. In the very beginning of the trouble it was discovered that the War Office at Tokio possessed the only complete and correct military maps of the theatre of war. This was natural, China being the next door neighbor of the Island Empire. Yet, had it not been for Japan, the allies would have been without good maps. Early in the game the superiority of the Japanese intelligence staff became apparent, a fact which constantly sent the allied commanders to them for instruction and advice. In this way they acquired an ascendancy at the joint councils which they retained until Peking was relieved. Not that the commanders of other forces openly submitted themselves to be led by the Japs. Even if you are conscious that the Dark Man knows more than you, it will never do to admit it. The allied generals took counsel with the Japanese and then pretended to have known all about it all the time. This plan has been known to produce good results in other matters than war.

Nevertheless, by the time the march to Peking had begun there was an uneasy feeling among the allied forces that the Japs came pretty near being the whole

show. Whenever a hitch occurred, which was often, everybody seemed to look naturally to them. On the march to Peking their field telegraph alone prevented the allied army from losing communication with its base. The American Signal Corps, a branch our service is wont to boast of, did manage to string a wire and keep it open at least part of the time. Being on all sorts of improvised poles, in a treeless country, it naturally fell by the wayside with annoying frequency. Not so the Jap telegraph. It was provided with telescopic metal poles and braces, and when once set stood. An hour after the camp was pitched after a day's march,



Rajput (British) Commissary Carts.

the Japanese field telegraph would open communication with the next station in the rear. As for the British, Russian, French, and German telegraphs, they did not even try; a confession of incompetency quite ludicrous under the circumstances.

The work of the Japanese field medical corps was a revelation to people who had not seen the British-Indian field ambulances in action, and even gave "pointers" to that splendidly organized body. In all their transport the Japanese have utilized the 'ricksha idea, cleverly modifying it to suit various requirements. They have a sort of stretcher on wheels, which can be carried by two bearers or pushed as a cart with equal facility. There is also a horse-litter capable of carrying two men, one on each side of the animal. In addition, an unusually large number of bearers are attached to each ambulance. These men display wonderful celerity and great bravery in bringing men off the field under fire.

In their field hospitals, which follow rather more closely on the heels of action

than the European custom allows, are to be found every modern appliance and convenience for the care of the wounded. Nothing that the best German or English hospital should contain is lacking. It was quite noticeable that during engagements the Japanese wounded received much prompter attention than those of other nationalities. And, triumph of triumphs, the Japanese field hospitals were plentifully provided with ice. In a sweltering climate, where an incipient ice famine had made the cooling substance precious even in Tientsin, the Japanese field medical corps carried ice all the way to Peking. It was a miracle of foresight and efficiency which amazed the ambulance sections of the other divisions of that blistering army, when, on some days, the prostrations from heat were running up into hundreds, and men were dying for want of a bit of ice.

It is, however, in their commissariat and army transport that the Japanese really excel. These are army concerns of which the public know little and care less. They are chiefly used, when thought of at all, as post-bellum clubs to hit an administration with. To satisfy the ordinary reader, the story of a war must be all heroism and glory, with a little suffering thrown in to accentuate the valor and fortitude of the troops. Sherman's terse statement, "an army marches and fights upon its belly," touches no sentimental chord. But no man who has seen a campaign will dispute its truth.

There can be no doubt that in the operations in China the Japanese forces have moved with greater readiness and rapidity, with less fatigue to the troops, have been better supplied, and have, consequently, invariably entered engagements in better physical condition, and with a larger percentage of battalions present for duty than any of their allies. This was, as anyone can see, no mean accomplishment. Fighting efficiency and direction of opposing forces being approximately equal, the advantages just enumerated would be, under ordinary circumstances, quite enough to decide the issue of a campaign. Zola, in "La Débâcle," gives a marvellously vivid impression of what the lack of adequate transport and commissariat means to an army. His picture is not overdrawn.

To my mind, the superiority of the Jap-

anese transport hinges on one vital principle. There is no package that weighs more than sixty pounds, and whose bulk and shape are such as to prevent it from being carried by a man or packed on the back of an animal. There are no huge bales or boxes weighing a ton or more, and requiring a derrick to hoist. All Japanese army supplies, whether food, ammunition, or materials, are neatly encased in grass burlap coverings supplied with handles that may be used for either carrying or slinging. Such packages are transported with equal readiness on a vehicle or the back of a coolie. The vehicles used are extremely light, not liable to become mired, and easily taken across waterways. If a breakdown occurs it does not mean a blockade. Only the single vehicle is affected, and should ready repairs not be possible the load can easily and quickly be transferred. One of the strongest points of the Japanese transport is the employment of great numbers of coolies. To the use of such auxiliaries I shall refer again.

And so, while the British, Russian, French, and American (particularly the latter) transport was so wretchedly inadequate that the movement of those divisions was not only constantly retarded, but the troops left unprovided with many necessities, the Japanese columns moved with a celerity which would have continually distanced their allies had they not been held back; and their soldiers were fully supplied.

Some comparisons may emphasize these statements. Take the matter of army water-supply. Could anything be more important? Examine military medical statistics and you will find that half the ills an army is heir to are directly traceable to the use of bad water. This is so well established that to mention it seems like stating that two and two make four. I sometimes wonder whether we Americans shall ever learn some things, and generally sadly reach the conclusion that we never shall. In this problem of army water-supply, the Japs stand for Efficiency, the Americans for Deficiency; with the other nations straggling along somewhere between. The water in North China is so bad that resident Europeans will not drink it until it has been boiled and filtered. This fact was well known before a foreign

soldier set foot at Taku. It was also realized that there was danger of wells being poisoned by the Chinese, while to use, unpurified, the filth-laden waters of the canals and rivers was to invite an epidemic among the troops. A reasonable regard not only for the lives of the men, but for the success of the operations which depended on their ability to march and fight, would have suggested extraordinary precautions.

Some nations took them; some did not.

The Japanese came fully provided with portable filters for use in the field. They were the only troops who possessed these necessary utensils, and they spared the men much. They also had, in common with all the allies except the Americans, provision for supplying the troops with water while on the march or in action. More than two years ago, now, I accompanied the United States army that made the glorious, but, in many ways, disastrous, campaign against Santiago. In that campaign we paid a price for ignorance which might have taught us a wholesome lesson. One of the deficiencies which impressed me most, and one commented on by all the foreign military attachés who accompanied the army, was the utter lack of water-supply beyond the small quantity the men could carry in their canteens. There was no reserve. When the water-bottles ran dry the men would drop out of the line of march to replenish them. In so profusely watered a country as Cuba that was not difficult, as water could always be found near by or secured while crossing a stream, but the custom is always retarding of progress and detrimental to discipline. But even where water is most plentiful, the practice throws the door wide open to the insidious disease-germ. Here in China, where water is fairly plentiful, but marvellously filthy, to provide no reserve water-supply for troops on the march is to condemn all of them to needless suffering and many of them to death. Two

years of almost constant campaigning in the Philippines, coupled with the experiences in Cuba, have taught Americans nothing. Our troops turned up in China with their canteens and no more. I believe one or two filters, suitable for camp or barrack use, and too cumbersome for ready transport, have finally arrived. But they could not, had they been here in time, have been utilized on the march to Peking.

And if ever troops needed reserve water-supply, for urgency as well as sanitary reasons, it was on that march. The Japanese, Russians, Germans, French, and British all were provided in some way. The Japanese drank only aerated water, prepared regularly by the field filters, the water-carts moving with the column and permitting the replen-



Commandeered Chinese Wheelbarrow Train.

ishing of canteens at any time without hindering the march or scattering the troops. For the Japanese officers and wounded there was an ample supply of bottled mineral water. The British, Russians, and Germans all had a reserve supply, either in carts or carried in skins on mules. Only the Americans were utterly destitute. An average of one-third of the force was always away from the column on a hunt for drinkable water. At nightfall, when the camps were pitched, they would have, perhaps, to tramp long distances to obtain enough water for cooking purposes, while all the other allies had theirs ready to hand, simply because it was some one's business to attend to it and proper facilities were provided. Truly, 'tis a lop-sided commissary service which supplies an army with solid food—and woe to it if it fail—but makes no provision whatever for water.

While both are indispensable, water is far more of an urgent necessity to troops than is other food. Frequently a few drops mean whether a soldier will drop or continue to march, and the first cry of a wounded man is for water. The advisability of supplying troops with water, even



while in action, has long been recognized, and, notwithstanding the difficulty, has been successfully accomplished. In this war, I have, for the first time, seen the "bhisti," whom Kipling has immortalized as "Gunga Din," at work. He has a brother now in the Jap water-coolie, whose duty is to supply water to troops in action and succor the wounded on the field. Some day, perhaps, Uncle Sam may awake to appreciation of the necessity of some needed reforms in his army, and take a leaf out of the Mikado's book. Three days after the allied forces entered Peking over eight hundred Americans, or one-third the total force under General Chaffee, were in the hospital. The percentage of Japanese troops unfit for duty at the same time was less than five. Yet they had done more work during the campaign than had the Americans.

One important advantage which the Japanese commissariat has over those of other nations must not, in fairness, be left unmentioned. Japanese troops can subsist and are contented with a ration on which English, Germans, or Americans would starve. Their field ration consists of rice and dried fish, which is only supplemented by what the men can procure on the march. This may be much or little. It depends on what the country contains. The Japs are splendid foragers, and believe, for policy as well as comfort, in living off the enemy's country. But when the country is barren they get along excellently on their rice and fish.

The American is the best-fed soldier in the world. Uncle Sam is liberal, even though not always intelligent in his liberality. Officers of other nations are amazed at the quantity, quality, and variety of the United States ration. They have also remarked that, while in barracks or near the commissary base our privates enjoy comparative luxury, on the march they rarely have more than bacon and hardtack. Once it began to move, our commissariat broke down to the level of the poorest of the poor. Lack of adequate transport was the cause. We seem, for some reason, always to be lacking proper transport. Some day we may realize that the cumbersome, heavy, six-mule army wagon is not adaptable to all requirements. Then Uncle Sam may look about a bit, take a few notes,

and make some modifications in a system that has not known the slightest improvement since the Civil War.

Some of the powers are just as badly off as the United States in this matter, but some are immeasurably superior. The Japanese and British-Indian contingents are the best. They have not only developed the light-vehicle and small-package system to a high state of excellence, but they have found another accelerator in the use of a large number of camp-followers. In a British or Japanese regiment the number of camp-followers almost equals the number of men bearing arms. These auxiliaries are really servants of the troops. They relieve the fighting men of all superfluous luggage on the march and do the camp labor when the column halts. The Japanese or British-Indian soldier carries nothing while marching except his rifle, ammunition, and water-bottle. Not only can he move faster and with less fatigue, but he is prepared to go into action at instant notice. The American, German, or French soldier, if suddenly attacked or brought into action, has to cast aside his heavy, bulky kit. These are frequently stolen before the men return to secure them, if they ever do. Witness the denuding of our troops by the straggling bands of Cubans during the Santiago campaign. Then, suppose the troops advance several miles in the course of an engagement, which frequently happens; they must either abandon their camp equipment entirely or return for it, even if they can locate and find it intact, thus covering a distance three times where once should have sufficed. Such matters as these often decide the success or failure of a campaign. It is a humiliating fact that in nearly every march of any distance which the allies have made in China, the Americans held the column back because they were unable to keep up. I recall a remark of General Dorward, as he watched the little detachment of Americans toil painfully and slowly through the mud on the march to Tulin. The General, who commanded the expeditionary force, had ridden back with his staff to see what was keeping the Yankees back.

"Fine fellows," he said, as he gazed at them. "Fine fellows. Splendid physiques. Pity they load them down so they can't march."



It was a matter of comment during the march to Peking that the Americans had more men drop out from heat prostration, and required to rest oftener than the troops of any other nation. Frequently one-fourth the American force, with those who went down and those who stopped to attend them, would be out. The climate cannot account for this. It is very similar to that of the greater part of the United States. The troops were not "green."



British-Indian Galloping Ambulance.

They were veterans, just from months of active service in the Philippines and Cuba. It was not inferiority of physique. The Americans are the strongest men out here. What, then, was the reason? The men were required to do too much. In marching they carried three times the weight imposed upon Japanese, British, or Russian troops. Then, a dozen times during a day they were compelled to make detours to replenish their water-bottles. While, the march having ended, the Japs or British soldiers were taking things easy while their camp-followers pitched the tents, lighted the fires, cooked the food, and prepared the beds, the weary American was doing all those things for himself. What wonder that he frequently, from sheer exhaustion, went supperless to bed, and slept unsheltered rather than undergo the labor of pitching his tent, to become, the next day, a ready victim to heat or dysentery? The camp auxiliary certainly pays for his keep. These digressions are taking me away from the Japanese. However, they will creep in. If I have taken the Jap as a text for a comparative sermon, it is because he has deserved that prominence by the work he has done. Still, I would not convey the impression that he is the best soldier in the world, for I do not think that he is. His fighting reputation is based on whipping the Chinese. He must be tried on

stiffer material before we shall believe in him thoroughly. There always remains the doubt as to his behavior against whites. Not that when you analyze him such doubt is really warranted. I have no hesitation in recording my opinion that he could give some European troops a sound thrashing, and would prove a troublesome customer for any. It profits nothing to say his up-to-dateness is merely clever imitation of Western methods. 'Tis an imitation that has caught fundamental principles and subjected them to skilful modification to meet his own peculiarities. We must take the Jap as we find him. And here he is: conspicuous in a military show of all nations, completely armed and equipped,



Italian Muleteers.

brave, dashing, alert—altogether a genuinely good little soldier.

Next to the Japanese, the Russians have played the more important part. This was in no sense due to superior efficiency, but because they had the troops. In this war the Russian soldier is much as he was when he stormed the slippery glacis of Plevna, or forced, in the teeth of the Turkish infantry, the Shipka Pass. He will take his gruelling with the best of them, and that means much. He is rough, hardy, uncouth, almost a barbarian; capable of giving hard knocks and taking them cheerfully. No mistaken moral ideas about the conduct of war blunt the edge of his ready sword. He has no comforts, nor misses them. All in all, he is as good as the average, and will take a deal of beating before he cries quits.

The Germans have so far had slim opportunity in actual work. In the days when there was fighting there were too few to accomplish much. Since then they have arrived in large numbers, and have made an excellent impression. They have

a thoroughly soldierly appearance, and their discipline is superior. Their general conduct is best among the allied forces, being noticeably less addicted to looting and drunkenness. One thing which caught my eye is their shelter tentage. Each soldier carries a square of canvas and a jointed pole. These squares may be put together in almost every conceivable shape, from a V tent to a large hut-shaped structure. They have a way of building company quarters in a hollow square which certainly has advantages. In arms and general equipment they do not differ materially from the troops of other powers. The German officers, I must say, seem an intelligent, capable lot.

As a man who in youth imbibed great notions of the prowess and chivalry of the French soldier, I have been bitterly disappointed by their appearance and showing in China. As a rule they are dirty, unkempt, almost disreputable in appearance. And their conduct has fallen far below the standard set by the legions of Napoleon. To say that they have not distinguished themselves in action is to put their conduct mildly. As to that, reticence is charity. But I cannot cover up or excuse the spirit of destruction which has characterized the French soldier in this war. The Russian is brutal; the Jap callous. But neither is wanton. A Frenchman, it seems, will go out of his way to commit a cruel deed or wreak some senseless damage. I will not clog this story with details. They might vary from the showing of aged women as an idle test of marksmanship, to thrusting bayonets into dumb animals in order to laugh at their screams. One can fathom the motive for murder of non-combatants in heat of battle, for the loot and burning of cities, and even for worse things. We do not attempt to excuse, but we understand. I cannot understand acts which French soldiers have committed in this war, with a frequency and consistency which distinctly brand the nationality.

It should be mentioned, not in extenuation, but in fairness to the French army and people, that the troops whose conduct has justified this criticism are not regulars, but regiments from Tonquin and Cochinchina. Those regiments, I am informed, are chiefly composed of men who left

France for the good of their country. Troops now arriving are evidently, from their appearance and conduct, of a different stripe. My faith in the French soldier which survived 1870 has not yet been dissipated, but it has been jarred not a little.

The British Empire has been represented in China almost entirely by its Indian troops. To them the experience has been invaluable. To others the opportunity of seeing a part of the Indian army in action has been fraught with opportunity to estimate and learn. The Indians have astonished no one, but they have passed with tolerable credit through the ordeal of comparison. Despite a disposition to become wobbly at trying moments, they have behaved well. Their management of extended order tactics is superior to any troops in the field. Their principal weakness seems to be a lack of individual initiative. Their marching quality is high and their transport second only to the Japanese. However, I do not consider them strictly first-class troops. Your Indian is not the real British soldier—the man we have in mind when we think of Waterloo or Lucknow. That man has not been in this Chinese business. He had other work to do. But he has not been missed. “The Drums of the Fore and Aft” have not beat in this war.

The Austrians and Italians have played merely a perfunctory part, and have not distinguished themselves one way or the other. The little they have been called upon to do has been done fairly well, with one or two trifling exceptions. In appearance they are the average troops. The Italian officers are the nattiest, as the men are the dirtiest, in evidence. Both Austrians and Italians have been too inconspicuous to upset any old ideas or shape new ones.

In spite of his many handicaps, the American soldier has fully held his own. He has numerous weaknesses, but fear of the enemy is not, fortunately for the security of the Republic, among them. I heard foreign officers freely criticise his military manners and organization, but never his fighting qualities, once his burden of antiquated methods has been cast aside and he faces the foe on the firing-line. Then is he as he always was, and,

let us hope, always will be. In all the criticism one hears there is an undercurrent of respect. I never see him in a fight but I feel, with absolute certainty, that the American soldier will ever give a good account of himself if not asked to do more than should be asked of a man. Other elements being approximately equal, the stoutest heart and steadiest nerve will win the most battles. In these qualities Uncle Sam's boys are second to none. "They've done their share," is the verdict of people in China, who have been here through it all.

To sit in Victoria Gardens when the band plays and watch the ways and manners of the soldiers of all nations is, in itself, a liberal military education. Germans and Russians stiff and formal, clicking heels and touching visors in endless salutes; French and Italians debonair and jaunty, a trifle less ramroddy, but studiously polite; British and Americans careless, at ease, and openly scornful of the pose militant. There is a discourse on nationality in the dress of people you see. German and Russian officers are never without their swords; British and Americans never with them. Contrasted with the gaudy uniforms worn by officers of most armies, the Americans look almost distressingly sombre. Their best suit is a fatigue uniform and campaign hat, generally much the worse for being slept in. In appearance they cut the poorest figure of the lot. The American private, however, maintains the average. He is far away the neatest and cleanest looking soldier to be seen. He is also drunk oftener than his friends could wish, and then he should be shunned.

If discipline alone could gain battles the Germans would never lose, the American never win. "Lack discipline" is the stock comment of foreign officers on American troops. Now discipline must not be spoken

of as a fixed quantity. The same discipline will no more fit all nationalities than the same size boots will fit all men. Of the various disciplines now on exhibition in China, that of the Russians is harshest. One day, during a march, I saw a Russian officer beating a soldier with his whip because a cart had broken down. The man took the blows without protest, and apparently without shame. An American officer who was passing dismounted and helped the soldier to mend his cart-wheel. There was exemplified two different ideas of discipline. You could not control a Russian army with American discipline; no more could you manage an American army with Russian discipline. The conclusion is, I think, that discipline is comparative, not positive.

If I have not entered into matters of modern weapons and their effectiveness, and the newer tactics which have been developed out of their introduction, it is because this warfare in China has brought out little or nothing not fully known and considered before. All the troops in these operations have been armed with magazine rifles of high power, and have employed breech-loading artillery. Strictly up-to-date field artillery did not make its bow, as I hoped and rather expected. The tactical and armament lessons of the war in South Africa are still shaping in war offices and arsenals. They have yet to make their appearance on the tented field. If the Chinese proved that even in unskilled hands the modern rifle is destructive to life, he also proved conclusively that something more than modern weapons is needed to secure even the strongest position. The lessons of this war have chiefly held to the prosaic lines of organization, supply, and equipment, and on matters such as these they have shed a brilliant light for those who care to learn.

*French Sappers and Miners.*



## AUGUSTE RODIN

By W. C. Brownell



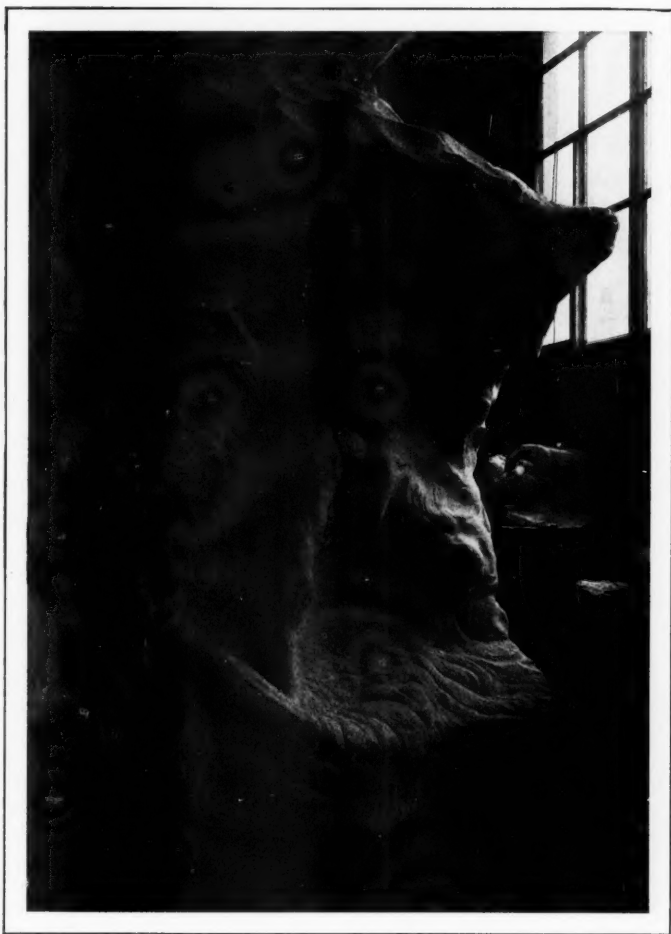
TWENTY years ago Rodin had a few devoted admirers. Connoisseurs like Antonin Proust, artists like Bastien-Lepage and Dalou, an occasional critic like Mr. Henley, but in Paris itself he was generally known as an eccentric and revolutionary spirit whose works were so fantastic as to be negligible; and outside of Paris he was not known at all. To-day, visitors to the French Exposition view his sculpture in a pavilion devoted expressly to it, authorized by the city of Paris. The contrast is very striking. For such a change in public sentiment most artists have had to wait longer, not rarely longer than their own lifetime; Delacroix, Millet, Manet, for example. But a decade ago Rodin had conquered official opposition and triumphed over critical contumely. Not only had Proust given him the magnificent commission of the *Porte de l'Enfer*, but his uncompromising St. John Baptist first and then his noble and beautiful bust of Mme. Morla, had stormed successfully the defences of the Luxembourg. And at about the same time some eighty of the foremost artists and men of letters of Paris gave him a banquet on the sole ground of his artistic pre-eminence.

From the artists and connoisseurs his fame spread quickly to the public. The journals, purely secular as well as artistic, took note of his works and devoted articles to him. By this time his bibliography is probably greater than that of the combined Institute school. With Puvis de Chavannes alone among French artists, perhaps, he shared the primacy of both popular and dilettante interest. Important commissions were entrusted to him—the monuments to Claude Lorrain, to Bastien-Lepage, to Victor Hugo, to the Bourgeois of Calais, to Balzac. The sensation made by his execution of the last-named everyone will recall. It marked the culmination of Rodin's vogue in crystallizing popular opinion, in transforming into hostility what popular indifference and ignorance

still existed about him, and in developing his admirers into partisans, not to say fanatics. Thenceforth, at all events, popular opinion felt that he had no new surprises for it. More markedly than his other works, more unmistakably, more brutally, as the French say, the Balzac distinguishes his sculpture from that of the graceful and elegant art that has been evolved under the *ægis* of the Institute. So that, taken in connection with his singularizing exhibit at the Exposition this year, the sensation over the Balzac may be said to have created for the public in general, interested in such matters, an interesting "situation," in French sculpture at the present time.

The situation is briefly this: What is known as the Modern French School, the Institute or academic sculptors, the sculptors who follow the traditions of the *Ecole des Beaux-Arts* are on one side; on the other are Rodin, Dalou, Aubé, Bartholomé, and one or two more who have hardly reached eminence as yet, together with a very considerable number of intelligent practitioners who show in a marked—and often in an excessive—way the influence of Rodin's gospel of expression and animation. Of course such a powerful personality as Rodin's, now that it has expressed itself so adequately and in such luxuriance as his has done, is universally recognized even by traditional critics and public as something to be reckoned with. But high as he now stands, different as is his position now from what it was not so very long ago when eccentricity was regarded as the main characteristic of his talent, nevertheless the traditional criticism even in Paris—the home equally of new ideas and of academic convention—is undoubtedly more inclined contentedly to repose upon what it regards as the safe thing, the thing that requires of it no repigeon-holing of its notions, upon, in a word, the Institute sculpture.

Now, the Institute sculpture of the present day is thoroughly imitative and Italianate. Its model is the sculpture of the



Apollo.

Italian Renaissance. It modifies this model very perceptibly by the addition of the French element of style, as it could hardly fail to do, being French at all; for the most individual trait of the French artistic genius is a faculty for style, for the generalized, typical, synthetized presentation of artistic material, in contradistinction to the free and fanciful individualized treatment of the Italian Renaissance. At the same time M. Rodin is perfectly right in what he said to me some years ago: "Formerly we used to do the Greek thing" (meaning Pradier, for example); "now we do the Italian"

(meaning the current Institute sculpture). *Autrefois nous faisons du grec, maintenant nous faisons de l'italien.* Compare, for instance, M. Mercié's David sheathing his sword after slaying Goliath with Donatello's figure of the same subject, or M. Paul Dubois's Charity from the admirable tomb of General de Lamoricière at Nantes with Jacopo Della Quercia's group of the Sienna fountain. The French two are essentially reflections. M. Saint-Marceaux's fine "Genius Guarding the Secret of the Tomb" is similarly inspired by the Youths of the Sistine ceiling. Instances



The Bourgeois of Calais.

might be multiplied. There is a difference, but it is a national, not a personal difference. Essentially it is the same thing,

done from the same point of view, only by a sculptor of a different nationality under different conditions. Even of Frémiet's admirable equestrian figures, his Jeanne d'Arc of the Place des Pyramides, his Louis d'Orléans of the Château de Pierrefonds, his Torch-bearer of the Middle Ages of the Paris Hôtel de Ville, one's first thought is: Would they ever have existed, or would they have existed in just the aspect they have, had it not been for the Bartolommeo Colleone of Verrocchio at Venice or the Gattamelata of Donatello at Padua.

Well, in opposition to this spirit of traditional respect for, and refinement upon, and delicate

variation of, types already fixed, suddenly appears Auguste Rodin. His art is thoroughly revolutionary of received standards. It furnishes what the French call a *point de repère*, and recalls routine to its point of departure, as the appearance of a great artist, a master, always does. He has been called a French Michael Angelo, and the epithet, though quite erroneous, is a serviceable one to illustrate just the point I desire to make with regard to the Institute sculpture from which Rodin's differs so radically. He is a parallel, but neither an imitator nor a follower of Michael Angelo. In other words, his temperament is in some measure analogous to that of the great Florentine, but his art is his own. Some of his figures recall figures of Michael Angelo, but they recall them in a directly opposite way from that in which the Institute sculpture recalls the sculpture of the Renaissance. To begin with, they recall them powerfully, not weakly—but that is nothing. They are conceived in somewhat the same spirit, not run in identically the same mould—which is everything. The impressive figure of the Thinker, the Poet, the Dreamer which dominates and seems to evoke the multitudinous images of the Dante portal for the Musée des Arts Décoratifs recalls the



From the Porte de l'Enfer.

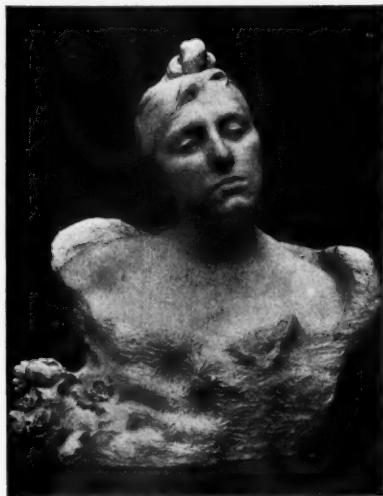


Pensieroso of the Medici chapel. The Adam of the same composition recalls one of the slaves for the monument of Pope Julius II., the Age d'Airain the other. But note how differently they suggest them from the way in which M. Saint-Marceaux's Genius, for instance, suggests one of the Athletes of the Sistine Ceiling. The resemblance is in movement, in *general* conception, in those characteristics which are the common property of all artists of all time. M. Saint-Marceaux's figure is essentially a variant.

More speciously but not more soundly Rodin has been said to derive from the Gothic. I say "speciously," because the implication is that his sculpture sustains the same relation to Gothic sculpture that the Institute sculpture does to that of the Italian Renaissance, an imitative relation, that is to say. As a matter of fact, imitation of Gothic sculpture is impossible. Its essence is freedom; there is nothing about it to imitate, no formula to repeat. The "Gothic revival" of which we used to hear so much owed its strength to its conception of "Gothic" as an artistic attitude, and declined in platitudes when, forgetting this, it endeavored to reproduce artistic forms. However true it may be that "mankind is one in spirit," in anything with so prominent an external side as plastic art, the modern and the mediæval world differ too widely to resemble each other greatly in their genuine expressions. In a sense, of course, Rodin's sculpture has a Gothic derivation, and in looking at it one recalls Rheims as reasonably as, on account of its grandeur of style and sentiment, one does Michael Angelo, and, on account of its plastic beauties, the antique. For that matter Rheims itself recalls the antique, and in most vivid

fashion. "They say I copy the Primitifs," said Puvis de Chavannes. "Why not say I have the same temperament and see things in the same way"—that is, the way of looking at them that antedated formulary; the natural way of viewing nature; the way that was abandoned only when the eminence of the Cinque-centists overwhelmed their feebler successors and

imposed upon their hypnotized incapacity types so palpably perfect as, excusably, to constitute for them an obsession. Rodin's resemblance to the Gothic resides in his illustration of the same freedom, the same susceptibility to new problems, the same inclination to new solutions of old ones, the same delight in nature's inexhaustibility, the same carelessness for completeness and perfection. His art is altogether too personal for formulary of any kind to have furnished its *provenance*.



Mme. Morla, Marble Portrait Bust.  
(Luxembourg Gallery.)

There is, however, one element of it which allies it with mediæval art even more closely than its freedom and its attitude of dealing directly with nature—its sentiment namely. It is saturated with the sentiment in virtue of which the modern and the mediæval world enjoy a kinship unshared by the antique. The antique world had its own sentiment, and a sentiment of which we probably comprehend very little the depth, the elevation, or the quality. But compared with the mediæval and the modern sentiment it may be said to have been held tranquilly in the leash of reason, and to have been—no doubt in consequence—less individual, less absorbing, monopolizing, overwhelming, less personal. Rodin's work is drenched in sentiment, and sentiment so personally felt as to have been expressed with the utmost singleness and concentration of enthusiasm. The most unsympathetic observer must note



Military Courage.  
By Dubois.



Il Pensieroso.  
By Michael Angelo.



The Poet.  
By Rodin.

[The above reproductions furnish an illustration of the contention of the text regarding the respective relations of Rodin's sculpture and that of the Institute, as exemplified by Paul Dubois, to the sculpture of Michael Angelo.]

this, however much he may himself prefer quality to feeling, and in the presence of feeling manifested in unfamiliar guise recoil in self-defence upon the familiar trades-union standard of "regularity." What one observes in a work by M. Paul Dubois, let us say, is quality. As quality it may be admirable or insignificant, but its appeal is to one's sense for the abstract, the general. It happens that it comes from the sculptor's connoisseurship, from his sympathetic appreciation of the way in which the Renaissance sculptors treated their projects or solved their problems. But it does not so much matter where an artist gets his effect as what he gets. M. Dubois gets, as I say, quality. Rodin gets feeling. The difference is exactly antipodal—or would be if there were not an immense amount of quality also in the expression of Rodin's feeling.

The distinction between Rodin's art and the art of the Institute sculptors can be expressed very definitely, I think, by saying that one is inspired by nature and guided by tradition, and the other inspired by tradition and guided by nature. It is difficult to reprehend too strongly the error and the evil of counsels sometimes addressed to American artists in especial, to abandon their artistic patrimony and "be themselves"—the insistence, in other words, upon an originality that is a pure

abstraction and is characteristic of no great artist since the evolution of art began. Everything depends upon the way in which one makes use of his patrimony. There is an eternal opposition between using it in a routine and mechanical way, drawing the interest on it, so to speak, from time to time on the one hand, and on the other reinvesting it according to the dictates of one's own feeling and faculty. This latter is what every great artist has done. It is the Greek method. It is what Phidias did with the Æginetan tradition. It is what Donatello did with the Greek models that research unearthed at the Renaissance. It is what Raphael did with the material he found at the Baths of Titus, as well as that furnished him by his immediate predecessors. It is what Rodin has done with what his forerunners of Greece and Italy have devised him. It is exactly what the Institute sculpture does *not* do.

The Institute sculpture occupies a very distinguished eminence in the estimation of every competent critic. It has, as a school, no rival in modern times. Fancy comparing Dubois, Mercié, Barrias, Le Feuvre, with any English, Italian, or German school of professional sculptors. But to speak of it as a legitimate successor of and as on somewhat the same plane with the two other so-called schools with which



The Kiss.

only it is to be compared—the Greek and the Italian Renaissance—is to lose sight of both its qualities and its defects—its cardinal qualities of style, taste, elegance, competence, and its radical defect of traditional inspiration. Closely considered its artistic result lacks significance. It has no personal sap, savor, meaning. It is wonderfully well done. But, in the last analysis, one must ask the question, Why do it at all, if you care so little about it? Everyone nowadays can see that this is true of many of the admirably equipped and in many respects admirable painters who have won distinction for the Institute, but whose day is over. Why can they not see that it is true of the Institute sculpture? Rodin's mission has been to expose the insipidity of this kind of perfection, and to throw into sharp and bold relief against the contemporary French background of

the sculpture inspired by and based on tradition, the ever-living, ever-new evocations of an original genius, corrected and chastened by tradition, but suggested, inspired, teased out of the imagination by Nature herself.

At the same time, however it may be travestied by insipidity and petrified by convention, the feeling for perfection in and for itself remains a part of the artist's proper inspiration and the pursuit of it a part of his business. It is the counterweight of the interpretation of nature, in advocacy of which Rodin is so eloquently—and exclusively—enthusiastic. In an environment of æsthetic system and rigid regularization, such as that created by the French Institute, it is not surprising that the protestantism of a temperament like Rodin's should be equally rigorous. But there is something besides nature, there



Meissonnier, by Frémiet.



Balzac, by Rodin.

is man. And deeply implanted in man is the sense that inspires him with the love of perfection and the effort to attain it. Let him seek it in nature then, replies M. Rodin, he will find it nowhere else, least of all in his own formularies. Very well, one may rejoin, but in the first place seeking implies a standard of selection, which your magnification of nature tends to forget, and in the second the necessity of selection once admitted, an acquaintance with the history of æsthetic selection, its theory and practice, is inevitably to be deduced as a salutary and important corollary. The necessity of not taking nature indiscriminately as one finds it, I dare say, Rodin would admit, as a purely abstract proposition, at all events. But his talk (naturally, I repeat, given his temperament and his environment) is exclusively magnification of nature. "Nonsense," he says, according to M. Gabriel Mourey ;

"there is no need of the imagination to be a great artist ; it is enough to observe nature, to be a patient workman, and to have a little intelligence." The ambiguity is in the "little intelligence." Otherwise the remark is an abuse of language, of course. But within the radius of the Institute's influence to magnify nature is venial. Besides it is instinctive with Rodin to minimize his share in his own work, so enthusiastic a devotee is he of the source of his inspiration. I remember once, after listening to him talk in his convinced and copious way in this strain, asking him if it wasn't possible to overdo the matter and by thinking only of nature to produce art that was more naturalistic than natural : "Yes," he said, "for a mediocre artist." And he would, no doubt, maintain that, whatever metaphysical position logic imposed on æsthetic philosophy in this matter, the artist's training should be general

enough to render his selection instinctive. This theory and his practice are in perfect accord. The study of tradition, acquaintanceship with the selective genius of the long line of antecedent artists, familiarity with what the Greek, the mediæval, the Renaissance artists saw in nature—culture, in a word—are not particularly apparent in Rodin's sculpture, and they do not in themselves directly tend to produce art of which the note is life, personality, originality, vigor, intensity, variety—the best in modern art, that is to say. They tend, however, to exalt the salutary, the serene, and the important principle of perfection, to keep its worship alive, to pass on its torch to the next hand. They tend to curb the violent, to restrain the exaggerated, to elevate the ignoble. In brief, the office of culture is the same in the province of art as it is elsewhere, the cultivation of the sense of perfection, the sense which nature with its incompleteness and its immense inorganic content of infinite suggestion cannot supply. The peril of the pursuit of perfection is inanity; it was a maxim of the schools that "a perfect being can have no parts." The peril of nature-worship is eccentricity. Opposite temperaments will always differ as to the comparative value of the two. And nothing is more characteristic of the present century, in which art has become self-conscious, than the breach into which this difference has widened. On the one hand there is the tendency strikingly manifested, for example, in the circumstance that our age is the first to preserve and



Bust of Falguière.

"restore" the art of other epochs with a reverence not accorded to its own, and on the other the tendency universally affirmed to be specifically modern, the tendency to independence and differentiation. There are, in fine, two masters whom it is difficult for the artist to serve and render each his due without withholding it from the other.

I think it is "the greater inclination" of the balance in Rodin's hands toward a somewhat peremptory and exclusive exaltation of nature, to an extent which eliminates the element of perfection, a distinct effort for which we are apt to associate with all art, that accounts in general for the sincere scepticism with which his sculpture is viewed by those whom it has not yet won. I can, to be sure, easily fancy his answer to this qualification of his artistic completeness. "Perfection," he would say, "is a chimera. You really have no notion of what you mean by it. As a matter of fact none of the great artists pursued it, except as instinctively they recognized suggestions of it in the nature which, in proportion to their greatness, they studied profoundly." And he



Danaïd.



Spring.

would recall the fact, which he once told me, that he had found in an antique statue in the Naples Museum the results of three months' study which he had devoted to nature in the modelling of a leg of his "Age d'Airain." He would agree with Mr. Eakins—his closest parallel in this country, as regards theory—whom I remember remarking, rather contemptuously: "The Greeks didn't 'draw from the antique.'" As to Michael Angelo, to whom it is significant that he greatly prefers Donatello, he would maintain that it is either in spite of or in virtue of his defects rather than of his qualities that he is so unduly admired as a sculptor—a contention betraying a fairly pantheistic preference of the concrete to the abstract.

In rejoinder one could surely assert that no one better than Rodin himself knows the practice of the greatest artists.

He, at all events, is not an example of what may be attained without familiarity with the line of tradition. How much or how little it may have influenced him is "known only to the gods," and though his practice must certainly be held to illustrate his theory, there is to be borne in mind that incalculable quantity, "a little intelligence," which saves one from being "a mediocre artist" and which no study of nature can supply. M. Rodin would undoubtedly admit that to this end art is, if not an inspiration like nature, an influence of stimulant, formative, restraining and instructive worth, and that familiarity with the syntheses of nature that have stood the test of time has the value of culture in any field of effort. So far we are agreed, perhaps. But besides that, there is the extra-natural and wholly human aspiration for perfection, for the achieve-



ment of completeness in beauty, the neglect of which is now and then to be felt in Rodin's work.

On the other hand one reason for the vogue that he has won lies on the surface. The present is an era of nature-worship, and Rodin deals with nature directly, exclusively, and copiously. No sculptor of modern or classic times has established a more quintessential familiarity with her. So uncompromising and so obvious is his point of view, and so antagonistic is it to that usually illustrated in modern sculpture, that it seems absolutely novel and original; and a fresh point of view is, nowadays, as welcome as naturalistic inspiration—after it has once succeeded in imposing itself. He does not express the idea of his figures or compositions by the conventional symbols common to most artists, but by actual realization. He does not depend upon this kind of suggestion, but challenges the observer by the complete structural expression which may be called the key-note of his sculpture. He does not rely upon the physiognomy to convey his idea of character, but expresses it with the entire physique. The gesture is derived from the form, the pose is dictated by the substance, so that both emphasize the character which controls them, instead of merely suggesting it in a conventional language of their own. Much modern sculpture might be differentiated, at least for those who inspect and admire it, by the purely psychological expression that is given to it by the sculptor—that is to say, by a literary label. If the rest is well done, competently executed, that is all that is asked. Every detail of Rodin's sculpture is speaking. If it were knocked to pieces its fragments would still be interesting. But not only that—not only is its detail interesting as artistic reproduction of naturalistic detail, but it is all carefully studied *as* detail, and by no means insisted upon unduly to the detriment of the *ensemble*, of the idea, or whole, to be enforced. Perhaps no one in our time—painter or sculptor—has been able to present the actual breathing, human being so adequately, so palpably. So far as science is concerned M. Rodin is more than a match for the best equipped pupils that the Institute turns out.

He handles clay as freely as an im-

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pressionist painter does pigments. His skill is quite unexampled, and one sees at once, in looking at any of his works, that technically he can do anything he chooses. His great distinction in this respect is that what he chooses to do is the interpretative representation of nature. He has none of the sculptor's traditions as to what is fit subject for representation in form. Nature is his to work with as fully and abundantly as she is the least academic painter's. What he tries to do, what he succeeds beyond comparison in doing, is to express nature—as forcibly as Rousseau or Manet can. For sculpture this—in the degree in which Rodin does it, at least—was in modern art a new thing. His range in this is extraordinary. It extends from the prettinesses of Clodion to the heroic works of—but really when it comes to heroic sculpture is there any one since Michael Angelo to whom Rodin can be compared? His little heads, such as that called *Alsace*, his little groups, such as *The Wave* and *the Shore*, his small figures, such as the slight *fantaisie* which, as Bastien-Lepage once said to me, is a definition in itself of exactly what art is, are exquisite beyond any works of the purely dilettante sculptor, even of the sculptor of the rank and class of Cellini, because they are very far from being the exercise of the instinct of preciousity, but are as solidly based on the reality of nature as Barye's animals or Donatello's men.

It is Rodin's temperament, however, not his modelling, superb as his modelling is, that is the conspicuous, the interesting, the noteworthy thing to be discerned in his work. His imagination is one of the most fertile and at the same time most original, most particular, that have expressed themselves plastically in the whole history of art—not French art alone. To express his imaginings, however personal, he uses, it is true, the infinitely varied material of concrete nature and the material world, and in a way which often appears to elicit its suggestiveness rather than embody its echo in his own susceptibility. But it is nevertheless true that his work shows a wealth of imaginativeness. And when to this variety of invention we add the sentiment with which, as I have already said, his sculpture is saturated, it need hardly be added that his tempera-

ment is thoroughly romantic and poetic. Realistic as his work is in fidelity to the form and substance of nature, it is temperamentally as far as possible removed from that naturalistic inspiration which is half science. The Balzac has been enough discussed, but it may be pointed out that whatever its success or failure, it emphasizes the temperamental side of Rodin's genius, which is here unbalanced by the determination and concreteness usually so marked in his work. Compare it for sentiment, for elevation, for grandeur, with such a work as M. Frémiet's Meissonnier, the last word in Institute realism. The accompanying reproductions will enable the reader readily to do so. The *Porte de l'Enfer*, which has absorbed Rodin for nearly twenty years, is, as Dalou said, long before it reached its present pitch of interest, one of the most, if not the most, original and astonishing pieces of sculpture of the nineteenth century. Imaginatively, one may say without hyperbole, it is adequately Dantesque, at least on its horrent side, and it has depths of poignant sweetness and intense pathos in its beautiful arabesque of line and boss that render it unique. The Calais Bourgeois shows a wholly novel and moving treatment of a problem as large and difficult as a sculptor can be called upon to solve. The busts of Mme. Morla, of Victor Hugo, of Dalou, of Legros, of Laurens, of a score of other celebrities, attest a striking individuality in taking and treating the most hackneyed of all sculptural endeavors—the portrait bust. The St. Jean, and Adam and Eve, and the Age d'Airain, the monuments of Claude Lorrain, of Bastien-Lepage, of Victor Hugo, are equally illustrative of versatility upon a high plane of imaginative effort and natural inspiration.

There are three objections that I have heard made to Rodin's sculpture, none of them, it seems to me, wholly sound. In the first place, he is said to have a defective sense of design. This is easy to say and therefore tempting; nothing is lazier often than the critical faculty. But there is a distinction to be made. It is true that he is not a great composer in the sense of composing with native zest and seeing a complicated *ensemble* first of all and with intuitive imagination. In a great com-

poser like Raphael, for instance, the composition is the first thing one notes; one seizes at once the evident fact that composition is the element of art for which he was born, in which he expresses his genius most freely and directly, with the least friction. Yet, I do not think it can be said that the *Porte de l'Enfer* is not a great composition. It is distributed on large lines, and the treatment of the theme is balanced and counterweighted with a curious felicity which serves to co-ordinate and throw into artistic relief the tumultuous hurly-burly and tremendous anarchy of the immensely various elements. These latter perhaps make more impression than the whole does; that is all one can reasonably say. If Rodin had been as instinctively drawn to the *ensemble* as he was to its elements he would not have been so long in executing it; whereas, long as he has been at work upon it, it is still far from finished. But it would infallibly have been less impressive, and as it stands now it demonstrates that instead of having a defective sense of design its sculptor has a defiant disregard of conventional composition. So have the Japanese, so far as regards the Institute formulæ. To say that Chapu's Berryer, for example, or any one of the many imitations of the simple and elementary symmetry of the Medicean tombs since Michael Angelo's day, shows a sharper sense for design than the Dante door is like saying that Giotto's round "O" is a finer composition than the Last Judgment, or that the Greek temple excels in design the Cathedral of Amiens, or the cell the organism. The Calais Bourgeois is another thing. Its defiance of convention seems to me *à outrance*. But I confess it interests me less to consider how much the apparent helter-skelter of its nevertheless wonderfully skilful composition displeases my probably convention-steeped desire for superficial symmetry than to endeavor to appreciate Rodin's point of view and to decide whether he has forcibly illustrated it. The history of the monument explains it. The Calaisiens wanted one of more or less conventional, even pyramidal shape. "In that case," said Rodin, "get someone else. I will represent those citizens setting forth on their errand, not perhaps as they actually did set forth, but as a rational imagination

penetrated with the sentiment of the incident may justifiably conceive the incident and enforce its sentiment—its proper and pertinent sentiment and not some other; or I will not do the work at all." The result is interesting—wholly successful or not as time or the contemporary professional judgment, whose verdicts have sometimes erroneously been assumed to be identical, may decide—but to the amateur, the layman, with his technical ignorance and consequent irresponsibility, deeply interesting, touching and elevated.

It is penetrated in any event with the sense of reality—the mark, I think, of serious effort at the present day. And this brings me to the second reproach addressed to Rodin, his lack of feeling for ideal sculpture, as it is called. I confess I am not quite sure that I know what "ideal sculpture" means. It cannot mean *imaginative* sculpture, because this is exactly what Rodin's sculpture is, and exactly what the Institute sculpture, which he thinks insipid, is not. And the Institute sculpture is called ideal and Rodin's realistic. Rodin is, it is true, an uncompromising realist, but to find a lack of ideality in this fact is to betray mental confusion. What exactly do we mean by the ideal element in a work of art when we speak strictly? We mean the element in virtue of which it corresponds closely and cordially to the image or idea created or awakened by it in our own mind. In art "the ideal" isn't merely what we'd like but don't have. It is as present in a still-life by Vollon or Chardin as in a composition by Puvis de Chavannes. Reality is just as competent to furnish it as insubstantiality is—it is as subject to the actual vision as to the dream, and as much the material of the imagination as are certain imaginings. It is beyond the reach of the photograph, because the photograph gives us the aspect of the object and does not establish relations with our idea of it—which is not to say, by the way, that a good photograph is not often an exceedingly superior thing, though probably because the camera is handled by an artist like a brush or a modelling tool.

A distinction less liable to confusion, I think, than that usually made between the real and the ideal, would be that between the concrete and the abstract. Prob-

ably what is meant by ideal sculpture is abstract sculpture—sculpture dealing with abstractions, personifications, muses, divinities, sentiments, etc., etc. Now Rodin's neglect of this sort of sculpture is indeed very marked. But he has the immense advantage over the Institute, where, as he says, they have recipes for sentiments, of being in harmony with his era and environment. Nothing has more clearly characterized the evolution of the human mind since the days of the Greeks than its steady progress in appetence from the abstract to the concrete. The rise of the individual, the development of the scientific spirit, every trait of the modern world and mind emphasizes this evolution. In the characteristic art of our day, the ideal is sought for in the concrete. It savors somewhat of absurdity to seek it in the abstract at a time when the human spirit is no longer in complete touch with the abstract. The notion that it is perilous for art to yield anything to the scientific spirit is seen to be puerile the moment one recognizes, as one must, that the entire energy of the era is concentrated upon what is to be discerned in, argued from, and inspired by the tangible, the real, the substantial. If there be any innate contradiction between art and science, certainly art is bound to get the worst of it, because science is the best thing going. There is no such contradiction. The proof is that science is pursued artistically. Why not pursue art scientifically? I should say there could be no question that Rodin's art is eminently scientific. He knows more than any other sculptor about articulations and attachments, derivations, action, correlations and co-ordinations. But, for being studious and scientific it is none the less art, none the less ideal. His anatomy is always *artistically* expressive, his arrangements always adjusted to the end of beauty—whether of the beauty that resides in force, or of that in which charm predominates over power, or of that which merely accentuates the essence of abiding and impressive reality that all concrete things contain in germ and are ready to yield up to the synthetist who sees their significance.

In the third place, Rodin's sculpture is accused by the conventional criticism of obtruding detail—not merely of that insistence upon detail which involves neglect

of the *ensemble*, nor that which results in neglect of ideality, but a technical treatment which brings into undue and even grotesque salience the essentially trivial parts of a single figure, for example, as well as the mere elements of a composition. He is said to be over-fond of his anatomy, to care more for the *charpente* than the outline, to be blind to suavity, grace, delicacy, in his impetuous energy of expression. The back of his St. John Preaching seems to the conventional sense a mass of corrugations, the occiput of his Hugo bust a surface dotted with impossible and accidental protuberances. In a word his works are esteemed "unfinished"—the great word of Philistine censure. An answer to this is comprised in Taine's definition of a work of art—namely, the representation of a character more completely than it is found in nature. Victor Hugo's head probably did not possess the nodosities with which Rodin has endowed it, but Rodin's treatment has expressed its *character* artistically, by the relief it gives to its essential and the subordination it imposes on its accidental traits. Of course any Italian or German professor of sculpture could produce a more exact replica as regards form, but incontestably in this way he would leave out the Hugo.

One of his admirers, Mr. Charles Quentin, cites Rodin's views of "finish" as follows: "There is no finish possible in a work of art, since it is nature, and nature knows no finish, being infinite; therefore one stops at some stage or other when he has put into his work all he sees, all he has sought for, all he cares to put, or all he particularly wants; but one could really go on forever and see more to do." Here again the attitude is more interesting than the philosophy, literally interpreted, is sound. A work of art is not nature, it is the artist's impression or idea of nature, to begin with, and in addition penetrated with his feeling—if he is an artist of temperament like Rodin. And it is just because nature is infinite that art exists—as a finite suggestion of infinity, an organic, personal, and circumscribed image of inexhaustible objective incompleteness. But when these truths are used to legitimate the literal and disown the suggestive in art, one can understand a disposition to even exaggerated

exaltation of what is unduly neglected and what, practically speaking, after all, is for a modern artist the one important thing to bear in mind.

The modern artist, especially the French artist, is very disproportionately more familiar with the discoveries of art than he is with the secrets of nature. The "culture conquests," in his particular field, he has at his finger-ends. His besetting temptation is to rely on them, to adapt them to his purposes, to content himself with a mere rearrangement of them. He lives in an "artistic atmosphere," outside of which his inspiration fails. The counsel he needs is to steep himself—educated, not to say conventional, as he is—in the influences and study the suggestions of nature, to feel his formularies in his fingers, if need be, but not bother his brain with them in the actual transaction of his work. Of course, the artist absolutely ignorant of art is absolutely negligible—as negligible as the boy with his slate or the savage with his slab of wood. There are such from time to time, and they have the vogue and recognition proper to the freak—the freak in art, whom no knowledge or love of nature can essentially mitigate. But it remains true that where art is practised and talked about, where artists are experts and the public is a connoisseur, there cannot be too much talk of and devotion to nature—in the interests of art itself.

Therefore such approximate language as that of M. Rodin's about art's having no finish because nature, which art is, is infinite, is, from any practical point of view, stimulating and suggestive. Corot might have—may have—talked in this way of his beautifully generalized landscapes. Homer Martin used to, very pithily and quaintly, I remember. When someone inquired once if a certain picture of his were finished, he asked: "Do you mean am I going to do anything more to it?" But this point of view is particularly pertinent in the matter of sculpture—of which for so many persons "finish" is an inseparable, an integral quality. It reminds one—as Rodin's work itself constantly does—that sculpture generalizes, that its potentialities are not exhausted in the constricted epitome which "form" seems to imply to some tastes; that, besides

manifesting itself as outline it exists as volume, as actual bulk impregnated with the abstract qualities which make it fine art—grace, force, charm of distribution and relation—and which in general are ascribed solely to the silhouette when they are not indeed credited to the physiognomy.

Considered in this way there is no place to stop, there is no possibility of "finish," the envelope is merged in, identical with, the form, and except where texture has a value the form has no surface. When the surface has a sculptural value either to express quality or for contrast, Rodin, as a matter of fact, treats it as scrupulously and explicitly—often as "smoothly"—as the most superficial devotee of the superficialities of sculpture could desire. In fine, the most one can say, I think, about the inadequacy of Rodin's technical "finish" is that his devotion to *expression* here, as elsewhere, perhaps blinds him to an occasional opportunity of decorating sufficiency of expression, of statement, with that touch of purely sensuous and irresponsible agreeableness which adds nothing—save pure delight!—to its force or significance. There is now and then a certain sacrifice which seems inspired by austerity, but which really springs from the hypnosis of nature over the senses as well as the soul of her worshipper. "It has often happened to me before certain models," he says, "to stop short in disappointment. At the first glance they did not please me. Yet, after

making a conscious effort, I perceived in the course of my work that there was an element of unperceived beauty in these beings that I despised. And at the end of a few minutes, from having been disgusted I became enthusiastic." What is the use of talking of the pursuit of perfection, and of "finish" as an element of perfection, to an artist who feels in that way? To him the "pursuit of perfection" must seem a euphemism for the manufacture of clock-tops. And it is incontestable that but for the Institute, French clock-tops, which are admirable, would be very much less so.

Indeed, one is forced to remember, whatever one's conclusions as to either theory or practice, that the moral which Rodin really enforces is this: His is as strongly characterized and artistic an individuality, as puissant a personality, as one can conceive. Yet he was developed, as our modern phrase is, in an environment that is the most strictly and narrowly academic that has ever been known. He constitutes an *a posteriori* demonstration of the value of an academy, of which the *a priori* demonstration is that original or even eccentric geniuses can only arise in a community which by some concerted means and central agency—such as an academy—brings art into such prominence and popularity that it becomes a common, a recognized, and a prized pursuit. How shall the few be chosen unless the many are called?

## THE FIGHT AGAINST ADVERTISING DISFIGUREMENT

By Arthur Reed Kimball

IT is a curious case of the unexpected that the disfigurement of scenery seems to be a mark of modern civilization. If it be true, as claimed, that a general conscious appreciation of natural beauty dates back only to the latter half of the eighteenth century, then conscious appreciation but little antedates those beginnings of progressive and aggressive

commercialism from which have sprung destruction and disfigurement.

The two are complementary. For, as Mr. E. T. Potter has pointed out, the spirit of modern wantonness spares the exceptional in nature no less than the beautiful; what interests no less than what charms; for example, massacring song-birds and birds of beautiful plumage, and dooming



to extinction alike whales and giraffes and rare insects of incalculable value to science. In its extreme excess this spirit blasts the Palisades and even menaces the Niagara cataract—should the demand for “cheap power” be sufficiently “paying” to warrant the investment. But its common and generally accepted badge is the disfiguring advertisement which “follows the flag,” and spreads with the “spread of civilization.” Already, travellers in Cuba and Puerto Rico report the invasion of the patent-medicine and chewing-tobacco “ads” as a sign of American “education,” while more than one correspondent in Manila has chronicled like evidence of the presence of new Yankee “enterprise.” Such “enterprise,” however, is by no means the monopoly of American exploitation. Sir Martin Conway records that, while cruising on the west coast of Sweden, he was horrified by encountering no less a vandalism than the “brutalizing the bays of the Vikings,” the defacement of “a vertical rock rising straight out of the sea,” which he found to be “painted all over in huge white letters with advertisements.” Still another example, equally remote, comes from Ceylon, where a friend of Mr. John De Witt Warner (who has discussed this subject recently in “Municipal Affairs”), asks him to “imagine” the effect of “a monster advertisement on the roof-ridge of a factory in the centre of wild tropical vegetation.”

But if, following the track of civilization, advertising disfigurement has invaded the remoter corners of the earth, it still remains true that to other of these remote corners must civilization turn to learn the lesson of preserving natural amenities. To the æsthetic sensitiveness of Hawaii, Mrs. Todd, in “Corona and Coronet,” bears striking testimony. She writes that not only is “no settler allowed to bring his fields to the roadside,” as a border of natural growth must be left not less than 150 feet wide, but besides “every tree, shrub, flower, and vine is watched and cared for, while a total dearth of advertising signs on rocks and in conspicuous places is enforced by law.” Another more or less remote corner, Bermuda, is perhaps the one place in the civilized world where enforcement by law is not necessary, although the refreshing absence

of advertising signs has given many visitors that impression. The fact is that many years ago, Lady Brassey, while writing of a cruise on the Sunbeam, devoted a paragraph to one case of “hideous disfigurement,” and called on the Bermuda Assembly to suppress such eyesores by law. Heeding her appeal, General Russell Hastings, a well-known American, a resident of Bermuda, leased the offending island and removed the advertisement. The advertiser, finding that public sentiment strongly endorsed General Hastings’s act, made no further attempt at disfigurement, and others, profiting by his experience, have also refrained.

Interesting as these instances are as unexpected possibilities of a remote æstheticism, they do not make the same appeal to us that is made by like triumphs in the very face of a contemptuous commercialism. Perhaps no British institution has been watched with keener interest by not a few Americans than “Scapa”—The Society for Checking the Abuses of Public Advertising\*—now that it can with truth lay claim to be in a sense an “institution,” in large part the gratifying reward of the persistence and skill with which the agitation has been pushed by its honorable secretary, Mr. Richardson Evans. Starting modestly about eight years ago, it now has on its roll over 1,000 members, and, what is of good augury for the future, enjoys, with allied societies, the support of a group in Parliament. This group, though small, is not to be despised even in practical politics, for it includes members of the standing of the late Duke of Westminster, Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, the Earl of Stamford, Lord Balcarras, Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. James Bryce, and Mr. W. E. H. Lecky. The list of allied societies includes: The Commons Reservation Society, the Kyrle Society, the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association, the Selborne Society, the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings, the National Trust for Places of Historic Interest or Natural Beauty, and the Wild Birds’ Protection Society.

One victory has already been won in Parliament, noteworthy both as a precedent and as marking a significant change

\* Described in SCRIBNER’S MAGAZINE for September, 1898, Point of View.



in sentiment due to three years of agitation. In 1896 Edinburgh applied to Parliament for power to control sky-signs and open-air advertising. A like power, in the case of sky-signs, had already been granted to London on application of the County Council, nominally because of their menace, but in reality because of the protest against them as a disfigurement. The House of Commons committee drew the line, however, at interference with general advertising, "looking upon the proposal as a whim which could not pass into serious legislation," to quote the report of the town clerk of Edinburgh. The feeling in Edinburgh, already aroused, was intensified by the constant encroachment of outside advertisers. In one case the purveyors of a popular drink secured an option on a site overlooking Princes Street and the Mound.

Under pressure of a hot public protest they consented to abandon their scheme, but intimated that they would suffer by their courtesy, as rival advertisers would not practise the same consideration—a true prediction. Largely as a result of this incident, the Edinburgh corporation made a second application to Parliament in 1899, this time for power to determine the places where advertisements are allowed, and obtained the act. The argument was plainly practical: That the application had the unanimous support of the citizens, and that the right to prevent disfigurement was a right peculiarly due to a city "dependent so largely upon its amenity," one where large sums were spent every year in maintaining parks and public gardens and in adding to the attractiveness, both for residents and visitors. Incited by the success of Edinburgh, Dublin, also a town largely "dependent upon its amenity," has decided also to apply for powers of advertising control, greater in scope than those granted to Edinburgh, while a number of other towns have by private bills obtained more or less authority to control open-air advertisements. Such advertising is now also forbidden on not a few large estates, notably those of Lord Salisbury and the Duke of Westminster. The movements are all propitious for the enactment in the near future of the general law advocated by Scapa, giving power of control to any local body desiring to exercise it without

the expense and trouble of applying to Parliament for a special act.

In its zeal for the country at large, London—that abomination of advertising desolation, more unsightly than New York, if American eyes are to be trusted—has not been overlooked by Scapa. Its memorial calling attention to the new device of illuminated (flash-light) advertisements, and to the growing fashion of covering buildings with monstrous letters, was signed by three hundred architects. As a result the flash-light advertisements have been practically abolished by the County Council. In the absence of a right to pass an avowedly æsthetic ordinance, the expedient resorted to for accomplishing it is worth noting as peculiarly English. While the subject was under discussion in the Council, a runaway horse, scared by a flash-light advertisement, "providentially caused the death of an unhappy woman," as a member of the Council expressed it in a private letter. This being a fact, the coroner's jury, of its own motion, added a rider to its verdict, condemning the use of flash-light advertisements where they are "a source of danger." Thus, "providentially," the Council had justification for prohibiting flash-lights on the ground of their menace to life and limb. The Council has also, spurred on by Scapa, removed all advertising transparencies from its own (the municipal) tram-cars, despite the sacrifice of £1,500 a year income, and the amusing Philistine argument that the advertisements hid from the eyes of the passengers the uninteresting streets through which the cars passed. In the example thus set to private corporations London has followed the precedent of Glasgow (sacrificing an income of £2,000 a year), Liverpool, Hull, Sheffield, and many other towns. To the American visitor, at least, the relief will be considerable on the strictly practical ground of being able to read the destination of a car without the labor of deciphering it.

This reflection of itself suggests the hideous London 'bus, and also recalls the old story of bread cast upon the waters. The attempt of Scapa to induce the chief commissioner of police to denude the 'bus of its placards, though it accomplished little, attracted the attention of Mr. H. Mutheus, technical attaché to the German embassy. His report of the Scapa movement,

published in the official journal of the Prussian Minister of Public Works, put the 'bus in the foreground as an "awful example," with the result that the Berlin president of police issued an ordinance prohibiting advertisements on the outsides or on the windows of public omnibuses. This prohibition accords with the police regulation of public advertising in Berlin, providing that such advertisements are only to be placed on specially prepared columns, boards, etc., and in form must be approved by the local authorities. These public advertising columns are rented out to a contractor who pays, for the privilege of controlling them, \$63,500 a year. This regulation does not affect the right of land-owners or renters to advertise their own business interests on the property owned or rented. In France, every advertisement which can be described as a painted sign is subject to the payment of a fee if displayed in a public place. In this connection it is interesting to give the testimony of an American who has just spent a year in rural France, travelling extensively in the provinces. He writes: "There is in France no such general and outrageous disfigurement of beautiful scenery as one finds here at home. This sort of advertising is in the main confined to the railway lines, and is much more noticeable as one approaches the city of Paris." These disfiguring signboards, whether more or less numerous than at home, have attracted the official eye, and the minister of finance, it is announced, has determined to tax them, though erected on private property—an example worthy of international imitation. For why should a hideous signboard escape, when the useful bank-check pays its two-cent tax? By the municipal ordinance of Rome, advertising announcements are confined to bill-boards, for whose erection licenses are issued unless the locality is declared to be inappropriate—in principle the Edinburgh plan.

These sporadic, and often ludicrously ineffectual, attempts at advertising control, of which doubtless there are others that have escaped the chronicler, are in themselves advertisements of what the fight on disfigurement means. Here at home so much energy has gone out toward saving the "big things" that appeal to national pride—Niagara Falls, the Yellowstone

Park, California's giant trees, the Palisades, etc.—that but little has been left for the humbler rescue of everyday scenes and streets. Yet, in the village improvement society, or the park improvement association is to be found the instrumentality ready at hand for the work, with only the zeal, the motive power, lacking. For illustration of what individual effort can do, one has but to point to the campaign of Dr. G. Alder Blumer, who, while a resident of Utica, N. Y., in charge of the State Asylum, cleared the road from the town to his country residence of its advertising signs—an achievement widely chronicled at the time. Most important of recent announcements is that of Governor Rollins, of New Hampshire. In a published letter, called out by the indignation of a visitor to the White Mountains over the disfigurement of Crawford Notch, the Governor writes: "I intend to introduce a bill in the next legislature to stop that sort of thing." If Governor Rollins induces New Hampshire to lead the way, what may not be hoped for from the example? Some States, strange as it may seem, already have laws indirectly affecting advertisements. In New Jersey any city that cares to, has the right to pass an ordinance regulating or restricting public advertising. Ohio has a similar law, including villages as well as cities, but confining the restrictions practically to the advertisements of non-residents. San Francisco has an ordinance protecting telegraph, telephone, and electric-light poles from advertising disfigurement, and prescribing that signs on buildings shall not be over three feet high and those on any premises not over ten feet high. Chicago, with characteristic progressiveness, gives distinct recognition of aesthetic rights in an ordinance passed last July, which, in addition to determining the size and height of signs and bill-boards, forbids their erection on a boulevard, pleasure drive, or residence street, without the consent, in writing, of three-fourths of the residence and property owners on both sides of the street in the block where it is desired to erect such sign or bill-board.

This Chicago ordinance may possibly prove of the most service as a check to local disfigurement or as an encouragement to similar ordinances in other cities.

For, should it be contested in the courts, it may lead to the determination of the legal status of the offensive advertising sign, whether or not it can be classed as a nuisance. This question, obviously of the first importance to any general crusade against advertising disfigurement, is exhaustively discussed by Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted, Jr., of the American Park and Out-door Association. In his report as secretary of the association's special committee of investigation Mr. Olmsted finds that the right to permit advertisements along the highway is in general, especially in country districts, recognized as belonging to the abutting property owners, a right thus definitely settled by statute in Massachusetts. This, in Mr. Olmsted's view, is a mistake, "because the rights of the individual land-owner within the limits of the highway tend constantly to decrease and the rights of the travelling public to increase," a change he characterizes as both "wise and healthy." Mr. Olmsted would put the control of advertizing on highways, as he would the right to remove trees, into the hands of the local road authorities, believing that in both cases the interests of the general public would thus be better served.

Passing next to the legal status of the disfiguring advertisement on private property, Mr. Olmsted argues that an offensive sight may be no less a public nuisance than an offensive sound, an offence becoming a nuisance, by the definition of the Century Dictionary, when "the selfish use of a right transcends the obligations to respect the welfare of others." The question of what is or is not a nuisance "seeming to be wholly a matter of degree and judgment," according to shifting standards marking "the constant growth in civilization and refinement," it is hardly asserting too much to claim that popular sensitiveness to offensive signs has sufficiently developed "to render such a sight under certain conditions a real public nuisance, one which the courts must soon recognize as such, even if they do not to-day." These conditions seem to apply, if anywhere, to advertisements disfiguring the approaches to a great park system, on which a city may have spent millions of dollars, to provide "a region of quiet rural sylvan scenery" for general rest and enjoyment. These benefits a

certain number of people miss if the adjacent property is placarded with nerve-irritating advertisements, "constructed and painted with the most devilish ingenuity to catch the eye at every turn." Such offensive use of property is all the more unjustifiable in view of the fact that the value of this property has been greatly increased by the public money spent to make the park and its approaches attractive to all. Mr. Olmsted recalls, what probably few citizens of New York are aware of, that its park department has been empowered by the legislature "to regulate advertising displays upon land fronting on the parks." He, however, doubts whether the act was drawn up with sufficient care to hold good at law in case of a contest. He therefore recommends "the adoption by a park commission, acting under proper legislative authority, of regulations governing reasonably and moderately" displayed advertising on adjacent property, thus providing the basis for a test case which perhaps has been provided by the Chicago ordinance.

A discussion of disfigurement which starts with a discussion of the country's right to its natural beauty ends, as one might expect, with the increasing ugliness of the modern city, from which the contamination spreads. "Sixty years since," said Mr. John Leighton, in discussing modern London, before the Society of Arts, "things were plain, perhaps, but not defaced, because we had not the resources, even if we had the will. Science has ministered to ugliness." Yet there is no reason, in the nature of things, why an advertisement should be a disfigurement. "It would be quite possible," declares Mr. Walter Crane, "to have effective and picturesque signs for trade purposes without the present defiance of the proportion, order, and dignity of the street." The fact fits the word. In Belgium a municipal art society has initiated competitions for beautiful signs, the best designs receiving prizes. The result is, testified Mr. George Kriehn in an address before a municipal art conference in Baltimore, "that all over Brussels you find pretty signs, and the curious part is that the beautiful ones pay better than the ugly; for, while the latter receive only a passing notice and then a feeling of disgust, the signs which are beautiful attract permanent attention."

## THE PLAGUE SHIP

By Stephen Bonsal



It was during the sultry month of August; the heat was sweltering, everyone who could had left Shanghai, "gone home" or to Chefoo, where in the north the cooling breezes blow across Pechili. The Taipan, or Number 1 man of the Number 2 Hong in the settlement, was a kind but exacting host, and the prospect of another afternoon under his patronage was anything but pleasing. The Taipan might, for he had the incentive of being in a fair way to accumulate a substantial fraction of the wealth of Ormus and of Ind, but I positively could not repeat those dreary promenades along the Bubbling Well road, watching the student interpreters play tennis or wrangle over Chinese characters while we, mayhap, discussed in cold blood the comparative merits for hack work of Manchurian ponies and Australian "whalers." I had been two weeks in the model settlement, and the Taipan had kept my nose so close to the social grindstone that, to my overpowering shame and confusion, I now remembered that I had not once visited Mustard's famous store and bar, where mixed drinks and "floating island" are served, a place which is the Mecca of all Yankees upon the east coast of Asia.

An hour later, still animated by the patriotic impulse and shuddering at the thought of more "Johnny" talk from the student interpreter, I gave the Taipan the slip. Soon I came to a halt before a wicker-work door. The string hung outside, so I raised the latch and walked into Mustard's. Ah! There was no mistaking the place. Over the rosewood bar, shining with brass-work and glittering like the sun, hung a fac-simile of the Declaration of Independence, with all the familiar signatures of the signers. Opposite, and standing out strangely against the background of the stars and bars of our flag, was the Monroe Doctrine done into Chinese, and written in the largest

and most classic characters known to the children of Confucius.

Hanging from the railing of the bar was a tin box and a notice inviting contributions to a fund for their benefit, and signatures to an appeal to the President for the liberation of the American sealers who were languishing in the "noisome dungeons of the Russian Tzar." I had only left Siberia a month before, and in Vladivostok I had been permitted to visit the pelagic sealers who were under a cloud there and, what they evidently minded more, under arrest. Your pelagic sealer is a "dead game sport," who opens wine from morning until night, and the thought that they were still behind prison-bars made me join in with the cry of the sealer-lawyer who indited the appeal "Oh, for one day of James Gillespie Blaine," and drop a coin in the box. As I did so a stout middle-aged man, evidently a follower of the sea and a fellow-citizen, sidled up to me.

"I reckon you come from God's country," he said, "and have come out since I did, so I'll do the honors. My name is Jack Mullins—forty-two years out from the Delaware Breakwater; what's yours?"

As we shook comfortably down into our new acquaintance, the captain made a cabalistic sign to the China boy and two "stingers" were brought. Now a "stinger," it should be known—it certainly is known to all who have lived in that land of great thirst which stretches from Shantung to Sumatra—is a noggin of Scotch whiskey enlivened by much or little, according to individual taste, of the local buzz-water.

As we took our drinks in fractions Captain Mullins told his story. He was a sailor man of the old clipper days who, as he asserted stoutly, in punishment for his sins had been banished from the Blue Chicken State, where he first saw the light, and for forty years, man and boy, had been knocking about the Yellow Sea of China, in coal and petroleum hulks, in

sailing vessels, side-wheelers, and screw steamers.

"Seventeen years ago to-day," he said, emphatically, "I lost the last clipper in the Java Sea, through no fault of my own; even the Board of Trade had to admit that. You see Krakatoa had blown up a new island in the night that wasn't down on the chart, of course, and I went plumb into her. The owners wouldn't build again, Yankee owners never do, only too glad they were to lose their ship, I reckon, and grateful to Krakatoa and to me, and then I had to begin life all over again—and take to steam."

Then, clinking our glasses together, he leant toward me and whispered:

"And what do you think I have come to now? Well, I am working for Chinamen, and the heathen dragon flag flies over my ship; and now do you wonder why I don't go home? I ain't fit to."

To change the captain's trend of thought I began to tell of the voyage which I had made down from Vladivostok on a cranky Japanese mail-boat in a roaring typhoon.

"Of course you had a ——— of a time," he assented to my summing up of the experiences, "but that's what you have got to expect when you travel in letter boats. Steel balloons, that's what they are, battered about like bladders with no more ballast than a bag or two of mail in their bellies, and having to keep to the schedule time in the teeth of the typhoon; and if you don't, your pay is docked. Now did you ever think how much more comfortably you could see the East, especially in the typhoon season, from the deck of a coolie tramp? Them letter boats go whooping along and never stop except to take in coal, and then you can't see anything for the dust. We tramps never have any trouble with typhoons. We're never in any sort of hurry. If you come with me perhaps you won't wear diamonds, but you will be travelling on your own yacht. When a typhoon comes, and they are always perlitte and eighteen hours is the least notice they give, we lie by and make snug behind some headland, and you and I go snipe-shooting until the blame thing has blown over."

I think it was about the fourth "stinger" that I, for weal or woe, shipped with Cap-

tain Mullins and the Eastern Paradise, for so it was he Englished the Chinese name of his ship, as extra supercargo. I was bound south, and he was sailing in a generally southerly direction. He was bound to go to Amoy to ship coolies, and from there he did not know where he would be sent. No place that I mentioned the Captain thought at all unlikely but what the Eastern Paradise would, sooner or later, bring up there.

"That's the fun of the coolie tramps with a roving commission from the China merchants," he insisted with enthusiasm. "Once we get to Amoy there is no telling where we may be sent."

Disgusted with the letter boats, bewitched by the prospect of a wandering cruise in a coolie tramp, and feeling pretty much like Sindbad the Sailor, with all the wonders of the Eastern world before me, I followed Captain Mullins that evening up the "Creek" to the little bungalow in which he lived.

"You may as well hear it from me, as you certainly would hear it from someone else," he remarked, in a confidential whisper as we walked along. "I'm married to a Chinese, a 'big-footer' from Hankow, and she's a good cook, and a good wife to me. She came into our compound ten years ago, to darn socks, and she has worked her way up just as I did, to rule the roost on shore as I boss my ship at sea. She's a good housekeeper, and a witch woman too, as the Chinese say, and I always leave behind with her a string of cash to buy prayer papers with, and I always feel more comfortable as I sail away to know that she is chin-chinning Joss, and asking for fair wind and weather for the old man and the Eastern Paradise."

After dinner, at which the "big-footer" from Hankow, I confess to my disappointment, did not appear, we, for our company had grown with the addition of McFarlane, the mate; and Johnstone, the engineer, who, together with a young assistant just out from the Clyde, of the name of Quarles, constituted the white crew of the coolie tramp, went down to the docks to sleep on board, as the Captain announced that it was his intention to take the Eastern Paradise out to sea in the morning, just as soon as there was water enough to float her over the Woosung bar.



## The Plague Ship

In the moonlight, amid a scene of indescribable confusion, with yelling coolies and sweating stevedores, we stumbled on board the Eastern Paradise for the first time. Only when I reached the bridge above the hurly-burly of the loading, could I dare to breathe, and survey the scene without fear of being knocked overboard. Certainly she was a strange craft, this Eastern Paradise, and as the Captain admitted, she was not much to look at. There was nothing nautical in her lines, and seeing her on dry land one would have immediately taken the edifice which she presented for a sailor's boarding-house or a coolie tenement. She seemed to me to be the wreck of some ancient wind-jammer of the Pacific that had been "done over" and converted into a tramp steamer with low power engines. In the course of her degradation she had come to look like a huge Chinese junk. On either side of the hawser-holes yellow eyes had been painted, for the purpose of pandering to the superstitions of the coolies, who will not embark upon an eyeship ship, believing that "No can see—No can savey." The figure-head standing out boldly under the shade of the spreading bowsprit was once fashioned to represent Columbia, Britannia, or some other robust, starry-eyed goddess of our race, but this had all been changed when the yellow flag was hoisted, and the blue dragon of the Mings frowned down from the peak. The coolies, as though they resented the beauty of the strange goddess, had whittled the noble figure away until what remained, covered as it was with many-colored paints, resembled nothing quite so much as a Japanese joro blinking her eyes in the light of the Yoshiwara cage.

As about noon we began to push our way over the mud-banks at Woosung I had a chance to ask the Captain, who was so loquacious on such subjects as court-life in Peking, and the utter depravity of the Japanese engaged in commerce, something about the antecedents of our curious craft.

"Yes, the old hulk is like her skipper, a Yankee to the core. She was built and finished with curly red-wood on the Pacific coast, only you can't smell the wood since these yellow vermin came on board with their greasy rags and 'dope.' How did

it happen she raised the yellow flag?" said Mullins, repeating my question, "Ah, that's my secret, and I wouldn't tell you any more than I would the history of some of those yellow-haired sisters that live up Soochow creek. You must take her as you shipped, with no questions asked."

Soon we put to sea, and though a top-gallant-sail breeze was blowing, the Eastern Paradise could only jog off about six knots an hour. Mullins plied me with questions as to what had been happening in the white man's world these twenty years, until suddenly it dawned upon me that I had been shipped principally because of the information, which, no praise to me, I possessed. What a lot of unfinished stories there were running in his head, of which Mullins, with some impatience, desired to hear the sequel. There was that Confederate cruiser Shenandoah.

"She chased me off Luzon. I was coming from Manila with a load of hemp, but darkness came on before she closed in, and I fooled her with false lights. . ."

And he wanted to know how General Grant had been defeated for the third term nomination; and when these subjects had been satisfactorily threshed out we were two days older.

Mullins's information, which was sound on some subjects, came in streaks. There were the most baffling *interregnums*, which he explained by saying:

"You see all that happened when I was 'hadjying,' a-carrying Javanese pilgrims from Batavia and Surabaya to Jeddah, from where they took their spices up to Mecca and spread all their figs on the great black stone. No, I'll never 'hadjy' again—a man gets so rusty at it."

When we got into Amoy the compradore of the China Merchants Company came on board, and ordered the captain to make ready to carry a thousand coolies to Hong-Kong, from there to be distributed among the southern ports where labor was in demand. This was anything but gratifying news to me. We had brought only one hundred and fifty coolies down with us from Shanghai, and that number seemed quite a plenty and to spare. Had there been one of the despised letter boats in the harbor I think I would have changed my quarters. Both cholera and the black death were raging in Amoy, and in fact



throughout southern China, and there was danger of vexatious delays and quarantine restrictions, but as there was no mail steamer in the harbor bound south I stuck to the Eastern Paradise.

"If you could only get fresh tomatoes out here in plenty," began Mullins, adding, with a flush of state pride, "as we have them in Delaware, there would be no reason to fear the cholera, because it can't make no headway against a stomach filled with tomatoes. Some Germans drink an awful lot of beer, and keep loaded all the time, but against cholera beer don't hold a candle to tomatoes. It's really a drawback, and a slip up of Providence, it seems to me, that tomatoes don't grow in cholera countries; it sort of keeps the remedy from getting popular."

"Do oyster-plants keep off cholera?" I asked, unwarily introducing this vegetable into our symposium of conversation.

"Well, if they did there are no oyster-plants in China."

"But," I asserted, not a little pleased to get the best of such an old China "hand," "there are. I ate them often while I stayed with the Taipan. A Ningpo missionary introduced them, and now they are growing in many parts of China."

"Well, all I have got to say is that my boy Wang has catered for me ten years and he never brought me any oyster-plants, and if I find one now I'll 'plant' him, by God I will." Mullins, like the true son of Delaware he was, loved fruits and vegetables better than meat and drink.

Soon the great cavernous depths of the hold were filled with cattles of tea, and when the time came to embark our coolies the Captain called out:

"You don't want to miss a bit of this."

I opened my eyes and watched. The coolies, of a peculiarly low class, were swarming over the ship's side. They all wore coarse blue blouses of bed ticking, and each man carried a sleeping-mat, into which were rolled not only all his belongings, but his clothing and food for the voyage. The moment they touched the deck they were pounced upon by the native crew who acted under the orders of our craney or purser. To reach their quarters the coolies had to pass through an improvised turnstile, over which the chinsu, armed with a bludgeon, presided. Now and then

he would drop his stick and pounce upon a would-be passenger, pound him with his fists on the chest, tear open his mouth roughly and look down his throat.

"It's a game of diamond cut diamond," said Mullins, in answer to my look of astonishment. "Sometimes the company wins, sometimes the coolies. You see, no Chinaman would set foot on a vessel unless he had every assurance that in case he died he would be put away in a first class coffin and brought into port. If we didn't all contract to do that none of us would carry a coolie, not if we offered them free passage, so we promise to supply a 'chop dollar' coffin in case of death, and to carry the coolie back to the port from which he sailed, and that costs money. This business hadn't gone on a month before the coolie saw his chance to beat the company, and began to do it. You see a coolie who is about to die, or wants to pass in his checks, and they can do it just whenever and wherever they want to, steps on a steamer, say for Hong-Kong, and he only pays about two dollars for a deck passage. Then when he gets good and ready he just stops breathing, and the company has to provide a coffin, and pay the freight back home.

"Of course we can't stop these suicides, but the chinsu is there to keep old and worn-out coolies from coming on board and turning up their toes. Of course the chinsu is crooked, and is often 'fixed' to let pass a friend or a kinsman, or a man who would rather pay to him five taels, than fifty to the undertaker, but the company keeps this 'private pigeon' down within reason by discharging a chinsu who has a high death-rate on his ship two voyages running."

One by one now the coolies came on board. Now and again a man, worn-out with disease, or suspected of a desire for an economical funeral, was thrown roughly back into the sampan. By midnight all our coolies were packed away like sardines in their sweltering quarters. Perhaps ten men out of the thousand had been rejected as bad risks by our chinsu, and with the break of day we went to sea.

McFarlane, our first officer, was an English public school man, and the son of a Trinidad planter who had been wealthy in the days before the crash in sugar came.

He was a man of great personal charm and considerable culture, but he had not the strength of character to bear up under adversity, and soon proved to be the weak point in our limited white crew. While he never said so, it was yet notorious in all East Asian ports that Captain Mullins only kept him on because McFarlane could never have obtained another job. Some time after midnight, when all our passengers had been brought on board and housed, and the smoky lights were burning low, I remember to have seen Quarles coming on board followed by a crew of coolies carrying something in a sheet of tarpaulin which in the dim light I thought I recognized as McFarlane, our hapless mate. When eight bells rang, the time for morning inspection on the merchant boats in the East, because at this hour the heat is yet bearable on deck, I was climbing on to the bridge to escape the rush and crowding from the coolies and our crew, when my eyes fell upon the figure of McFarlane again. This time there was no mistaking him. He lay in that death-like sleep which is one of the effects of samshoo, the deadly coolie tippie to which he had become addicted. He was stretched out stiffly upon a bamboo lounge, with the tarpaulin in which, as in a bag, he had been brought on board from the floor of some wretched Chinese stew, wrapped about him.

The sharp-toned bells rang out, and everything was made ready for the inspection, which was of course not a pipe-clay affair, still, as Johnstone said: "The skipper is severe in streaks."

The warning sound of the bells died away, and still McFarlane lay like a log. Then I saw his liver-colored setter, Nelly, steal up gently to him and with a cowed expression upon her face, as though she knew only too well what the cost would be, begin to lick his hand which trailed down upon the deck. Still McFarlane gave no sign of life, and Nelly, putting her forepaws upon the lounge, leant over and licked the sleeper's face, but still without effect. The crew were trooping back to quarters now, and Nelly, with a strangely haggard look about her face, seeing that there was no time to be lost if she was to save her master from the consequences of his debauch, sprang, boldly in a physical sense, but with a touch-

ing expression of shrinking timidity upon her face, on to the lounge, and began to jump up and down upon the sleeping mate's chest and shoulders, barking boisterously the while. Suddenly, and in evident alarm, McFarlane sprang to his feet, and in doing so threw the faithful dog down hard upon the deck. Nelly staggered to her feet, and came toward him, wagging her feathered tail apologetically, and saying, plainer than the human voice could say: "Don't you understand? It's eight bells and the captain's coming, and if he saw you lying here like that he would cut off your liberty for a month." And the drunken brute did understand, but he picked up a stick and chased poor Nelly, howling with fear and mortification, down the deck.

A minute later the mate brought up forward, and had the grinning coolies play the hose upon him, while poor Nelly came back to where I stood aft, sighing and wagging her tail.

And Mullins, with a tender expression in his eyes, patted Nelly softly on the head, and for her sake delayed the inspection a few minutes so that McFarlane could get his clothes on and be at his place.

After inspection I walked forward and discovered our chinsu installed in a tent of Ningpo matting which he moved backward and forward and from port to starboard as fell the shadow and the sun.

Such a wonderful transformation as our chinsu had undergone I had never seen take place before in mortal man. It was hard to recognize in this flute-voiced gentleman, who stripped to the waist and fanning himself with a palm-leaf fan, sat under his tent of mats while he carried on most affable conversation with all the coolie passengers as they ventured near, it was hard to recognize in this cooing dove of honeyed speech, the brazen bully who had so browbeaten and mishandled the coolies as they came on board the evening before. Under the craney, our supercargo, the chinsu was the most important member of the native crew. He was not only our medical officer and peace-talker, when any dispute arose, but always an indefatigable and diplomatic go-between between the foreign officers and the crew. Of all his functions, how-

ever, it was in the practice of physic that the chinsu most delighted, and at this his favorite and not entirely philanthropic occupation I now for the first time discovered him at work. Before him, on two stools, was a great flat box which he opened as the first patient presented himself and asked for medical assistance. Facing him, and suspended from the wall of the tent, hung a strange anatomical chart of a man, divided into one hundred little square sections, equal in extent and all carefully numbered. When the first patients appeared the chinsu rubbed his hands, and asked where the sickness was. Then the coolie would point, generally to some place on the wall of the stomach. "Belly sick," the chinsu's laconic diagnosis which I borrow, they all seemed to be. Thoughtfully, and with great care, the chinsu would locate this exact spot upon the anatomical chart. Then, brushing down the number of this little square upon a piece of paper, he would return to his seat and open the box before him. This Pandora's box, as we called it, was also divided into one hundred little compartments, and resembled, in every way, the trays in which ornithologists store their stolen eggs. Out of the compartment corresponding to the number of the region of the body in which, by means of the chart, this particular pain had been located, the chinsu would dip out, by means of the enormous nail which armored his little finger, about a teaspoonful of a coarse black powder, which, to the layman's eye, seemed to be the same in each and every one of the one hundred compartments.

Generally the coolies were what they called "foot" or "mouth" or "belly sick," and it was easy, by means of the ghastly diagram of the human form divine to locate geometrically the point of greatest soreness, so the consultations went on pretty smoothly for the first half-hour, and the chinsu had sent already as many as half a dozen coolies back to the between decks, making wry faces but otherwise pleased, and evidently satisfied with their treatment. At last, however, there presented himself a lop-sided and otherwise strangely misshapen man who, I thought (his medicine being an exact science) would put the geometrical system of the

chinsu to shame. Yet, though baffled for a time, man of infinite resource that he was, the chinsu soon rose to the occasion. Time and again he attempted, at last even by means of the tape-measure, to transfer the point of pain from the man to the diagram, but despite the greatest care it always fell in a manifestly ludicrous place. At last, however, he gave up the exact method, and taking a little powder from each of the four compartments nearest to the point of soreness he sent the coolie on his way.

The chinsu did not approve of patients who presented the perplexing physical peculiarities that this man did, so after pocketing his fee, which, with most unusual negligence, he had failed to take before the dose was administered, he permitted himself the relief of repeated grunts of dissatisfaction.

Seeing my interest in his open-air clinic, the chinsu stretched out his fat hand for his fan, called the crahey, who spoke a fluent English, and had me informed that these simple and inexpensive drugs which he served out to the coolies did not constitute the extent of his pharmacopeia. I was assured that even the mandarin drugs, such as ginseng tonic and tiger-bone tea, or even the concentrated essence of centipedes, could be had by me for the asking, and the signing of a "chit," a polite offer of which I promised to avail myself should I feel the need of such redoubtable tonics.

After dinner we returned to the deck-house. The Eastern Paradise was puffing and blowing along like a disabled porpoise, and the Captain was asking me questions about what he considered current topics, that would have put the imperturbable and inquisitive Li Hung Chang to shame. I was not overpleased at the prospect as I recalled that it had taken us four days of the most favorable weather possible to reach Amoy, and it was not unlikely that as many more might elapse before we sighted the Peak above Hong-Kong. Something of the glamour of romance which the Captain had conjured up to cover the bare unattractiveness of the Eastern Paradise began to fall away. It seemed to me in my impatience that our rate of speed was slow, even for the East, and Mullins, if the truth must be told, was

developing into a perfect bore. Instead of those fascinating tales of hairbreadth 'scapes by land and by sea, those pictures of the Anthropophagi, or rather the Buganesen of the Spice Islands, with which he had captured me at Mustard's, it was:

"Now I want your news. You see we can pick very little out of the newspapers, and we don't believe that. What was that about Garfield's assassination? and why weren't there any perlice on deck?"

Generously conceding me a moment's respite in which to brush up my recollection of this subject the Captain went over to have a look at the glass, and I noticed that he stayed and looked longer than usual. In another quarter of an hour, despite the unflagging interest with which he always followed my dreary budget, he returned to the glass, and then, looking up, said:

"Well, I guess we are going to have a blow, and we'll have to run for it. There was a telegram at the Exchange before we left, from those Jesuit dons in Manila who keep an eye on the weather, saying that a typhoon was coming up from the south, but I thought it might split the other way."

The glass now continued to fall steadily, and the wind came strong from the east, a wind, which when it comes on to blow during the northeast monsoon which was then prevailing, is almost, if not quite, a sure and infallible sign of the coming of a typhoon.

We changed our course somewhat, and soon a tremor, which ran through the Eastern Paradise from stem to stern, and the thick columns of black smoke which rose from the smoke-stacks, showed that Johnstone was putting on more pressure.

"You can't shove a broken-backed, low-powered ship down through the Formosan channel in the teeth of a typhoon, so we will have to run for shelter," said Mullins, and I accepted the apology.

We could just make out upon our starboard bow a tongue of blue land, appearing in the distance like a low-lying cloud. Looking back over the course we had come, I saw that there, only a few miles behind us, the sea, which all about us lay still and black, was covered with a white foam which in the distance seemed a floating raft of snow-covered ice. Johnstone, our engineer, came up on the bridge. He

was covered with sweat and soot and grease as he said:

"I have stopped all the leaks in the pipes I can with charpie, but we can't keep this pace up. In a few minutes the crazy thing will burst."

"Ease her then," said Mullins. "We are all right as it is, I think."

The cloud-like vagueness of the coast ahead had now disappeared, and the blue headland toward which we were steering rose in distinct outline before us.

"That's the Fokien headland," said Mullins. "When we get under its lee we'll be just as safe if not as comfortable as we were at Mustard's."

I stretched myself out upon the bamboo lounge, now watching the white waves as they came galloping up in our wake, and now the dark, foreboding headland as it rose into plainer view. Around about us the ocean lay dark and mysterious, and as placid as some mountain-tarn. There was not a breath stirring. Suddenly I began to wonder what the time was. It might have been midnight or midday as far as one could judge by the usual signs. The sun had disappeared, and yet the heavens above were apparently unclouded. A strange spectral light lit up the scene. As it fell upon them Mullins and Johnstone were painted yellow, while the wolfish faces of our coolie passengers grew green.

All at once, out of the great calmness and stillness there came a swirling, eddying wind, blowing first from one quarter and then from another, burning our faces with its hot breath, and then subsiding as suddenly as it had arisen.

"We will get a slap of it yet, but not enough to hurt if Johnstone can only keep his engines together," said Mullins.

Then, most unusual occurrence, for there was, as I had noticed, some feeling of jealousy between the American and the Chinese control of the Eastern Paradise, the crane and the chinsu appeared upon the bridge. Their Chefoo silk tunics clung to their bodies moist with sweat, and they were evidently in the greatest excitement. Indeed it was some time before the crane got himself under sufficient control to speak English.

Though the ominous stillness again prevailed, I could not hear what was said

from where I lay on the bamboo couch watching the white crest of the storm as it came racing after us, but I saw that the Captain's face fell, and that the craney ran down the ladder wringing his hands.

When I came up to where he stood Mullins said, gravely:

"Those yellow vermin were so greedy to take on as many passengers as the old hulk can carry that they have taken two who don't pay passage money, and who will eat up all the profits of the trip. We have got the cholera and the black death at work down there between decks, and," pointing to the ominous pyramid of coffins which the Eastern Paradise, like all coolie ships, carried upon her poop deck, "I guess we will need all our coffins before we get into Hong-Kong—and more."

I went forward to where the chinsu had pitched his medical tent of Ningpo matting. To my disappointment he was shutting up shop. The box of drugs was closed and locked. As I came near he rolled up the anatomical chart, and seeing my surprise said:

"Six men deadee, mightee many sickee. Pills have got, pills no have got, maskee—all samee," and disappeared with his valuable medicines below.

As I started to regain the bridge the wind came up with us, and catching the Eastern Paradise as she rode on the crest of the waves threw and battered her about as though she had been a toy. A great dust came from the straining timbers, a smell as of turpentine filled the air, and tar oozed from the deck-planks. The shrouds rattled and flapped, and now and again a rope parted with a sharp pistol-like report. The white waves which had followed us so long, now leaped about the groaning ship like a band of hungry wolves.

Through the inlet under the lee of the headland for which we were making we could see the quiet waters of the protected bay. They could not have been more than three miles away when the storm overtook us, and yet there followed moments when it seemed as though we never could make that haven of safety. The great wind that blew, veered from quarter to quarter, and never came steadily for more than three minutes. Now a gust would seize her under the stern and send the Eastern Paradise, with her nose deep down in the

sea, a hundred yards or so toward the inlet and the smooth water beyond. Then, as though making a sport of all our efforts, the veering wind would haul off and come again, howling out of the inlet, and our ship, arrested upon the advancing wave, and with her feeble screw beating the air, would sink back hopelessly into the hollow trough.

"It all depends on Johnstone now, and whether he can keep her nose on shore and the engines together," came from Mullins in answer to my look of inquiry.

As we drew near the headland, again and again the wind, screaming mockingly through the torn and tattered shrouds, would drive us back. Night came, and still the tremendous roar and hubbub continued, and still, like some tantalizing mirage, the inlet, through which we could see our haven of safety, hung just above the dark and lowering horizon.

Now driven swiftly ahead, now hurled back with tremendous force, tossed about upon the waves as lightly as an air-filled bladder, it seemed as though, on the whole, we were losing ground. Johnstone came again out upon the bridge. His hair was matted, and he was dripping with oil and soot and sweat. I only recognized him by the brown overalls he wore. He shouted to the Captain, but his words were inaudible to me, though I stood only six feet away. Then the wind dropped and brought the Captain's answer. It came in thunderous tones, as though out of the trumpet of a megaphone:

"Yes, we must chance it. We can't stand this another hour," and Johnstone disappeared below.

A moment later thick black smoke poured in solid columns out of the stacks, and the old battered hulk shook and shuddered from stem to stern. The great wind came steadily from over our quarter, and we slid up and down over the waves, making great progress. The still water was not a mile away, and in the darkness it seemed even nearer. Suddenly the wind died out on our quarter and came over our bow. As the Paradise rose to the waves it seemed as though a thousand powerful arms were laid upon her. Her onward course was arrested, and slowly she subsided into the hollow between the mountainous waves, groaning in every



beam. The hot wind seared my eyes as I crouched down on the floor of the bridge, blinking through the darkness. Down through the speaking-tube I heard Mullins shout :

"Damnation, Johnstone, it's now or never !"

And again the ship trembled and shook, and again the black smoke poured out of the funnels.

We seemed to be holding our ground, but yet the storm abated nothing of its vigor. Then we began to gain. At first imperceptibly, then unmistakably, the dark headland came gradually abeam, and suddenly the laboring hulk shot swiftly ahead, as though she were going down a swift-running stream ; soft, gentle waters lapped against her battered timbers, and the white snapping waves subsided in her wake.

"Ease her, Johnstone, O. K.," the Captain shouted through the tube, and I fell asleep where I lay.

All through the night we steamed slowly ahead for five or six knots, and then drifted back to the head of the inlet. Outside the scattering winds were churning the waters into a yellow froth as light as air which flew over the inlet and settled down upon our clothing with a fresh clean smell of brine. I was finally awakened, not by the dawn, for it was broad day, but by the sound of shuffling feet along the deck below, and as I looked I saw the coolies bringing their dead of the night up through the waist of the ship to the poop, with its pyramid of coffins. In the face of the more immediate dangers I had forgotten all about the plagues which, as Mullins put it, the craney had shipped at Amoy. But the pest had not been idle during the night while the storm raged, and the mats which the coolies carried sagged in the middle with the weight of the bodies of those who had died. With loud cries and curses the coffins were dragged down from the pyramid, the great wooden nails of the covers were removed, and the mats and the body which each contained were dumped in with scant ceremony. Shrouds of quick lime were thrown in and the cover replaced, while the carpenter with a chisel filled all the cracks with a putty-like clay. Then the coolies walked back with their

dead again, and piled up the coffins forward.

Mullins appeared coming out of the bridge-house, where he had taken a cat's nap upon the cushions.

"Twelve dead in twenty-four hours," he said, counting the coffins. "I guess at that rate we'll have more coffins forward than on the poop when we get into Hong-Kong, and then won't the com-pradore parboil and *lingchi* our craney," and he gave a low chuckle at the prospect. For him the coming discomfiture of the craney was evidently a pleasing, almost a redeeming feature of the situation.

This morning the Captain inaugurated a policy of absolute non-intercourse with the passengers for himself and the whites on board, for the double purpose of reducing to a minimum the chances of contagion, and also to avoid, if possible, any altercation with the coolies. For from the moment that the plague appeared that curious mask of indifference which all our passengers had worn disappeared, and as they looked up at the bridge where we stood, an expression of savage animal hatred shone in their eyes, though they were looking at the men, who, through their seamanship and courage, only the night before had saved their lives.

While the Captain and Johnstone discussed the situation, Quarles, the Captain's boy and I brought up to the bridge-house a keg of sweet water, which, unlike most of the other casks on board, had not been filled at Amoy, and all the preserved and tinned provisions we found in the pantry. McFarlane, who had behaved splendidly throughout the storm, the moment the danger was over had lugged a keg of samshoo belonging to the crew off to his cabin, where we now found him dead drunk. Turning the key on him Mullins said, almost sorrowfully :

"I guess he has got the best of it this trick. No work and plenty of liquor."

It was then agreed that the Captain and I should never go below ; that we should eat and sleep in watches upon the bridge, and that Johnstone and Quarles as they relieved one another in the engine-room should pass down through the cabin and keep as much away from the coolie quarters and avoid contact with their oilers and stokers as far as was possible.



We soon reduced our drifting to a system, and so held to our position approximately throughout the day. The orders were to drift shoreward for half an hour, and then steam out again ten minutes. Outside the shelter of the headland the swirling wind still blew, veering from point to point of the compass. Now and then the waves would come together with a roar as of artillery, or the sweep of the surf upon a rock-bound coast, and the seething waters were lashed into yellow foam. Once behind the headland, however, the broken waves reformed and came sweeping toward us majestically, in stately serried ranks.

I watched this wonderful contrast in sea-scape until I could look no longer, with such a searing flame did the wind burn my eyes. My gaze always came back and was held by the panorama of death that lay at my feet. When I saw how quietly they died, with what deliberation and composure they prepared to pass away, how conscious they were when the final struggle was approaching, I came very near believing with Mullins that these cold-blooded, low-vitality Chinese can die whenever they want to.

Those who had cholera would sometimes throw themselves about the deck and vomit violently, as though in the throes of seasickness. Those dying the black death at times filled the air with low plaintive groans. At times they would raise themselves upon their knees, spring to their feet even, only to fall back again and lie still and motionless. Weary and worn out as they were, they would often, in their last moments, roll up the ends of their sleeping-mats into a bolster for the head, and gaze with a sinister glare, with unquenchable hatred in their wild wolfish eyes, at those of us who were standing above them on the bridge. Then the fire of hatred would grow cold, a glassy film would cover their eyes, but often they had long been dead before the neck-cords would relax and their heads fall from the pillow-prop with a sharp rap upon the deck. As they lay now at rest we could see the red marks and the black and scarlet swellings about their throats, and it was as though, one and all, they had been throttled to death.

As soon as the night fell we got up all the arms there were on board and stowed

them away under the cushions in the deck-house. We also unscrewed the iron hinges of the ladder which led from the deck. Mullins evidently found immense personal relief, indeed now and again he interrupted his narrative by a low chuckle of unqualified amusement, in painting with blackest colors all the stories, current as well as historic, of mutinies on board coolie ships as they sailed the Yellow Sea. The story of how the Blackflags from Hainan had shipped in Canton upon a Douglass tramp, and when the open sea was reached had cut the throat of every white man on board, he expatiated upon, depicting the scene of the wholesale murders with all the bloody details until Johnstone—it was Quarles's watch below—broke out into a quiet laugh and said:

"There won't be a hand raised on board this ship if the coffins hold out."

"But I can't promise coffins for all of 'em if they keep dying on me like flies in a frost," protested Mullins.

"Well, even if it comes to a fight we can do them," said Johnstone. "At least half the crew would stand by us."

"That's so," assented the Captain, accepting this enforced comfort with reluctance. And then to me: "You see, our sailors come from Chefoo and the Pechili ports, and the deckhands and the servants come from Shanghai and the river-ports. Johnstone's crew of stokers and oilers—you have noticed them, short, stocky little fellers—they all come from Swatow; and each of these crews hates the other like poison, and they couldn't pull together no more than Kilkenny cats. Oh, if they could it would be the end of cheap tramping in the China seas, that's what I say."

"Perhaps it ain't come prepared for us this year," said the Captain, complacently, as we talked of the plague. "For it's a strange thing, you know, that sometimes the plague comes fitted out for furriners, and sometimes it never lays a hand on one of us. Last year the Canton compradore of the Coffin Trust, which started in the days of Yao, considerable of a capitalist, who lived when Abram was a baby, told me that the Trust had sold eighty thousand coffins during the summer months, and would have done better than that if it hadn't been for the Viceroy shutting up all the rat and cat restaurants where the coolies get

their cholera served to them on plates. Then they gave the Viceroy stock and took him into the combine, on the ground floor, and he let the rat and cat restaurants open again."

About midnight I was ordered by the Captain to take up my station at the head of the ladder, and to shout like blazes and try to haul the ladder up out of harm's way if the Chinese showed any disposition to rush our position. Later Johnstone came and stretched himself out beside me, and smoked a pipe or two. The night was dark as pitch, there was not a star in the heavens. He seemed singularly depressed. As he got up before going into the deck-house behind the wheel for the night he stretched out his long arms to their full length. There had been just a suspicion of disapproval in the way in which he referred to my vagrant life.

"Ah!" he said, "Now if I was as free as you are it wouldn't be long, not more than six weeks, I guess, before I would see the 'tail of the land' and the 'red toon' rising out of the sea like a ball of fire. When you have wandered about as much as I have, you will say:

'East or West,  
Home is best.'

That night the Captain talked me into a fever and then to sleep with his ghastly tales of the doings of the pirates, the Black-flags, who have their buccaneering stations upon the island of Hainan, or on the mainland of northern Tonquin where the hand of the French is weak. Here, within fifteen hours' sail of Hong-Kong, the distributing point and emporium of all Eastern commerce, we were surrounded by Chinese pirates, who, fortunately for trade and the globe-trotters, chiefly prey upon the sailing junks of their countrymen. Several times I distinctly felt the cold steel of the kriss upon my throat, so vivid were Mullins's stories.

When the morning came and my watch was over I fell asleep where I lay. It must have been about eight o'clock when I was aroused by the voices of the Captain and Quarles.

"Yes, there is no mistake, Johnstone's got it bad. I've seen that kind before and I take it Johnstone's done for this world.

You will have to stick to the engine all the time as hard as you can, and only take a wink when you have to."

Quarles answered with the stereotyped "Aye, aye, sir;" but there was a tremor in his voice.

Toward midday the heat in the deck-house became intolerable. We fastened back both doors and hung in their place sheets soaked with disinfectants. They drew the air, and bulged now and again, creating a pleasant draught. Early in the morning Captain Mullins, who knew a great deal about cholera, had done what he could for our patient, but it was all without avail. At noon Johnstone sank into a state of coma, and the only sign of life he gave was the low stertorous breathing which rang through the ship. It was regular and methodical, yet each breath ended with a sigh, and each might have been his last.

Even this day came to an end. Again the coolies shuffled aft and placed their dead in the great yawning coffins, hammered down the lids, and filled the cracks with wet clay. With red chalk a writer then drew upon each coffin, in wonderful hieroglyphics, the name and the countryside of the man who was lying there. McFarlane was still delirious with samshoo. Wild, maniacal cries came from the cabin in which he was locked. Poor Quarles stuck to his post below in the stifling engine-room without a murmur, the native quartermasters went mechanically about their duties, while Mullins and I sat upon our mats outside the deck-house door, snapping for breath.

We floated about lazily, the oily waters dripping unctuously, like melted butter, from the ship's sides, while outside the storm blew with unabated vigor.

"But it can't last another twenty-four hours," said Mullins, cheerfully. "That is, not short of a miracle. Most typhoons blow themselves out in thirty hours and less."

Suddenly the great white sheet blew out through the companion-way, and a long-drawn sigh came after it. We held our breath, the low stertorous breathing which had fallen so mechanically upon our ears all day was heard no more, and we knew that Johnstone was dead.

"Not a yellow hand shall be laid on him," said Mullins.

We called up Quarles from the engine-room, and soon, wrapped in a ragged tarpaulin, we carried Johnstone out of the stifling cabin and laid him upon the long bamboo chair from which, only the evening before, that voice which was now stilled had spoken :

"East or West,  
Home is best."

The dull red lantern from the bridge shone through the porthole and fell with a dazzling light upon the picture of a Scottish kirkyard dotted with graves and gray stones, which was the only ornament of his dreary cabin. There was a dumb reproach in the sight of that picture which did not escape me, nor yet the Captain. We had no doubt but that it was there that the dead man would have chosen to be laid.

"If we only had a barrel of spirits on board, we might keep him," said Mullins. "But we haven't, or McFarlane would surely have drunk it all up. Many a night we have passed together in the Yellow Sea," he added, reflectively, "him down below patching up his old engines, and me on the bridge cussing out the crew."

By the first light of the morning we carried him aft. Quarles tied a stone to the dead man's feet, and wrapped the tarpaulin tighter around him. Mullins appeared carrying a prayer-book in his hand.

"You must read the service," he said, in a voice which admitted of no argument. "There may be worse men than Jack Mullins, and it's because I think there are that I ain't going to read out of this holy book like a parson while my missus is a burning prayer-papers in some blooming temple up Soochow creek, or chin-chinning Josh, maybe, and asking the heathen gods for fair winds and good weather for the old man at sea. It would be sacrilegious to the book, and disrespectful to Johnny."

Though I protested, as well I might, that I was not worthy to tie the latchet of his shoe, there was no denying Mullins in his determined mood, so, bare-headed, we stepped aft to where the body lay. The coolies crowded out on the lower

deck, and some even climbed into the rigging, the better to see. They looked on with horror as they saw us prepare to cast the body of our dead into the waves. They could not understand that we did it believing with old Sir Humphrey Gilbert that a man is as near heaven upon the sea as upon the dry land, nor could they grasp the meaning of the words which rang in our ears and found an echo in our hearts as we gazed across the waste of waters, looking for the dawn of that morning without clouds.

"We therefore commit this body to the deep, to be turned into corruption, looking for the resurrection of the body when the sea shall give up her dead, and the life of the world to come."

We saw the glorious resurrection, but the coolies spat upon the deck, and glared at us, as vile men who were consigning their comrade for the ages of the ages to the place of lost and wailing spirits that is awaiting those whose bodies are lost at sea.

Then the tall form shrouded in the white folds of the tarpaulin was tilted and shot feet foremost into the sea.

"There goes Johnstone," said the Captain. "He lived thirty years in the East and there grew no yellow streaks in him . . . and that is more than can be said of most."

As we walked forward McFarlane sprang out of the window of his cabin, and ran to meet us.

"Where is Johnstone?" he shouted. "Who is hiding my mate?"

"Johnstone is dead and buried, and you were too drunk to come to a decent man's funeral," said Mullins, sternly.

With the wild scream of a maniac (he was now evidently on the verge of delirium tremens), McFarlane ran back and sprang into his cabin again through the window. For hours we could hear him shouting wildly and heaping curses upon his own head. Now and again his cries were coherent, and we could understand that he was a prey to remorse.

"He nursed me like a brother when I had the mud fever at Newschwang, and when he died I was too drunk to bear a hand," he repeated over and over again. For hours the ship rang with his cries, while Nelly, the faithful setter, stood

shivering and trembling with speaking sorrow in the burning sunlight outside the cabin-door.

Quarles went below to look after his wheezy, leaking engines, and I walked out on the bridge where the Captain sat in deep thought. It seemed to me that now, for the first time, he had a realizing sense of our situation. The question uppermost in our minds was what would happen when there were no more coffins. Slowly again we heard the shuffling tread of the coolies as they brought aft the dead of the night. When all the ghastly noises they made were over, I looked aft and saw that there remained upon the poop-deck only three empty coffins. Soon their dead would of necessity have to be thrown overboard, and then our situation would indeed become desperate. The Chinese would surely resist what they considered the desecration of their dead. Mullins sat down upon his mat and lit his pipe. The warm winds whistled through our tattered shrouds, and again I looked down upon the deck where the coolies writhed and tossed, dying their hopeless death. The soft winds of the South that blew brought with them now, not the balmy burden of the tropics, but the smell of the nauseous disinfectants, and the rank penetrating odor of corruption. The great pile of coffins in our bows was covered with matting, and the hose was played upon it to mitigate the heat, but still the process of decomposition continued, and the ship stank from stem to stern like one great charnel-house.

Then, just as our fortunes reached their lowest ebb, the great wind outside died away. The tumultuous ragged seas subsided, the last gust of the typhoon had blown and the steady monsoon from the north once again asserted its sway.

About noon, creaking and groaning in every inch of her battered hulk, and limping like a lame duck, the Eastern Paradise came out from behind the headland where we had lain close-hauled, according to the log, only two days and a half, though to me it had seemed an eternity. We clapped on all the sail we could get upon our shattered yards, for the Cupid log, as it was called, that trailed astern betrayed that even with the favoring monsoon the Eastern Paradise was

making but a scant six knots an hour. Swatow, the Captain calculated, only lay about thirty miles to the north, but with the stiff monsoon coming on to blow ever more freshly, he thought we had better take our chances and run before it to Hong-Kong, which if the wind held, and the engines did not fail us, we ought to make in twenty hours.

About four in the afternoon our newfound tranquillity was disturbed by a sudden rush of escaping steam, and intermittent columns of smoke and flame began to roll up out of the stacks and leap skyward. We sat dazed where we were on the bridge. At last, when the flames subsided and the uproar in the engines died away, Quarles came limping toward us. His right foot was terribly scalded. A cylinder head had blown out and he could only make steam in one boiler now, and this under present conditions would only give us steerage way.

"Well, we ought to see the Peak to-morrow, or the day after anyhow if the wind holds," said Mullins.

Then we looked each other in the face, and each man in his own way began to prepare for the crisis in our fortunes which would come, we knew, when the sun set and the coolies brought their dead aft.

Mullins's way was to retire into the deck-house, select a horse-pistol from the arms which he had concealed under the cushions, and to spend his time for an hour or two in aiming and balancing this ancient weapon. The hammer was broken off, but the Captain was absent-minded and did not seem to notice that.

Suddenly we heard hurrying footsteps along the passage-way from the deck, and crawling under the ropes which had been drawn to retard the sudden rush in case of an attack of coolies, our crane stood before us. He was trembling with excitement and carried in his hand a bundle of papers and invoices which fluttered in the wind. I walked away out on the bridge thinking that our fortunes were far too desperate to be mended by Chinese hieroglyphics. A moment later Mullins rejoined me.

"Our crane says there are thirty coffins down below consigned to the Trust, God bless it! in Canton, and I have told him to broach 'em. Talk about manna from Heaven!"

In a minute the hatches were opened and the little swart Swatow boys, looking more like Africans than Chinese, dived down into the hold. Soon the coffins were discovered and hauled out, and another ominous pyramid rose upon the poop-deck. When, half an hour later, the coolies brought their dead aft, the crane, swaggering about and giving himself no end of airs, led them to where the coffins lay. The sinister expression vanished from their faces one and all. They gabbled low guttural sounds, and talked as turkey-gobblers talk. Sunny smiles lit up their haggard faces; they swallowed their rice with an appetite. A general air of cheerfulness and contentment settled down upon the dismal between-decks, and such a transformation took place as a crew of Anglo-Saxons in a similarly precarious situation might have undergone had suddenly all danger of the plagues been removed and the fear of death that had so long stared them in the face been withdrawn. Each man now felt assured of his coffin.

During the night we made a cabotage cruise, steering from point to point, and when the morning came the Eastern Paradise rolled like a log in the heavy seas that swept into Hang Hai Bay. Mullins stood on the bridge when I awoke. He was shifting uneasily from one leg to the other, as was his custom when in deep thought.

"If I take her into Hong-Kong with this freight," said he, pointing with some feeling at the rows of coffins in our bow, "some pert secretary to the governor may have us towed out to Kowloon and fumigated and disinfected and washed down, and all that will take time. But Canton, that is the wide openest town in these parts or, for that matter, in the whole world. The Coffin Trust owns the place and to the plagues they say: 'Step up, gentlemen, the more of you the better for us.' So I guess Canton is where we want to go."

And when he had come to the conclusion of this train of audible thought he ordered on as much steam as the engine would stand, and with a strange crab-like motion the Eastern Paradise crawled in the direction of the Pearl River. Toward sunset we began to draw near the city. We passed the Tiger Headland where, wonderfully fashioned in stone and clay, a tiger

crouches ready to spring and commands the channel. Then through the sizzling heat we caught sight of the White Cloud mountains, cold and severe and tipped with soft white clouds that look in the distance like banks of perpetual snow.

At every turn of the screw now the river became more populated with small craft of every description, and the little villages which dotted the banks more frequent. A washerwoman pushed her sampan alongside with a request for our washing, and no extra charge for the plague. She produced her book of references, which showed that the firm of "Aunt Mary and daughters," of which she was the active partner, had been founded in 1798, and that Captain James Smith, of Salem, Mass., had been their first customer of record. Slowly we steamed up the river, continually blowing the warning whistle at which the sampans, slipper-boats, and pirogues would scatter, as well they might, for our broken-down engines hardly gave us steerage-way, and the Eastern Paradise blundered along like a whale. One more bend of the river and we found ourselves in the midst of the floating suburb of Canton in which some three or four hundred thousand people live and die and have their being upon the waters, and the spire of the great white cathedral upon whose shadow the Chinese children spit, rose before us. Some rumors of our coming had preceded us, some swift slipper-boat had been sent on ahead, and the China Merchants Company was notified of our arrival and the plight in which we came. Crowds afloat and ashore gathered to watch our coming, and every hand was pointed toward the pyramid of coffins which encumbered our bows. While we still rolled sluggishly along, a mile or two short of our anchorage, we caught sight of the Company's gig, as, with six stalwart boatmen bent to the oars, it fairly sprang out of the water toward us. In the stern-sheets sat the great compradore of the Company. He shone resplendent in his white silk tunic, but his face was dark and lowering. It was clear he had heard of the costly freight we brought. The countenance of our crane fell. He fairly trembled as his eyes wandered uneasily from the coffins forward to the menacing face of the compradore as he urged his boatmen on.



"You had better step up here out of the muck," shouted the Captain down to me from the bridge. "Down there in a minute there is going to take place the worst mudslinging you ever heard in your life. You see the Company is out about five thousand taels on those coffins, and of course the compradore will get all the satisfaction he can out of tongue-lashing the craney."

Evidently the advance notices of our state had not done justice to the condition of the Eastern Paradise, for, though the compradore came on board howling with rage like a tiger-cat, as he followed the craney, who with every kind of oily obsequious gesture led the way forward, to where Wang, the Captain's "boy," was playing the hose upon the coffin-mats, when he caught sight of the number of the dead he stood there for a moment speechless with rage which was too strong for expression. His sharp-pointed, saffron hued face turned positively black. Then, as suddenly as he had become speechless, he found his voice. His eyes glittered like a maniac's as the craney bent and shivered before him, receiving, in abject submission, the flood of billingsgate which rolled from his superior's mouth.

"Ain't they bilious—ain't they just bilious," chuckled Mullins. "But don't let 'em see you squinting at 'em with the tail of your eye, for the most of their screams is spectacular and I don't want any manner of attention paid to them from the bridge, or they would keep up half an hour longer than is necessary and in the end perhaps rope me in as a peace-talker."

Suddenly the stream of vile language stopped. The compradore seemed to have awakened all at once to the fact that he was losing that "face" so dear to the Chinese heart by bandying words with a craney who had proved himself unworthy of trust. He drew himself up to his full height, and while the crowd of gasping coolies standing about gabbled to one another that this was the supreme insult, he wrapped his pigtail in a coil about his head and neck.

But the crushed worm, even though he be a Chinese craney, will turn, and suddenly, to my delight, I saw Mr. Tso's cholera was rising. "Was he a dog that

he should be called such names? Was he not the tenth cousin of Sheng Taotai, and so entitled to burn incense and prayer papers before the same ancestral tablets?" he complained. Then his voice rose to as shrill notes as the compradore's and his language descended into as low and quite as filthy depths. For a moment they stood face to face, spitting at one another like tom-cats; the craney too coiled his pigtail about his head in utter defiance of the laws of etiquette and caste, and there was no telling what might have happened, and indeed I was prepared for some bloodshed at least, when Wang, the captain's boy, pushed his way in between them with a tray of tea and bowls of rice, and in a moment a heavenly calm settled down over the scene. The craney drew up a mat for the compradore to sit upon, and in a moment they were gobbling down their tea and hobnobbing over their rice as though the warm friendship which had long existed between them had never been clouded.

"May the Lord have mercy upon those dead Chinamen and their friends and families," said Mullins, as with a broad grin he took in the changed situation, "for Tso and Chang have come to terms and there is going to be such a squeeze of them corpses as there never was short of Kingdom Come."

It grew dark as we swung to our anchorage and the river was bright about us with innumerable lights of the junks and shoe-boats, the sampans, and the slipper-boats which came out to meet us. The many-colored lanterns displayed hieroglyphics and characters very much like those that you see off Nagasaki, but all the same we had come from poetic Japan to matter-of-fact China now, and the characters were not, as in Japan, some fragment of lofty rhyme, but the *réclame* for an eating-house and other creature comforts that travelling coolies require.

In a moment the swift sampans outstripped their sluggish competitors, and the shrill-voiced hotel-runners, springing upon our decks, settled down upon us like a swarm of bees. They grasped the mat carry-alls of the coolies, and shouting out the virtues and the advantages of the hotels they represented, made off with them without more ado. When it seemed as



though not another boat could approach, so crowded with every imaginable craft was the channel in which the Paradise lay, another flotilla could be seen pushing off from the Kow Shing monastery.

Even when viewed from afar through the gathering darkness there was something sinister in the appearance of this fleet, and as the oarsmen came into the circle of light by which we were surrounded I recognized upon their faces, long before I knew whence and upon what errand they came, the grewsome and most repugnant expression of those who come in daily and hourly contact with the dead.

"Them's the runners of the charnel-houses in the Ti Tsong Om, the City of the Dead," said Mullins, as the flotilla drew nearer and the boatmen, with loud cries and curses, began to push their way through the tightly wedged circle of boats. "Over there in the City of the Dead there are hotels for corpses and no crowding. Each coffin has its suite of rooms and its own separate altar for incense and rice offerings. A dead Chinaman is as good pay as the Bank of England, and a living Chinaman isn't. He may lose all his cash at fantan, or smoke it away with the 'dope' and have to get out, but the dead men are all right. They are better pay than the living, though, of course, they don't hit the pipe or drink samshoo to any extent. But they run up bills and get into debt for the candles that are burned and the firecrackers that are sent off to drive away evil spirits, and the prayers that are said over them by the Kow Shing monks sound just the same as those we have. And the charnel-house keepers will lodge 'em for years in the City of the Dead because they know that some day someone will pay all the bills without winking. Even when the coolie is a homeless, friendless stranger, which is what you don't often find in China, and if none of his blood relations and none of friends step forward to 'make a little merit' (and charity only begins in China after the beggar's dead), why then the guild of his craft or the society of his countryside steps forward and pays all the expenses, and sends him home to a decent funeral in his native village."

While the Captain ran on with his grew-

some comments the runners from the City of the Dead climbed up the companion-way with their long predatory hands outstretched, and settled down upon the pyramid of coffins like a flock of vultures. Each man of the sinister crew carried a pair of great steel prongs or pincers, like those with which cotton-bales are handled, and these they now dug viciously into the coffin-sides and began to drag the first at hand away to their boats. But Tso, the craney, rushed after them, screaming at the topmost pitch of his falsetto voice, with his faithful crew of Swatow boys close to heel to enforce his orders.

"Tso is down on his luck and there won't be any cumshaw from the Company this trip, but he is going to squeeze those corpses. You just watch."

With a lordly wave of his hand Tso brushed back the scabby crew of traffickers in the dead. Slowly the Ti Tsong Om runners retired and got together in a sullen knot in the waist of the boat, where they held a consultation. Tso lit a cigarette and took up his station on a stool in front of the pyramid and passed the time carelessly looking over his invoices. Soon the charnel-house crew came sidling up again with shuffling feet. They came in single file, and each man held in his hand a note upon a cash shop for one or two or three taels, or even more. Tso greeted them pleasantly and chalked their names upon the coffins as he turned them over to them, so many coffins in exact proportion to the bribe he had received and pocketed.

And so the bustling scene continued far into the night, until, with blood-curdling cries, the last of the dead-house runners dumped their coffins into their sampans and made for the monastery. With less noise, but perhaps more ceremony, the runners for the hotels hustled into their boats the coolies who had escaped both the black and the yellow death.

The flower-boats came drifting alongside with many a bedizened face out of the scroll-shaped ports, inviting the coolies and our crew to the dance and other joys with monotonous tinkling of the Cantonese guitar, and the humbler sisters of these oft-sung beauties came creeping up to the companion-way in their secretive slipper-boats, shouting for the benefit of all and sundry :

"He likee me? me likee he!"

Outside the fringe of light, the lake of flame upon which we floated, lurked the leper-boats, crowded to the gunwales with the living dead, and the leper-mothers held up their leper-babes and displayed all the secrets of their suffering before our shuddering eyes, shouting in unison something; it was like a boat chorus I once heard off the Barbary coast:

"Give—give—give—"

Morning came at last and the lepers vanished before the light of day. The last of our dead were gone and all of our living had left. Mr. T'so was trying to get the crew to push into the sampans some of our sick who he feared would soon be in need of coffins which he did not wish to supply from the Company's store. Calm and impassive, imperturbable like an extinct Buddha upon his lotus throne, with eyes half closed, Captain John Mullins, forty-two years out from the Delaware Breakwater had sat upon the bridge all night contemplating the heathen scenes that were enacted upon the decks of the Eastern Paradise, once an American vessel and built of curly redwood, though now she flew the yellow flag and the blue dragon ensign of the Mings.

The green island of Shameen, upon which is the foreign concession, rose out of the darkness before me, and glistened like an emerald in the peary dawn. There

were banks and maybe letters, bungalows and clubs and honges, and that cleanliness which keeps the plague at arm's length. I hailed a shore-boat and the Captain with his inseparable "boy" jumped in after me.

As we drew near the landing-stage Mullins looked back admiringly to where the Eastern Paradise lay. The Swatow boys, with their yellow drills rolled up to their hips, were swabbing down the decks.

"A fellow might spin a yarn about this here cruise, but if you said she left Shanghai with her coffins aft, and came into Canton with them stacked forward, any Yellow Sea tramp would understand, and enough said."

Then, as we shook hands at the landing-stage:

"You might have done worse on the letter boats—you might have done a sight worse. You might have fallen foul of one of them petticoats that, now old Jardine is dead (he wouldn't tolerate 'em this side of the Cape), come gallivanting out to the East, and you might have been crimped and bound to sail, by all the articles of war, in a plague ship all your life, before you knew it." Then turning to Wang he said, sternly: "Now, boy, you had better choose your soul name and think of the messages you want sent to Chow Chow Fu, for if I find an oyster-plant in the Canton market I mean to whang doodle Wang as sure as my name is Jack Mullins."

## THE STARS

By Marguerite Merington

ONCE, lying on a bed of juniper,  
I watched the passing of a northern light  
That stole, a pale and shadowy eremite,  
From the dark mystery of pine and fir  
And, leaping upward from the mountain's spur,  
With tenuous fingers waged celestial fight  
To snatch the star-gold blossoms from their height;  
Then, failing, wanned into the things that were.  
So we, with passionate strife or anguished wait,  
Reach eager hands toward those unseen bars,  
Like children at some noble pleasance gate,  
Seeking the untold glory of the stars  
Ever inscrutable, inviolate  
That view our deadly wounds, our cruel scars.

## THE POINT OF VIEW

**I**N spite of the fact that their prognostications are now and then misleading—for "tendencies," in literature, do not always solidify into vitally important movements—there is much that is suggestive in knowing what poets and prose writers who are not averse to philosophizing a little foresee for their art in the future. From such

Democracy in  
Literature.

sources it has been heard very often of late years that the "new" art was to be democratic. Every really enthusiastic utterance about the literature of the twentieth century has borne upon that point. Literature is to be informed with the spirit of democracy; it is to be full of sympathy for "the masses," the common life and the common lot.

It is possible to listen to these prophetic declarations without any very clear idea of what they mean. There are those who appear to take them to signify that the best of the coming writers will write in such a way that "the masses"—the ignorant, and the "disinherited"—will read their pages with joy and profit. The multitude, it is to be surmised, will certainly read more and more, and we perceive already how they are coming to do so. But we do not yet perceive any indication that they will read with joy writings that, whatever their content, are conceived in the literary spirit; and can the best writers conceive in any other spirit? As to profit, it were better to face the truth that the "disinherited" very rarely, if ever, read for that. They read for a shadow, a glimpse, an indirect experience, of those conditions from which, precisely, they are "disinherited." The mass of mankind that earns its bread in the sweat of its brow is cut off from many of the high and strenuous intellectual experiences, to be sure; but it is notorious that numbers of individuals who are altogether dispensed from earning it—millionnaires, and bland and frock-coated Philistines abhorred of ragged, ecstatic Bohemians—have occasionally been known to be in the same case. It is not, then, the withholding of such inter-

ests that can be said to constitute the disinheritor, but the withholding of the physical satisfaction. The working masses certainly feel it to be so, and it is not to be predicted that they will soon cease to find pleasure in the reading of printed matter the reverse of earnest. If they argued upon the subject they would probably declare that they knew enough about the earnestness of life; and that they would rather hear about the feather-light frivolities of it, cheap or not cheap, by way of change.

The literature of the future, therefore, will not be democratic because it will be such that the millions who form essentially the democratic condition will take delight in reading it. The democratization of letters is to take place in another sense, and, as it were, from the other end. It is the "intellectuals" who are to be affected by it, and who are to learn what are the true values of life, and what the fundamental realities that must be clung to. A few years ago the followers of the neo-Christian movement in Europe were telling us that the great reality was that life was good, however hard, if accepted humbly. To-day we are bidden, rather, to listen to writers who preach that the great reality is that life is beautiful, whatever the sordidness or vulgarity of its surface aspect. The neo-Christians believed that the literature of the future would be democratic because it would teach men to see that the poorest fate, if it gave the humility that is the key to the mystery of life, might be the richest. These other writers believe that the literature of the future will be democratic because it will show that beauty is everywhere, and the most of it, perhaps, where one looks for it the least.

The French critics have been pointing out the significance of the poet Fernand Gregh's "*Beauté de vivre*." Fishermen drawing in their empty nets at the end of a long day's useless toil, weather-beaten and hard-driven, hungry and athirst, are an image of the life that labors—labors without ceasing and often without fruit; and that is the reality. But afar

off the fishing-smack bounds to the wind, and the sail is white and the net a silver streak in the light, and the sky is blue above and the sea below, and the whole makes beauty; and that also is the reality. And says M. Fernand Gregh—

Vis comme les autres, sois  
Comme eux, souillé, tremblant, morne, hâve,  
hébété. . . .  
Mais que tout cela fasse au loin de la beauté.

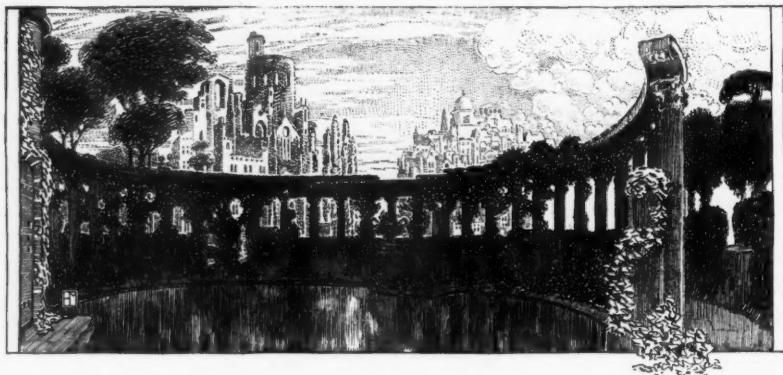
In the cult of beauty there is nothing new. The new thing is to look for the beautiful, passionately to look for it, below that line of physical comfortableness above which alone we have been wont to think that it should be sought. The new thing is to habituate ourselves to the idea that our own existence holds, divinely, all the elements of beauty at moments when we might be tempted to feel that it was hopelessly submerged in the ugly and the commonplace.

But the land waits, and the sea waits, and the day  
and night is enough;

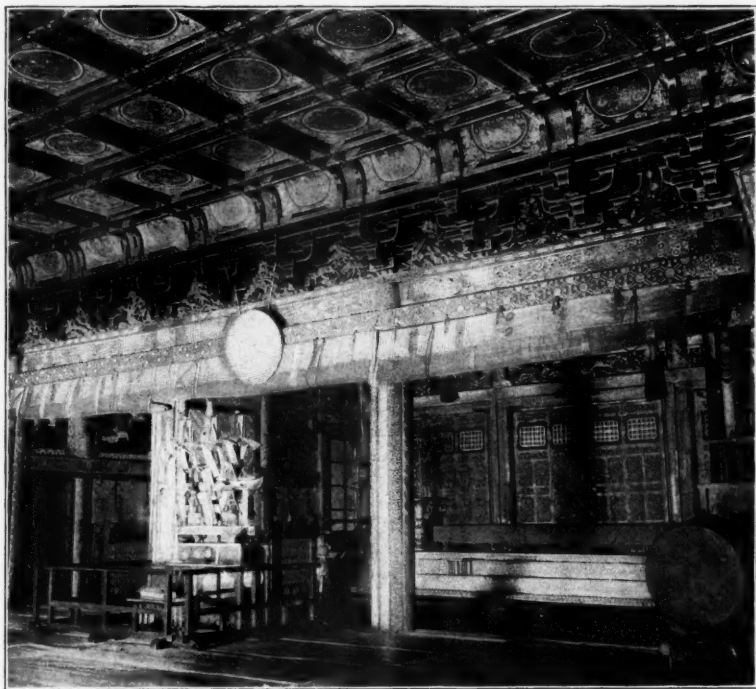
sings Mr. Arthur Symonds's "Wanderer."  
And—

Give me a long wide road, and the gray wide path  
of the sea,  
And the wind's will and the bird's will, and the  
heart ache still in me.

And the heart ache. For the heart ache, alas, is part, inexpressibly a part, of the beauty. Robert Louis Stevenson has glorified the Faithful Failures going out, for the last time, from "the day and the dust and the ecstasy"—the dust, to—of the "sun-colored earth." But there are magnificent heart aches, as we know, sublimely picturesque and dignified; and there are others so compounded of mistakes and follies, and so set about with trivialities and ignominies in the detail, that it is difficult to do anything but hate them. Yet it is to be the function of the "social," the democratic, conception of literature, apparently, to show us that this, precisely, is what we must on no account do. The ignominy, the triviality, the ugliness, all go likewise to the forming of beauty. There is no such thing as being totally out of reach of the beautiful, in short, no matter how far or how low we go. All we need is to recognize it when we see it. These paradoxes are, of course, at the heart of the Whitmanesque doctrine with which Americans are familiar. But they have a novel effect, and a peculiarly cogent one, coming from European poets bred in the old traditions of the aristocracy of art. And one wonders much how far they will really influence the twentieth century literature;—or if they will really influence it at all.



## THE FIELD OF ART



Haiden—Mausoleum of Ieyasū, Nikko.

### TWO BEAUTIFUL ROOMS IN JAPAN

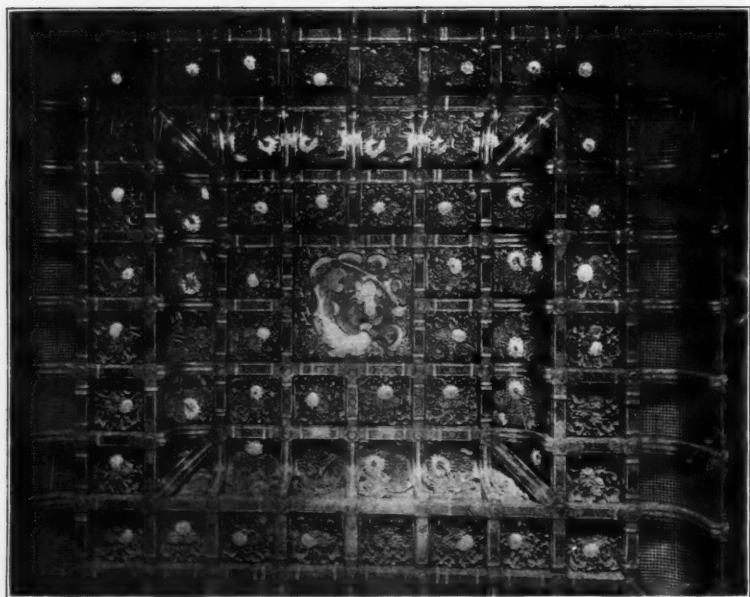
THE commonly made statement that, in Japan, rooms of habitation and even those of reception and ceremony are severely plain is somewhat misleading, because generally true. Such rooms are plain because they form part of a dwelling; and dwellings are plain, even those of the sovereign and his family. A sitting-room in a temple or mausoleum may be as rich as any part of the sacred building. This consideration and comparison is due to the author of the following paper.

Now, it would be of great assistance to Western students if the Japanese idea of decorating a room could be seized and held. The feeble and monotonous adornment by

means of diapers and sprinkles which our travellers, unaccustomed to rich ornamentation, admire in Moorish buildings would lose its mischievous influence if such rooms as these of the Tokugawa period of Japanese art were better known. A brief account of them is given in Murray's "Handbook for Japan," and La Farge's Letters have allusions to them; Mr. Conder's description is to be found in the "Transactions of the Royal Institute of British Architects."

The "parvenu" is Ieyasū, who in the sixteenth century brought the Tokugawa chiefs into practically supreme power, and who in 1603 was made Shogun, or Commander-in-Chief, and, practically, Lieutenant-General of the Empire—a *connetable* under a self-effacing sovereign.

R. S.



Ceiling of Oai-no-ma, Mausoleum of Ieyasu, Nikko.

The building has gathered moss and solemnity for nearly three hundred years. It was all built in honor of a parvenu, of one who wrested power from poverty and who stamped with his influence this land of the aristocrat. Each part but repeats the harmony of the whole, and the two small rooms, each twenty-seven feet long and half as wide, were built, one at each end of the larger hall of reception, as private rooms—one for the Emperor himself, the other for the General of the Imperial Army, the all-powerful Shogun. Were I asked to describe the color of these rooms in a single word, that word would be "golden." There is vermillion; white and blue and green are not wanting, and gray lends its soothing aid, but they are all seen as though bathed in a golden light. I would tell the secret of the combination if I knew it; perhaps the Japanese did not know the formula themselves.

Still these colors may have names fitted to them. "The wall-posts, up to within about two feet of the first horizontal beam, are gilt . . . the upper portion of each post being decorated with gold arabesques and powderings of colored flowers on a deep blue background. The lowest of the three horizontal

members is halved on to the wall-posts, and is secured with a large, ornamentally headed nail in the centre of a gilt metal ornament. This beam is colored with a geometrical pattern in blue, yellow, red, and white upon a delicate green ground. The junction of the intermediate horizontal members with the posts is hidden with ornamental gilt metal clasps, which are a continuation of the ornamental metal heads of the posts. This beam is decorated with pheasants, realistically painted in brilliant colors, flying amidst flowers, leaves, and curling stems, conventionally arranged, the whole on a delicate green ground. . . . The top horizontal member rests directly upon that last described, and is red, with a band of white in the centre, enriched with balls of gold. The elaborate bracketing, which starts from this member, is lacquered black with gold edgings. The spaces between the groups of bracketing are filled with carvings of pheasants, phoenixes, birds, and animals, amidst conventional foliage and tree-trunks, colored . . . in the brightest colors. The ceiling which this bracketing carries is divided by small ribs, arranged in couples, into large, square panels; the ribs enclose long, narrow panels; and at their junction are

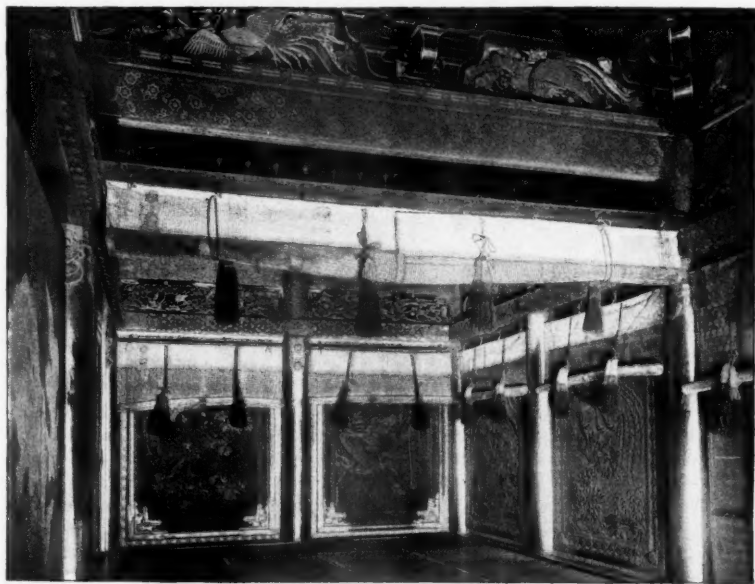


small, square panels. The ribs are lacquered black, and are encased with richly ornamented and gilt metal clasps at their junction with one another. The ground of the ceiling is a delicate green. The centres of the large, square panels are decorated with blue medallions containing dragons, outlined in black and gilt, the spandrels of these panels and the long, narrow panels between the ribs being ornamented with powderings of conventional flowers, and cloud masses in gold and color outlined with a white edge." This is what Mr. Conder, an English architect who has lived many years in Japan, says of another chamber in the same oratory.

But remember, these colors are not imitations of colors. If vermilion is used it is cinnabar and not commercial vermilion which is employed, nor is something substituted for cobalt because it is cheaper and "will do just as well." Each pigment is used because it is beautiful and frank as a color—not because some other pigment is beautiful. If lacquer is the best medium to display the beauty of the pigment, lacquer is used, and if water is better, lacquer is discarded. And if these colors are not imitations of colors neither are they suggestions of colors. Pink is not used for red; if it is used at all, it is

used for its own beauty; and feeble bluish washes are not made to do service for blue. I wondered, when looking at these temples, if any more profound quality than taste is required in order to arrange colors harmoniously, once we realize that color is a sensation as truly as is pain, once the mind is familiar with the sensation, once we have ceased to feed the optic nerve on colors made of mush and narcotics.

Perhaps the Eastern eye is more normally sensitive to color because the Oriental has not yet learned the doctrine of substitution; he knows that substitution is transformation. I was made to realize this in discussing the making of lacquers with some workmen. From repeated experiment it has been found that cinnabar (which we call vermilion), when mixed with gum of the *urushi* tree (which we call lacquer), makes beautiful color. The Caucasian, under the inspiration of his doctrine of substitution, has replaced the *urushi* with japan, "a liquid having somewhat the nature of a varnish, made by cooking gum shellac with linseed-oil in a varnish pot," and in place of natural cinnabar he uses a preparation of mercury, sulphur, potash, and water, which he has the temerity to call vermilion. And then we wonder at the obstinacy of our



Oai-no-ma, Tomb of Ieyasu, Nikko.

optic nerves. If cooked gum shellac and commercial vermillion when mixed should produce beauty, there is every reason why the mixture should be made; but that we should mix these wares because cinnabar and *urushi* combine so beautifully, is somewhat difficult for the artist to understand. And this illustration may have wider application than to lacquers. When we buy Naples yellow, are we supplied with anti-moniate of lead, or are we getting a substitute that "looks just like it"? And are we sure we are getting cobalt when we call for it, or are we getting commercial cobalt? I can make a mixture of yellow ochre and white and chrome yellow which will look just like Naples yellow; but if I add cobalt to the mixture, the result will differ materially from the addition of cobalt and Naples yellow. May we not hope that some day the Caucasian will look at colors, not at their names?

There is another characteristic of the Japanese which aids him in making beauty. He does not oppose nature, he courts her. "He goes to nature and finds in it the reality and the details of his design. But they exist also in the ivory that he cuts, in the veining of the tortoise-shell or malachite that is to render it. Now with patient pleasure he can hunt out these associations, he can use gold or silver, or vulgar lead, or the cutting and filing of steel, or the iridescence of mother-of-pearl for his leaves, or his stems, or the water, or the birds—for the clouds or the moonlight, for the sunshine and the shadow—for the light and the dark—for the male and the female of his little manufactured world." And can any more perfect illustration of the truth of these sayings of Mr. La Farge be found than in the carving on the "evil-averting pillar"

in these temples at Nikko? Is not the marking on the tiger as truly in the wood as it is on the animal? And while this is an instance which the most callous can appreciate, the same principle runs through all Japanese art. They do not try to make water run up hill. The carved and inlaid panels that are in these waiting-rooms are but further illustration of what Mr. La Farge says about this use of

gold and silver, lead and mother-of-pearl, though the inlays are of various woods, the color of each of which is used to give expression to the artist's observation of nature. Each piece has been selected with "patient pleasure." They are somewhat monotonous in color, but the monotone is that of the objects represented, not of the rendering. It is as though everything partook of the color of a gray day, not as though the objects were rendered in shades of gray that had no change of hue.

As I wandered through these temples of beauty, I asked myself, was the secret of their loveliness not partly in the

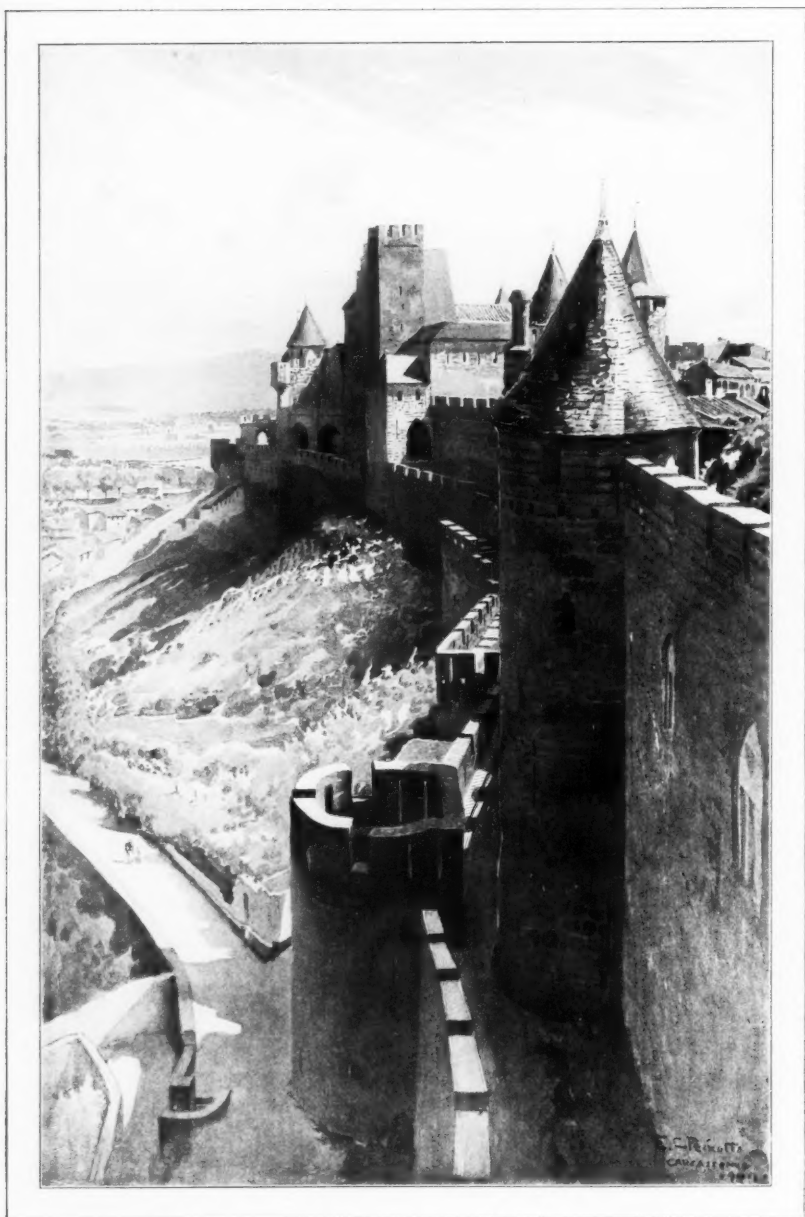
fact that artists were employed to execute them? Had not they who planned the composition of the parts been careful to comply with laws based on the needs of these artists? Had they not realized that direction did not needs be restriction? Were these artists not given opportunity to apply their ability to the most effective settings? Do we not put great ability into planning for imaginary executants who no longer exist? We may make drawings of certain details, but can we execute them? If progress should go before precedent, must we not plan for artists who do exist? Is not an architect, to some extent, an arranger of opportunities? The Japanese architect surely was.

W. B. VAN INGEN.



"The Evil-averting Pillar."

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*Drawn by E. C. Peixotto.*

THE DEFENCES OF THE PORTE DE L'AUDE, CARCASSONNE.

—“Carcassonne,” page 234.